FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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It has so happened that all the public services that I have rendered in the world in my day and generation have been connected with the general government. I think I ought to make an exception. I was ten days a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and I turned my thoughts to the search of some good object in which I could be useful in that position, and after much reflection I introduced a bill which, with the consent of both houses of the Legislature, passed into a law and is now a law of the State, which enacts that no man in the State shall catch trout in any manner than in the old way, with an ordinary hook and line.

Daniel Webster.

FAILURE OF THE SHAFROTH BILL.

THE failure of the Shafroth bill to pass the House of Representatives need not greatly discourage any friend of forest preservation, and indeed will gratify those who are familiar with the conditions which prevail in the forests of the West.

The measure, though introduced from the best of motives, was hopelessly inadequate for two reasons. It carried no appropriation, and so its provisions could not have been enforced; while even if they had been enforced, the lanes authorized to be cut through the forest would prove no barrier to the advance of a fire raging in pine timber and carried forward by the wind.

The bill authorized the Secretary of the Interior to have lanes about 1,000 feet in width cut through any forests on the public domain, at intervals of from five to ten miles. The timber on these lanes the Secretary was to offer for sale at public auction, the buyer to agree to clear the lanes and remove the timber. If the value of the timber was not sufficient to pay for the clearing of the lane, bids for clearing it might be accepted by the Secretary.

Much has been written concerning the fierceness and swiftness with which fire burns and runs in pine timber, for to say nothing of the forest fires in the far West, there have been of late years frequent and appalling examples of their terrible destructiveness in the forests of Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin. It is perfectly well known that such fires often proceed by long leaps, that the air is filled with burning brands, cinders and sparks, which are carried for miles, and that the actual flames are preceded by gusts of air so fiercely hot that they utterly blast and destroy every living thing in their path and cause dry wood or vegetation at once to burst into flame. To such fires a lane 1,000 feet wide would prove no barrier.

But even if such a lane should stop the progress of a fire raging among standing timbers, there are other things to be taken into account. In such a lane, after the timber had been removed, there would be left a mass of twigs, branches and tops of trees which would soon dry out and would carry the fire along the ground, not quite so rapidly as it would travel among the tree tops, but not less certainly. This great brush pile, dry, resinous and intertwined with the dead weeds, grass and vines which would at once spring up in it, would be a constant menace to the forests. It would be impossible to clear away all this material, and to keep it cleared, without the continued employment of a large force of men.

Even if it were kept clear, the underlying forest floor itself carries the fire, not only on its surface, but also by devious and hidden ways. This forest floor is made up of the decayed and decaying leaves, cones, branches, stumps and roots of the pine, all these full of resin, and waiting only the touch of a spark to burn. Sometimes a root fiber, ignited, may smoulder for days, traveling underground, unseen and unsuspected, until it again reaches the surface many feet away. Now, if by a breeze it is blown into flame, it soon gathers headway and a fire is started.

Lanes such as proposed might in certain localities be useful aids in fire fighting, but of themselves they can accomplish nothing. To receive public approval some more comprehensive scheme of forest protection than this must be devised. Such a plan may be hoped for from the forestry commission nominated last year by the National Academy of Science at the request of the President. Pending the advancement of such a plan and the legislation required to put it in operation, authority should be given to the Secretary of the Interior to call on the War Department for details of troops to do police duty in the various forest reservations. Such duty is now performed by United States troops in some of the national parks, and the success in protecting the forests achieved by Capt. George I. Anderson, Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park, and by other officers in other localities, furnishes evidence of what may be done by this method of protection, which certainly ought to be considered by the Government authorities.

The one discouraging matter connected with the vote on this bill is the small attendance and lack of apparent interest in the subject. Only fifty-three persons voted on the bill. This shows an apathy among Congressmen on an important subject which does not promise much for wise forestry legislation in the near future.

STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

THE sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons.—*Forest and Stream Platform Plank.*

In that declaration we may have been in advance of public conviction in this country, but every day is bringing renewed evidence that sentiment is rapidly making in support of the principle involved. It is recognized more and more clearly that the one great agency that is depleting our game supply and making barren the covers is the continued and relentless industry of the market shooter. The tendency of new legislation is in the direction of limiting traffic in game, and thus it is approaching more or less closely to what must be the ultimate expedient, the absolute prohibition of the sale of game at all times.

In Michigan it is proposed to change the law this session to prohibit absolutely the sale of game. In Tennessee an effort is making to incorporate into the law a provision which forbids the export of game to market. We published last week a note from Broome county in this State, proposing an organization of a five-county league for the purpose of furthering the enforcement of the law which now prevails against the transportation of ruffed grouse, and it was pointed out that the law as it now stands is ineffectual because it permits the transportation of an unlimited number of birds if they are accompanied by the owner. The way is thus opened for dealers to gather immense quantities of ruffed grouse, which because of the size of the shipment they can afford to accompany to market, yet thus comply with the letter of the statute. A remedy for this abuse might be easily found by adopting such a limitation as that one which is found in the laws of some States restricting the number of birds which any one individual may transport at one time. It is generally recognized in the counties named that the great bulk of the game is killed by a few individuals who pursue it incessantly in season for sale. A provision limiting the number one person could accompany would effectually cut off this traffic.

We believe that the State Association of New York can do no more important service this winter than to strive for the making of a public sentiment which shall compel the Legislature to rescind section 349 of the game law, which now permits the sale of game at all seasons. So long as the New York market is open for the reception of game the game will come to it, both in season and out of season, and not only from other States, but from New York covers as well.

At a meeting in St. Paul the other day, attended by the fish and game wardens of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, plans were discussed for providing for the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and possibly North and South Dakota, a uniform code of laws. The purpose of the meeting, as declared by Mr. Chase S. Osborn, State Game and Fish Warden of Michigan, was to consider the protection of game purely from the economic standpoint. The sooner the economic aspect of game has full recognition, the sooner shall we have efficient laws to secure to the community the economic advantages which come from wise game laws honestly enforced. As we have pointed out, the game laws properly have nothing to do with sentiment; their purpose is to maintain the supply. Any community, whether it be a village or a commonwealth, which in this age of the world ignores the economic value of its game and fish resources, is either careless or benighted, and of the two conditions there is small choice.

This is true in Massachusetts, and it is quite as true in Texas. The Massachusetts Legislature has repeatedly been bamboozled by spurious pleas in behalf of the "farmer's boy" who ought to have the paltry privilege of trapping partridges on the old farm. The real "farmer's boy" who wants to trap partridges is a husky youth of forty years, who, though living in a civilized community, is averse to earning his living by civilized methods, but prefers the less arduous recourse of snaring birds to sell. Multiply the individual Massachusetts snarer into a horde and we have the Texas contingent of quail netters, who have been scooping in the game by the barrelful and carload, until at last the citizens of the State have come to a realizing sense of the ruin which has been wrought, and now in the person of the members of the State Sportsmen's Association are determined upon a reform. It all ends in the one and only effectual system: Stop the sale of game.

SOCKEYES, AUHUHU AND TROUSERS.

AMERICAN species of fish for stocking foreign waters have been carried successfully as far as New Zealand; and there appears to be in the distance involved no obstacle to the success of the enterprise now making of introducing fish from this continent into the waters of the Sandwich Islands. A press dispatch from Montreal to the *Evening Post*, of this city, last Monday, reported that on the steamship Miowera, which left Vancouver, B. C., on Saturday for Honolulu, 80,000 young sockeye salmon were shipped from the Dominion Government hatchery at Bonaccord, on the Fraser River, in response to a request from the Hawaiian Government, backed by the personal application of Mr. Armstrong, of Honolulu, to the Minister of Fisheries at Ottawa. The shipment is made with a view of ascertaining whether British Columbian salmon can be acclimatized in the rivers of the Hawaiian Islands.

If the sockeye shall be established, it is to be hoped that such of the native fishermen as come of old Island family may not feel obliged to take their fish in the American fashion; for the way of their fathers was much more picturesque and exciting, and therefore vastly more sportsmanlike. When a Hawaiian was bent on having fish for supper, he dived down into the depths of the sea and placed among the stones of the bottom a plant called *auhuhu*, which possesses the property of intoxicating fish. Then as his victim floundered about and pursued the aimless, erratic and stupid course of a fish full of *auhuhu*, the fisherman swam and dived after it; and witless of bob, hook or sinker, took his fish by hand, and if it was a big one wrestled with it manfully until he got it ashore. But this was in the good old days when the Islanders, untrammeled by dress, were famous experts in diving and swimming. They were then in fact amphibious, equally at home on the land or in the surf. The Hawaiians of the present generation, being hampered by clothing, are less given to exercise in the natatorial art; they have lost that marvelous dexterity in the water at which the visiting white men used to wonder; and it may be that even if they should be ambitious to pursue the sockeye in its own element, after the fashion of their grandfathers, they would lack the skill were they never so lavish of the fish befuddling *auhuhu*. It may even come to pass as a phenomenon of the civilized Hawaiian Islands that a degenerate scion of this dusky race—whose agile ancestor thought nothing of casting himself from a rocky height into the sea, pouncing upon his prey as a fish hawk out of the air—may rig himself out in waterproof wading trousers to keep himself dry while he fishes. And in the Hawaiian sportsmen's journals—for no race is ever truly civilized until it has its literature of the forests and the streams—the "rubber pants" angler may deride the naked fishermen of old and inveigh against their ancient diving and grabbing exploits as the ignoble and pot-fishing expedients of an untutored, untrousered and unsportsmanlike race of barbarians. In such wise does the pernicious custom of wearing clothes beget at once irreverence for ancestral ways and degeneracy of fishing methods.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DUCKING IN GREAT SOUTH BAY.

ALTHOUGH the aristocratic canvasback and redhead are now rarely, if ever, found in Great South Bay, the average sportsman, if he be enthusiastic and not too fastidious, can secure good sport there. When the conditions are favorable, which means, in the bayman's vernacular, "whan ther win' 's p'intin' right," broadbill and brant swarm on the flats and the festive coot and "old mammy" are at their juiciest in its waters. Doubtless I have seen wildfowlers who, after bagging dozens of the two last-mentioned tidbits of the wave, have turned up their noses and called their luck "tough." But let us be reasonable. There is an old English saying, "When all fruit fails welcome hawe." Besides, can there be a more appropriate gift for an over-importunate rural family, with insatiable palates for anything gamy, than a brace of succulent "old mammies"? If they look dark and doubtful afterward (I mean, of course, the family), let the giver look puzzled in return, shake his head, and say it was "all in the cookin'," which is sometimes the trouole with woodcock.

The fall of '95 was, as is well known, a banner one for sportsmen in Great South Bay. And so it came to pass that a party of four of us went down in November to try our luck. My friend Harold was one—as fine, generous and whole-souled a fellow as ever walked on corns or missed a ruffed grouse. He was then and is now deeply interested in foreign missions, and has since, because of his eminent fitness for the position, been appointed chaplain of his lodge. Only one unpardonable sin has he been guilty of to my knowledge. He went forth on the trail of the ruffed grouse in Sullivan county, New York, on a memorable day in '94, dressed in patent leathers, a fashionable dark blue overcoat reaching to his heels, and a canary-colored yachting cap. But, as Rudyard is fond of putting it, that is another story. Many a jolly trip we've made together, and long may he live to win his traveling expenses from the writer at penny ante.

Then there was Frank, an all-round good fellow and excellent shot, who knew more about wildfowling than all the rest of us put together. Frank's great weakness was potatoes. He was never seen to eat a meal without them. Give him half a bushel of 'em, a peck of Spanish onions, and all the fat pork he could get his hands on, and he'd cook you a dish that would leave your stomach on your hands, and *vice versa*, for a week. The third member of our party was Schnupps, a protuberant Dutchman. Schnupps had evidently been brought up on the bottle, and retained a lingering fondness which gave grave cause to doubt he had ever been weaned. As we had picked him up merely to round out the party, he was not in touch with us, so to speak. He was, in fact, a dummy; or to be exact, considering his favorite posture during the trip, a lay figure who paid one-fourth of the expenses. Fourth and last came the writer, whose faults and peculiarities, if indeed he have any, shall be carefully concealed in this narrative.

Captain Funk, our good skipper, who knew Frank, and Sart, his mate and cook and crew all rolled into one, were standing on the dock to receive us, and a phosphorescent gleam stole into their weather eyes as a case of beer and some other bottled combustibles were trundled aboard. Funk was a typical bayman, rotund and ruddy, opinionated to the last ditch, and when crossed in his professional duties as unmanageable and hard to handle as a grand opera prima donna. There was a waggish look in his eye, and he had an astonishing relish for a good joke—on somebody else.

"Waal, I swan! An' har' y' be!" howled the Captain, as if he were matched against a gale. "Glad ter see y' enny haow! Laow bridge!' he added warningly, as we huddled down the companionway of the Marie Louise. "Look aout fer yer heads, an' sit daown forrard. Saat!" he shouted to the mate, "put on Frank's 'taters, an' git the supper good 'n quick!"

"Yes, yes!" answered Sart, and he proceeded to pile up the narrow table that ran along the centerboard with steak and onions, fried potatoes, coffee, bread and butter, and "home-made" pie, of which we partook heartily, topping it all off with a rousing jorum of Arizona punch. A mild game of poker was then begun, after we had got into our shooting togs and made our traps ready for the morrow. We were nappy, and we showed it. We were already bending to the breeze on our way to the shooting grounds and leaving the "madding crowd" behind. In imagination, at least, we could hear the ducks quacking outside, obligingly waiting to be shot, and our spirits rose with the ante. Schnupps had been taken immediately after supper with an attack of what he feelingly alluded to as "Gott! gramp golic," and it must be stated in justice that he gave a choice bottle of painkiller, which stood at his elbow, a fair and impartial trial. The medicinal properties of this palliative manifested themselves in a remarkable a manner that Schnupps soon had one leg over the centerboard and the other coiled lovingly about the mate's neck; and when he slapped the ace of diamonds on the table and insisted it was the deuce of hearts, our honorable instincts asserted themselves and we threw up our hands and turned in for the night.

But not for long. What with the continual glug, glug of the water against the boat, and the strangeness of the surroundings, we were all soon up again, except the Captain, swapping stories, looking for comets, and singing salt sea songs. The skipper's nasal solo disturbed our harmony, and we determined to have him out at any risk. Harold, who was assisting Frank peeling potatoes, jumped up and put the ship's chronometer forward from 1 to 3:30, and a well-aimed rubber boot did the rest, combined with our chorus of yells that it was past time to "fix out." The old sea dog crawled out of his bunk, growling like a mastiff. "Seems ter me I ain't had no nat'ral amaount er sleep yit. Half-past three, eh?" as he glanced at the clock. "Wal, haow's the win' a-pintin'?" and he floundered up on deck. The moment he stuck his nose among the stars he saw through it all.

"Be gol darned! I daon't see no sense inter bein' a pack er growed-up fools, nohaow!" he bellowed, after jumping down among us. "Saat, who sot thet clock forrard? Whan yer git me aout ag'in ter fix aout ducks 'll be rainin' laike blizzard!" and he tumbled into his cubby-hole in the bow.

But we did get him out nevertheless, about 4 o'clock, corrected time, and he and Sart set to work after a preliminary skirmish with Frank as to choice of locality. Frank wanted to anchor on Yellow Flats. "Yaller Flaats! Not by er jugful! Thar ain't er bird on Great South Bay as knaows enuff ter fly baoth wings ter onc't what ain't on Eel Pot Flaats right naow!"

There was no appeal from this and the Eel Pot Flats had the call. The battery, with its twin sink-boxes, is now got out, anchored in shallow water, and weighted down with pigs of lead and iron decoys until its overhanging leaves float horizontal on the surface. The stools are grouped about it and make a brave show as they dance and courtesy to the whistling of the morning breeze, which soon grows to a cutting wind, whipping and chopping the bay into spiteful little waves. The Fire Island light still blinks drowsily in the gray dawn, and the great round sun, a prophetic blood-red, rolls slowly and majestically above the horizon. Away toward the Fire Island shore a mighty sound, as of a million rustling wings, greets our ears. Look! a vast cloud rises from the bay and circles and wheels and circles again. The feathered denizens of the waves have left their watery beds, and as the god of day shoots his rays in among them, catching them on wing and breast, the black mass quickens and lightens into white and gold. Now and again a shot from a distant battery tells that the battle has already begun. After a sleepless night, warmly clothed though we were, we shook like the palsied parent in a Bowery melodrama; and our noses and gills were a pronounced duck-hunter's blue. Our indulgent friends, therefore, on both sides of the Atlantic, will not consider it an unpardonable breach of etiquette that Harold and I, when we stepped into our boxes to open the ball, proceeded first to open a modest flask which I accidentally found in my pistol pocket. Not so the Captain. He pounced upon the vial after the manner of an alderman upon a franchise.

"Yer daont take no demijohn aboard this baatry ef I knaow it! Yer can't shoot no ducks on rum!" and with that he tossed the flask 25yds. distant into the bay, and busied himself, head down, putting the finishing touches to the stools. Now, Harold has a wee bit o' hot Scotch temper, and 'tis not healthy to trifle wi' the bairn beyond a certain point. "Fetch back that bottle, Cap'n!" he cried, "we're no soaks," and I could see him draw his lips together and pull his cap rim down while he watched our only visible means of warmth float with the tide. But our skipper, who was now pulling away, heeded not. When he arrived opposite the derelict he suddenly made a sensational turn, picked it up, and put it in his face for a space of time that gave us an excellent idea of eternity.

"Yah! thar's good licker—put hair on yer elbows!" he gasped, smacking his lips, and broke into a roar of laughter that startled the ducks into midair for miles around, in which we joined on one side of the mouth only. Then, like the 600 at Balaklava, he rowed back, but not the same. "Thar y' be," said he, with a grin, and jerked the now half empty receptacle to Harold; "hain't enuff into her naow ter keep fr'm shootin' stret, eh? Ha, ha! Lay daown baoth an' make fur fly!" My comrade looked immensely relieved, and it has struck me since that he feared the insidious poison might have drifted to the shore of some South Sea island and demoralized the dusky inhabitants, whose spiritual welfare has ever been his constant solicitude.

Be that as it may, the birds were now flying thick and fast, so we stretched flat on our backs, gazing wistfully at the zenith and waited. We had pig-lead pillows. It was my first experience in a sink box, and my shoulder blades being anything but retiring, I soon reached a degree of misery that induced me to breathe language that could only have been the result of extreme nervousness. The back of my neck began to petrify, and my thoughts wandered on such remote subjects as the honest, hot old yule logs of bygone days and the Chicago fire. Harold was just out of sight in his box, but I could hear his teeth clatter, and presently he hissed between clatters: "Here they c-come! Here they c-come! K-keep down!" "Wh-where? Wh-where?" I hissed back and sat bolt upright, scanning the horizon through hazy spectacles, but could see nothing with feathers on. Oh! it was delightful to sit up for a moment and get off my ear. "Great Scott!" growled Harold in disgust, "don't jump up so soon like a Jack-in-the-box! Let the birds come over the stools. That flock's gone, sure." This little ceremony was repeated so often that my kind and good friend began to get hot under the collar, and frequently he passed compliments across to my *loge* which, I am pained to state, were not couched in the phraseology of a chaplain. Yet he shot several birds in spite of this. As for me, I couldn't hit a cathedral. My position was such that I couldn't even hit the pipe to keep my face warm. And, worse than all, a great dampness now invaded me, and we discovered to our dismay that the bay was pouring into my lair through a leak in the joining. This ended the shooting temporarily and gave me a valid excuse to stand up, which I eagerly did, and Harold followed suit. We proceeded to signal the boat and were in the midst of an animated debate as to the proper way to shoot ducks over decoys, when we spied Funk coming toward us in the sharpie with a Leander stroke. Even then we could see he was mad clean through. A big bag means a good advertisement for the boat, and the old man couldn't figure it out that the Marie Louise would be likely to go thundering down the newspapers as a result of this trip. When scarcely within hailing distance he stood up in the boat, waving his headgear and yelling like seven lunatics:

"Git daown thar! Git daown! Yer loom up liker praayer meetin'!" And he was down again in a jiffy and pulling furiously, only to rise anew before he had advanced 35yds.

"Git daown thar in th' baat'ry! Look thet big bunch bro'dbill cummin' yonner! 'Tarnal mud! Y' ain't gittin' no ducks a-stannin' up laike tew smoke stacks!"

We were indeed enjoying a smoke just then, and we let the old chap come alongside before we explained elaborately but quietly that there was water to burn in one of the boxes, due to his carelessness.

"Waal, why didn't yer lay daown ennyhaow!" he flung at me. "I never seed no man draown into 8in. er good salt water yit. Bay's plum full er ducks, an' ef yer shot enuff yit ter take the skunk off, I'm er liar."

The box having been bailed out and the leak stopped with an old glove finger, he left, picking up the few dead birds as he went.

We had been warmed over somewhat by the moving about and the smoking, and felt more comfortable as we settled down to business. And hardly were we ready before a splendid flock of broadbills came skimming along the water toward us. I see them at last, and my heart thumps against my palate as they swoop down upon the stools. I can now clearly see the green in their eyes. "Up now," says Harold; and we rise together in the nick of time; and as they struggle and twist in air to get away we let 'em have it, making two doubles. Four barrels, four birds! "Say, Willie, you're a dandy!" chortled Harold in his joy, and I felt I could agree with him. (He often calls me Willie when under the strain of great excitement.) We nudged each other in the ribs, winked knowingly and shook hands. We shook hands again all around and said nice things to one another, too sacred to be set down here.

There was no lack of birds, and we both shot well after that. An assignment of broadbills would barely be off our hands and our guns loaded before a dozen or sixteen coots, with the best intentions in the world, would sail up to our very feet and look in on us for a moment. And it was a study in mental panics to see their awkward embarrassment and shock when we rose to pay them our respects and they discovered we didn't belong in their set. Sometimes a wedge of black ducks, high in air, passed over us, laughing no doubt, if ducks ever laugh out of the mating season, at our clumsy contrivance; or a bunch of geese, talkative as "sweet girl graduates," but far shyer, gave us the slip to the right or left.

But our time was now more than up, and as we stepped later on board the yacht (let me call it a "yacht" for once) Frank and Schnupps stood ready for their turn. Although the battery was anchored in not more than 3ft. of water, Schnupps had taken the precaution to encircle his person with a life preserver, in spite of the jeers of the Captain and crew, who stood lined up on deck to salute and see him off, to the accompaniment of bad jokes and worse onions. Frank upheld his reputation for marksmanship during the afternoon, and kept the mate busy gathering in dead ducks. He did it all alone too, because Schnupps, after discharging his gun twice or thrice into the "woundless air," had the tact and courage to fall asleep in the embrace of the life preserver. Meantime Harold and I burned powder on board, blazing away at wing-tipped and otherwise crippled birds. And here it may be remarked what an infernal fusillade a wounded duck will stand without dropping an eyelid! And how easy 'tis to miss a placid "old mammy," sitting mayhap "in maiden meditation, fancy free," not 40yds. from the muzzle! How provocative of wit from the fellow who isn't handling the pump!

All of which reminds me that as we were about to suspend operations for the day the Captain hailed us hurriedly to the port side.

"Yon's a creppie!—over thar, nigh thet clammer."

Between the queenly schooner Maud E and ourselves an object bobbed up and down on the waves, a duck if there ever was one.

"I guess," said Funk, turning to Harold, "thet's the bro'dbill yer wing'd 'baout tenner clock, eh?"

"That's right; same bird!" cried Harold, reaching for his 10 bore, delighted at the prospect of adding another to his score.

"Shucks, thet toothpeck don't fetch her!" exclaimed the Captain, scornfully. "Ran daown belaow an' git my 4-bore—she'll sock it to her." Harold returned in a twinkling with a double-barreled cannon, and our now strangely obliging skipper put the Marie Louise through a startling evolution in the spanking breeze to get out of the line of the Maud E. and give the eager marksman a clear sweep at the "creppie."

"Be kaarful," he cautioned, as Harold put the engine to his shoulder, "she's chuck full th' biaack'st kainder paowder, an' she kicks laike mule critter. Ladder gaol"

Boom! The spray rose about the object of this delicate attention as it rises at Sandy Hook when big guns are under test.

"Naver phased her, biggoah!" bawled Funk, as he leaned on the tiller and winked at us, "giver th' laft!"

He gave her the left, but the tantalizing "creppie" seemed only to be warming up and getting into line for another volley, which would undoubtedly have been forthcoming had not a stentorian voice been hurled from the Maud E.:

"What are yew farmer people shootin' intew my buoy for? Can't yer taal wooden duck fr'm laive un?"

In the uproarious hilarity that followed, Harold was the only one who didn't join. The joke was on him and the Captain had got even for the little trick of the night before.

Thus ended the day. Our bag did not reach into the hundreds, but that sportsman is to be pitied who counts his pleasure by the number of birds in his basket. 'Tis not all of shooting to shoot. Indeed, it is only when the thrill of the skillful shot is intermingled with the glow of good-fellowship, and with the gladness that springs from the contemplation of the ever restless sea, or the forest with its myriad life, that the charm which eternally beckons the sportsman from the artificial haunts of men is rightly understood.

PELLETS.

Tennessee Notes.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn., Jan. 7.—This is not a good season for botanizing, but I have met with one plant which has much interest for me, and which I believe is not found north of Kentucky—the climbing fern, sometimes called "finger fern" (*Lygodium palmatum*, Swartz). It is fairly plentiful here in some localities, and seems to me to be the most beautiful of the family to which it belongs.

I am sorry that my bird notes are usually so meager, but my eyes and ears are not as acute as of yore, and I cannot always identify the little fellows I see flitting about among the thickets.

I saw a woodcock on Dec. 19, and on the 25th was most agreeably surprised at the sight of eight bluebirds. These were at Towstring, and there were also several meadowlarks and four or five scarlet tanagers.

The particular Towstring to which I refer is about nine miles long. Some try to dignify it with the name of Pleasant Valley. It is in the valley of the Tennessee, and is not far from Roddy, which, as you are aware, lies a few miles to the eastward of Possumtrot.

We heard the note of a bluebird and a robin near here a week ago, and I am of the opinion that both these birds are often sojourners in this region through the winter, though they keep near thick coverts.

KELPIE.

PODGERS'S COMMENTARIES.

Buried Treasure.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 28.—In your issue of Dec. 19 your correspondent Tarpon writes of the "Islands of the Pacific," and in the last chapter of Cocos Island, and speaks of the legend of pirates' treasure being buried there, and of an expedition having at one time been fitted out from San Francisco to search for it. If he had said half a dozen expeditions he would have been within the facts.

The story of an immense treasure having been buried there by pirates is one of the standing legends of the last half century, and it has been the occasion of the fitting out of at least four expeditions, that I can remember, from this port to search for the fabulous wealth.

The story is that a sailor, lying sick unto death in some hospital, and being afflicted at that late day with a conscience, confessed to a comrade in attendance that he was the sole surviving member of a piratical gang that had looted a Spanish galleon off the coast of Peru; and after the crew and passengers (several rich Peruvians fleeing from political persecution with all their wealth) had been made to walk the plank, the pirates took the treasure aboard and, burning the ship, sailed gaily away for their rendezvous, which was Cocos Island. There they held high revel and drunken quarrels until the Kilkenny practice left but four survivors. They, fearing to be seen with so much wealth, agreed to bury it; and after filling their pockets with doubloons each was tattooed with the latitude and longitude of the island, which was then unknown. They then sailed for Panama; and when near the port burned their vessel; landed in a boat as shipwrecked mariners, and making their way across the isthmus scattered. One by one three of the four died, and this last one made the confession imparting the secret of the buried treasure. The man receiving it turned up in New Orleans; and happening to be there fitting out a clipper schooner for a voyage to Mexico, I was importuned to change my destination and go for this treasure. The man who possessed the secret showed a sketch of the exact locality where it was buried under a big dead tree; and he had the latitude and longitude of the island tattooed on his arm. He generously offered half the find; and as evidence of good faith agreed that we might hang him from the yardarm if he proved false. But I lacked faith, and declined the attempt at the making of a big fortune so easily, romantic as it was to a young chap fond of adventure. But singular to relate, I subsequently purchased a schooner yacht in New York and sent her around to San Francisco, and in less than a month after her arrival sold her to a party to go in quest of the Cocos Island treasure. That same surviving pirate had turned up here and had succeeded in enlisting a number of credulous people to furnish the necessary funds. The expedition sailed, loaded down with shovels and pickaxes. With an eye to possibilities, or as they thought certainties, they had a lot of canvas sacks made to contain the doubloons and jewels, and a strong iron tank or box located under the after deck with a huge lock and fastenings to prevent any tampering with the treasure on the return voyage. Some six months later they came back, quietly sneaking into the harbor without a doubloon or a jewel, their wealth consisting of some second hand shovels and pickaxes. The schooner was sold and the concern wound up. Since that time more expeditions have been fitted out from here, quite a number, and periodically the fever breaks out, and another expedition sails, and returns with the same result; so credulous can people be found, by whom the romance and fascination of buried treasure cannot be resisted, and who will put their money into these wild goose schemes. That Cocos Island treasure is one of the standing jokes of the water front.

A book was written some few years ago called "The Myths of the Middle Ages," wherein the author sets out to prove that all the old legends of William Tell, Pope Joan, Rip Van Winkle and others are the veriest bosh; that there never was any such person as William Tell nor Gessler, and that the same legend was recited as occurring in every country on the face of the earth. What should be done with a fellow who thus destroys the cherished beliefs of our childhood? Confound him, hanging is too good for him. It is a wonder that he never got on to the Cocos Island legend. He would have proved as ingeniously that there never were any pirates, never any Cocos Island, never any treasure, and that sailors innumerable had died all over the world with the same story on their dying lips; but happily there are still people that believe implicitly in William Tell, Pope Joan and Rip Van Winkle. It was only the other day that I saw in a Swiss saloon a large painting of William Tell in the act of drawing his bow, and a big apple on the head of a very fat, bandy-legged, overgrown boy, who seemed to be wondering what his chances were for bagging the apple as his perquisite.

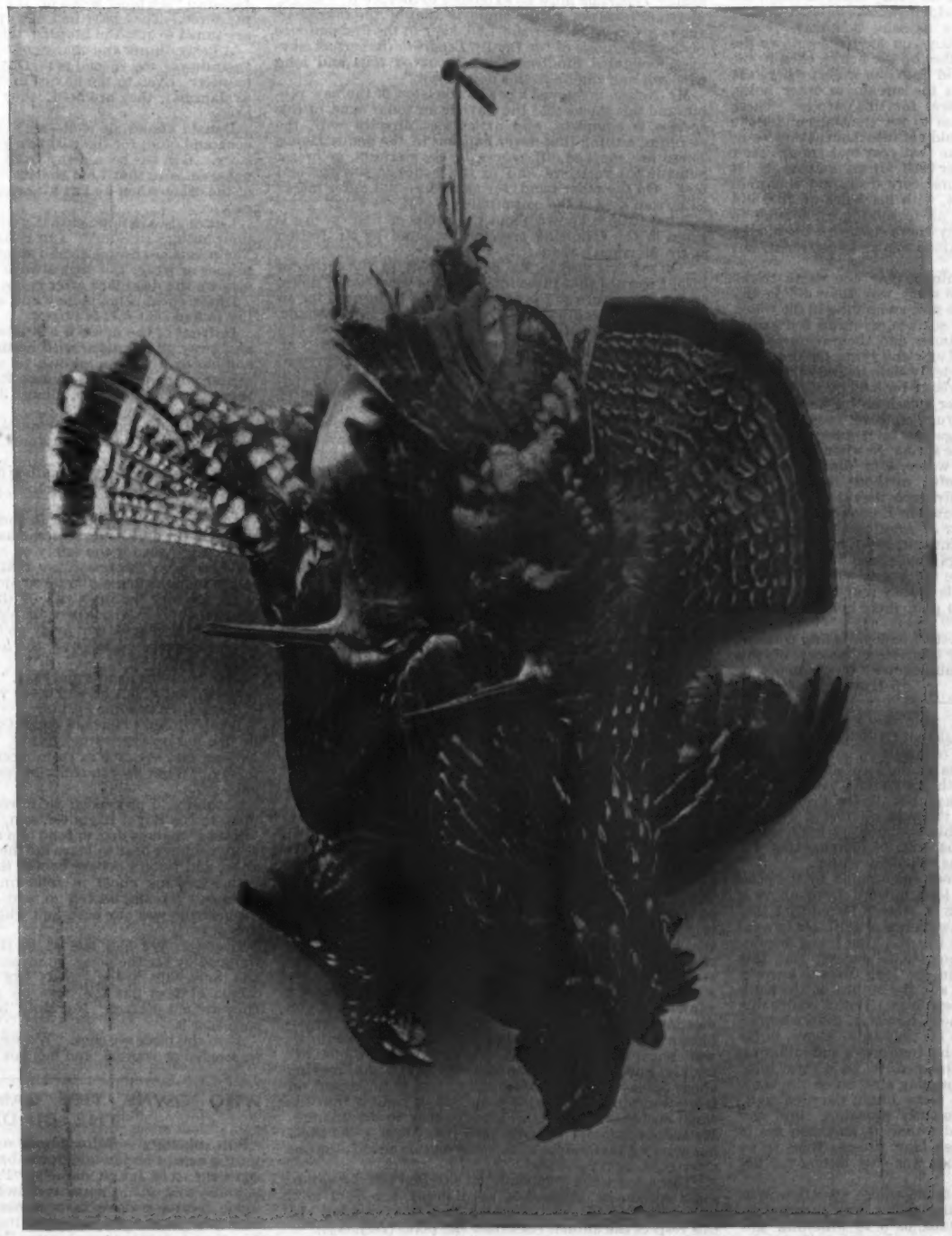
I hope Tarpon will continue his description of the "Islands of the Pacific," for there are but few that I have not visited. Especially did I make it a point to take in Juan Fernandez, on which I bagged one of Robinson Crusoe's goats, or a descendant, a patriarchal old Billy that we essayed to eat; but he was of the Samson brand, and even old Jack in the forecastle could not stand him, but threw him to the sharks. By the way, I read in a recent newspaper that a ship reports that the island has been completely destroyed by the bursting out of an extinct volcano. The rumor needs confirmation.

In reading the last number of the FOREST AND STREAM, I see you quote from the *British Medical Journal* some opinions on the injurious effects of bicycle riding by children under seven years of age, which changed my views in regard to an investment for a "bike" for a young gentleman who had claims on me for a "Christmas," and he will not thank you for being the cause of his not receiving it. But while the article opposed the first proposition, it advocated the use of the machine for old duffers as invigorating exercise, which accounts for our seeing so many old parties wabbling through the streets, which I contend is an undignified practice for gray hairs, especially several judges of the courts, whom I see hard at it; but it is not quite as objectionable as seeing girls in bloomers. Of course I shall be set down as an old fogy, and behind the times, but it is too masculine, and that ungraceful pumping of the limbs I object to, and when it comes to a rear view—well! there is an explanation of why young gentlemen's eyes bulge out so when one chair is doing the duty of two; weighty reasons.

A year or two ago there was an animated discussion in the Eastern newspapers, which has been recently renewed, as to whether sharks ever dined on human beings. Mr. Herman Oelrichs challenged the production of any reliable proof that there was ever any such instance, whereat he was inundated with letters from people who had witnessed sharks eat men, and he had to take water, that is, the northern waters as meant. I see that some skeptic suggests that Mr. Oelrichs try the experiment by jumping into the tank in the Castle Garden Aquarium containing a shark, which proposition he wisely declines. I doubt if the shark would be so impolite as to make a meal of him; but what a drawing card it would be to witness the experiment. If the shark should happen to be an article imported from say Port Royal, I would not care to insure Mr. Oelrichs coming out unscathed, as I have myself witnessed the gobbling of a sailor in the bay of Panama, who fell overboard and was torn to pieces before he could be rescued. I hope Mr. Oelrichs will never try the experiment in those waters, as he is too valuable a member of society to furnish the menu for the well-known appetites of those denizens of the deep. Sharks and alligators are considerably in my debt, especially alligators—for one cocker spaniel and one pointer pup, not to mention one three-year-old little darky, in which I had not so much interest.

PODGERS.

[We may add as commentary upon Podgers's Commentaries that an expedition has recently gone out from this city to look for hidden treasure; and our recollection of the account, as given in the papers at the time, is that the sanguine fortune hunters were bound for this same alluring Cocos Island. We have had in these columns from time to time several accounts of hidden treasure expeditions, including the search for the plunder concealed by Blackbeard, the pirate of North Carolina waters. D. Henshall once wrote of the Punch Bowl, a great spring of fresh water on the shore of Biscayne Bay, Fla., fabled to have been the hiding-place of treasure for the buccaneers and pirates who once infested the Florida coast.]



RUFFED GROUSE AND WOODCOCK.

From the original photograph.

Dog Fancier: "Yes, madame, I have all kinds of dogs here. Is there any particular breed you wish?" Old lady (who reads the papers): "Oh, anything that's fashionable. Lemme see an ocean greyhound."—*New York Weekly.*

"My child," said the old herring to the young herring, by way of parting advice, "the whole ocean is before you, but don't go too near those canneries along the coast of Maine unless you want to be taken for a sardine."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Natural History.

THE OTTER AND HIS WAYS.

IT is an off time for fish stories just now, but there is never a lack of interesting matter in the way of the habits of the enemies of the fish, and the otter is one of the most destructive of these. This animal seems to be distributed all over creation, as his prey is. I find him here in North Carolina sneaking about my ponds and the river, in which he plays the same sort of tricks he does elsewhere, as I know him once in the far northern part of Michigan. There, over forty years ago, I once employed a Yankee hunter—who had learned his tricks in the picturesque Housatonic when he was a boy, and studied the ways of fish and learned how great an enemy this sinuous, slippery fellow was to them—to hunt fur for me during the winter. I often accompanied him on his trips over the hard snow on our snowshoes for many miles through the dense, then scarcely ever trodden, woods, unless it was by the Indians or such hunters as came that way. I saw these animals playing like boys on their slides down the steep banks, chasing each other up the banks, then to the slides, down which they slid into the water, where the holes were, and up or down the stream to other holes, which they kept open doubtless for this purpose. These slides were the surest places to set the traps under the water, so that the otters would get into them as they went under. I remember this man that year took enough otter fur to pay me something over $800 for my half of it. It was in war times, when furs were dear, and this man went to York, as he called it, with his bales of fur, and brought me back my money all in solid gold, coming to my house, before he went anywhere else, with the money at 11 o'clock at night, so anxious was he to deliver it, lest anything might happen.

Here in the South these animals play the same tricks and kill the fish in just the same way they did in the North. They are often to be seen swimming in the water with the nose just above the surface, scouting for game, when all at once they go under and then swim to the bank with the prey. Once I saw one lying on the bank at the edge of the water suddenly slide in and take a big trout as it was in the act of rising for a fly on the surface, making not the least ripple or splash as he went in, but quite a turmoil as the fish struggled to get free.

It is a difficult matter to get an otter except by trapping, when one of the double spring Newhouse traps set where they come out of the water, 4 or 5in. below the surface, is the most successful method I have never known them to take a bait, living as they do on live fish only. These animals are hunted in England with spears, and by dogs—a sort of terrier of large size, much of the kind known as the Dandie Dinmont, of which Scott in one of his stories writes; the dogs going into the stream or hunting on the bank dislodge the game, when the hunters on shore spear the animals as they may be seen diving like fish in the clear water to gain their holes under the banks.

I send you a clipping from the London *Fishing Gazette*, in which will be found some interesting history of this animal, new to me, as it doubtless will be to many of your readers. HENRY STEWART.

"I may claim some right," said Mr. M. R. Frances in the *Fishing Gazette*, "to speak confidently of the otter's proceedings when in pursuit of his prey, since I was the first person to record, from the testimony of eye-witnesses, the course of his dealing with his victims, both by land and by water. It is unlucky that Major Fisher, who writes on such subjects with the keen interest of a sportsman, should not have seen this testimony, which would have saved him the gratuitous error of denying that the otter seeks his prey on land as well as in water.

"No doubt this error has been encouraged by the position of Lutra's eyes, which look upward from above a rather flat snout. Naturalists at once inferred that this arrangement was for the convenience of the otter in seizing the slippery victims from below. This being demonstrably a mistake, we are tempted to suggest that this upward gaze enables him in his long dives to keep in view the course of the eddies and the outline of the bank—matters which closely concern him. But of course this is mere conjecture. We know, however, that whether on land or in water, he seizes his prey from above, infixing in almost half a moment his four claws and inflicting with eager haste what is designed to be a fatal bite. When he was watched while seizing a rabbit on the bank of the Mole he seemed not to have bitten deep enough, and dragged his victim, piteously squealing, into the river, where he deliberately drowned it, and then ate it at his leisure, washing the flesh from time to time, so as to suggest that the warm blood was over strong for his digestion.

"The observer on this occasion, whose attention was first drawn by the cries of the rabbit, was fortunately himself a master of otter hounds, used to watching the stealthy maneuvers of the enemy. He had with him a sharp fox terrier, and though on the opposite side of the stream to that on which the otter was dining, rather expected the latter to make himself scarce when the dog appeared. But the marauder showed amusing coolness; he dropped into the stream, raised his head above the water a few yards from the bank and watched the terrier's proceedings. Having satisfied himself that the dog had no taste for anything beyond dry shikar, he returned tranquilly to his dinner. Here we had a depredator, bold as well as cunning, and obviously a clean feeder. Of course I do not assume that the otter usually, or even frequently, seeks his prey on land. I am content to know that he is capable of doing so 'as occasion serves,' and 'that in such a case, at all events, he does not seize his victim from below.

"About the same date at which this curious rabbit incident was reported to me I received from the same neighborhood an account, equally well authenticated, of the otter's *modus operandi* when in pursuit of the fish, which, we may safely assume, form his principal diet. A pike, guessed at some 7lbs., was seen basking under an overhanging tree on the Mole. Nearly above him ran a bare bough. Along that bough an otter was seen to creep—I wish I could find some apter word to express the prowler's stealthy, sinuous movement—till he was close above the pike, down on whose back he dropped or slid, at once fastening all his claws in the fish, and, as I fully believe, though the spectator's eye could not note the movement with certainty, fixing the long grip of his jaws just over the junction of his skull and spine."

A CURIOUS NEW RABBIT.

IN the Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington, issued Dec. 29, 1896, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of the Biological Survey, describes a new and extremely interesting rabbit, recently collected in Mexico by Mr. E. W. Nelson. In appearance and habits this species is unlike any known rabbits. It is singular for its small size, its short ears, its lack of tail and its exceedingly short hindlegs, and, instead of moving like ordinary rabbits by a series of leaps, it runs along on all fours, and lives in runways in the grass like the meadow mice. Moreover, it has certain characters in the skeleton which are very different from those of the ordinary rabbits, and these differences, external and internal, are so marked that not only is it placed in a new genus, but the characters of the family *Leporidæ* must be extended to include it. As Dr. Merriam remarks, "It is singular that of the four characters given by Flower and Lydekker in the first sentence of their diagnosis of the family *Leporidæ* (imperfect clavicles, elongated hindlegs, short recurved tails and long ears) not one applies to this new rabbit."

Mr. Nelson preserved a perfect skeleton of the new rabbit, and this shows that the clavicle, or collar bone, of this species is complete, and articulates directly with the sternum, a thing that never happens in the genus *Lepus*. There are marked differences in the sternum, or breast bone, in the vertebræ, and in the bones of the legs and feet. On the other hand, the skull does not differ markedly from that of the cottontails.

What little is known about the habits of this species is given in the following account, prepared by Mr. Nelson at Dr. Merriam's request:

"On my first visit to Mt. Popocatepetl, in the spring of 1893, I learned that these little rabbits were found there, and on my return to the city of Mexico I prepared for an expedition to secure them. On Jan. 5, 1894, my assistant, Mr E A. Goldman, and I made our camp on the side of a cañon at an altitude of about 3,350 meters (11,000ft.) on the northwest slope of the mountain. We were accompanied by three Indian hunters and our packer. Among the firs and alders at this altitude the northerly slope of the hills and cañons are covered with a luxuriant growth of zaccaton grass in huge bunches, from 3 to 6ft. across, and often reaching a height of 6 or 8ft., which covers the ground, so that the only open spaces are small spots scattered irregularly here and there. A search under the overhanging masses of long grass blades showed a perfect network of large, arvicola-like runways, tunneling through the bases of the tussocks, and passing from one to another under the shelter of the outcurving masses of leaves. It was evident that the rabbits were very numerous, and we all proceeded to hunt the vicinity carefully for them. The first day I saw three, but was unable to get a shot at any. One came running through the grass along one of the hidden trails, and seeing me stopped in a little opening only 7 or 8ft. away. It was too near to shoot, and so escaped, after looking at me with inquiring eyes for a few moments. The next day I shot one by taking a stand on a large log, whence I could see several small openings in the grass, and saw one as it stopped a moment at the entrance to a runway. By persistent hunting for three days my Indians secured three more.

"On our first night wire snares were set without success, so the next night we put out a lot of steel traps in the runways. This latter method was very successful, and three fine specimens were taken in a small area a few yards across. So far as observed, these animals are strictly limited to the heavy growths of zacaton grass, between about 3,050 and 3 650 meters (10,000 and 12,000ft.), a few ranging a little above and below these limits in favorable places along cañon slopes. I found them equally numerous in the heavy grass on cañon slopes and hillsides and in the dense growth of grass about the sides of the small parklike openings in the forest. They make their forms within the matted bases of the huge grass tussocks by tunneling passageways along the surface of the ground through the mass of old grass, leaves and stems, and then hollowing out snug retreats within the weatherproof shelters thus obtained. Their concealed runways were intermingled with those of the common meadow mice of the mountains, and the striking resemblance in coloration and habits between the two animals was remarkable. Like the arvicolas, the rabbits are mainly nocturnal, but are occasionally found moving about by day. They become active just at dusk, and on frosty mornings sometimes come out at sunrise into the small openings among the grass to bask in the warmth. My Indian hunters claimed that they often found them out sunning themselves in this way on summer afternoons after cold, heavy showers.

"This species has practically no external tail, though in some specimens there is a small fleshy papilla 2 or 3 millimeters in length; in others even this is absent. In this respect the animal resembles the pikas (*Lagomys*)."

Dr. Merriam has named the new genus in which this rabbit is placed *Romerolagus*, in honor of the Mexican Minister at Washington, and has given it the specific name *Nelsoni*, after Mr. E. W. Nelson, its discoverer.

Robins Wintering in New York.

ITHACA, N. Y.—The writer and a friend, while hunting rabbits a few miles south of town, Jan. 1, saw a robin redbreast flitting among the gaunt forms of the birches and maples of a dense hillside cover. He sported a lusty chirrup and a mahogany-splashed vestment strangely out of harmony with his bleak, wind-swept surroundings. Are we to vote him a social outcast, forced to experience this solitary vigil, after the manner of the mateless auk upon an arctic isle? M. CHILL.

[We have seen a robin in New York city almost daily up to this date, and if here why not in Ithaca? It is much more usual for robins to winter with us than is commonly supposed, but as they keep themselves pretty well hidden in woods and swamps they are not very often seen.]

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Game Bag and Gun.

DAYS AFIELD.

THE Professor and I arrived at a small wayside station in western North Carolina a little before noon on the Monday after Christmas, three hours late. Eager for a hunt. Boys again.

He had been poring for months over a learned article on Hebrew verbs. I am in business, and most business men know without telling what I was poring over the last six months of 1896; but to-day the sun sparkles, bankers, bills receivable and payable, due and overdue, are 600 miles behind me.

Here are stubbles and woods, fields and meadows, and, as I glance over the country I firmly believe, quail.

Dogs—the Professor had a blue-blooded pair with him, one of which has fought and won, or taken an honorable place, in numerous field trials, and no judge has yet failed to "see him" when on the bench. Lewis has sent my three. They have had steady work all the fall, and are tuned to just the proper pitch.

A hasty dinner and change of clothing and we decide to "put down" my special pets, Donald and Rab—setter and pointer. Even to the novice in dogs it is unnecessary to explain how they are bred; they look and are thoroughbred.

Donald knows me well—with him grouse and woodcock and quail for the past two years have been a familiar story. Rab has been away from me so much that he does not seem sure that I am the same man who took him out of the crate when he left his aristocratic dam two years ago.

I have always noticed that most shooters, in telling of their outings in FOREST AND STREAM, have perfect dogs. The points are dramatic and stanch; there is no breaking to shot or wing; the dogs always drop to shot and only pick up the dead bird after being ordered to "fetch."

I have spent some money and a good deal of time trying to find that sort of dogs.

In front of the house is a stubble, thirty acres or more—and away go my dogs, with heads in the air like racers, and out of sight in a minute. I make for a knoll in the center of the field, and gaining its crest look around for them. There they are, almost 300yds. from me, just in the edge of those pines.

Donald, how did you stop quickly enough to strike that attitude? and Rab, did you know the birds were there to get so close?

Did I feel good? Add another dollar to each one those dogs have cost, and still another, you could not buy them now.

I beckon to the Professor to come, and can see the light dance in his eyes as he sees the handsome pair, while he nervously feels for the safety on his gun.

"Just look, Professor, at that little pointer Rab. I never thought to see him do so nicely. Did you?"

We are now within 50yds. of the dogs, and Rab seems uneasy; a quick glance over his shoulder to see where we are, and in he goes, and away go the birds with that miserable dog after them—over the fence into the woods and out of sight.

The Professor grunts and says, "I don't quite think he will catch any, but he will come very close to it."

I won't write what I said.

Really, I don't believe I caught that precious pup until he had put up every single bird. Then he came in, and, looking into my face in an innocent sort of way, seemed to say, "What do you think of that? Can't I make them go?"

Naturally, I proceeded to introduce myself then and there to His Royal Highness, and, frankly, I never saw a "licking" make a dog so fond of a man before. He apparently couldn't bear to leave me the remainder of the afternoon, and I don't believe he was that day 10ft. from my heels excepting once: in following me over a log that spanned a stream, he fell in and nearly drowned. The farmer who was our host, and who was guiding us, pulled him out.

Trouble? We had lots of it, though good times outweighed by far the petty annoyances of a mistake here and there with a dog. Next day Rab improved, and a couple of days put the dogs on good terms with me. They are not perfect. Nor do I believe the dog is yet born that is.

As to the birds we shot. We secured some, as many as we needed or wanted, and lots got away. G. B.

WHO OWNS THE GAME KILLED BY THE GUIDE?

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Following out the rule of action laid down by Shaganoes in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 9, namely, "Primarily the man who captures wild game owns it—always and everywhere," any man cannot waive his ownership. Here it appears that Shaganoes loses sight of several important considerations directly relating to the subject. Primarily every man is free, but in civilization it is found that man's freedom is largely a theory. In business matters men give up a part of their freedom. For a consideration they give up their time and services in exchange for something of value to them. The services of the employee accrue to the advantage of the employer, otherwise what purpose of gain would the employee serve. In the fisheries, in the fur trade, etc., from time immemorial, the sailors and trappers never considered that their employers had no ownership in the fish and fur they captured.

The question has been considered merely from the standpoint of sportsmanship. The standing of the guide who follows his calling for hire alone has been confounded with sportsmanship. The guide works for his wages the same as any other employee, and his standing in the matter is that only of a wage earner and not an appendage to take wages for his labor and appropriate to himself the products of it. So long as he is hired as a matter of business, it is no concern of his what his employer's motives are. If he is paid a sum of money which is commensurate with his skill and the value of his services, the proceeds of his labor are as fairly his employer's as if he were engaged in some other business.

Because a man is a sportsman it is not a reason for ruling him out of what he justly can purchase.

It may be odious to many to think of shooting as other than an abstract enjoyment, something of ethereal pleas-

ure detached from all thought of material gain. It isn't. The capture and the material results are quite as essential to pleasure as are the pursuit and the refinements. To capture without skill or effort is without sport. To strive and seek without adequate return for labor and skill are repugnant. Such is not sport. There must be a reward for effort.

To assume that one's personal pleasure is all there is at stake when one sets himself forth for the capture of game is to take an unwarrantably selfish view of the matter. Probably not one sportsman in ten thinks of the amount of game as a gratification to himself. There are kinsfolk and friends at home who spur him to his greatest efforts, so that he may have enough to bring a present and pleasure to all of them. If he return empty-handed, his gratification at his own selfish pleasure is chilled by the disappointment of his friends. When his time is limited, or when game is scarce, the sportsman may not be assured of enough game to supply his needs. He may hire a guide to shoot for him to make up the deficiency. The guide may not add a jot to the sport or to the sportsman's personal pleasure or gain. But the former may add enough birds to make the trip an unselfish success, and the pleasure of having them to give may be greater than the pleasure of their capture.

It may be retorted that people should not like birds to eat; that the birds should only serve for the sport of seeking them. That is absurd. So long as people have good appetites, with mouths which have a taste for good things, they will continue to eat regardless of what a few may talk. Many of the people who decry the considerations of game as something to be sought for its own sake can themselves show a nice performance on it with knife and fork.

The game shot by a guide is not as if bought in Fulton Market. The associations and machinery for its capture are the sportsman's own. His organization of the plan and supervision of the sport, and his own conjoint effort, are widely different from walking into a market and buying game.

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" SIMPLE SIMON.

BUCK RANCH.

"DEAR TRIPOD," the letter ran, "Capt. Bradford has invited me to join a hunting party which he is organizing, to go out from here in a few weeks; as I will not have time to go, I have his consent to your going as my substitute. Affectionately your father, COAHOMA."

This arrangement was far from distasteful to me, the receipt of the letter being the first of a sequence of events which have furnished a store of happy memories to brighten the moments of future pensiveness.

In due time came a message over the 'phone: "The party is to leave here Nov. 19. COAHOMA."

* * * * * * *

Armed with a hasty pencil sketch of the intricate route over which my journey lay; mounted on a gay sorrel pony, the property of an indulgent friend, and contemplating with expectancy the beauties of the new 38 Winchester which was to do me service, I cantered toward McKee's, where I would meet the other members of the party, whom I had left in the forenoon to go by rail from Clarksdale to Tutwiler, where wagons waited to convey baggage and camp equipage. Nightfall—McKee's. No party to meet as yet, but a big log fire and a warm supper well constructed on a groundwork of bear meat, the fruit of the labors of Capt. McKee and Mr. Caffe, and prepared in tempting style by Mesdames Caffe and Wilber. Later came the wagons. Darkness had o'erspread the face of the earth nearly two hours when the mile and a half lying between McKee's and Buck Ranch was covered, and we were welcomed by Mrs. McMannus to Capt. Jas. L. Bradford's new hunting lodge.

Buck Ranch, in Quitman county, Miss., ten miles east of Tutwiler Station, is, I think, the only game preserve in the Mississippi Delta owned by an individual. "No partnerships for me except the matrimonial one," said the Captain when a club was suggested.

Buck Lodge is on the east bank of Cassidy Bayou, 100yds. below the Captain's new private bridge, which is 330ft. long, and built at a cost of $600, solely to insure access to the ranch. A frame house, ceiled with tongue and grooved pine; two rooms, 20×20, with a 12ft. hallway between, and a broad porch in front; two shed rooms behind; fireplaces nearly 4½ft. wide and high in proportion—what log fires we had!

Capt. Bradford is negotiating for the control of 4,000 acres of forest, all good feeding ground for deer, turkeys and bears—indigenous. Already he has bought some of this land. The ranch will be surrounded by a wire fence, "dog tight," "bull strong," but not "deer high." For, says the Captain, "the deer when run with dogs, or shot at by market hunters outside, will jump into my ranch. When they find fewer enemies inside they will not jump back out."

The ranch scheme is only a few months old. The lodge had just been finished and there had not yet been time for putting in furniture, but a five wide (five men wide) bed spread on a softening of hay made the night hours glide softly by, while in the interim before bedtime we sat on trunks, camp stools and boxes and compared guns—Maynards, Winchesters ('94 and later models), combination shotgun and rifle, Old Betsy (a muzzle-loading shotgun which the Captain uses when he fire-hunts), and a certain long, meddlesome-looking old rifle with 7in. of notches under the stock, recording its slain deer, which he had brought along as a present to McMannus, his keeper, and turned over to its future owner with the comment: "Oh, that is a wicked gun!"

Capt. James L. Bradford and E. A. Stanford, of New Orleans; Col. Berry, member of Congress, and his son Shaler, of Newport, Ky.; A. L. Dabney, of Vicksburg, Miss., and Arch McMannus, of the Ranch. Hapless day for the deer!

"Yes, that is a beauty," said the Captain, of Mr. Stanford's new rifle. "If I were a deer, I should like to be killed with just such a gun!" And then, "Oh, that is a wicked gun," as his eye rests affectionately upon the 7in. of notches on his old standby. His newer gun, a .40 Maynard, was also not without a display of notches. "Well, boys, let's spread the bed! We want to be up early in the morning, and get ready to go down to our camping ground."

"How far off do we camp, Captain!"

"Oh, about three or four miles."

"But, Captain, why do you go out and camp when you have all this fine house to live in?"

"What! me live in a house when I have the whole wide woods before me?"—and soon three members of the party were being lulled to sleep by a duet of snores. It was of no moment that our bed had no springs, for the roof of Buck Lodge was over our heads, the great log fire blazed above a bed of glowing coals, and without, the wide, wild woods of Buck Ranch echoed the occasional hoot of owls.

"Give me another cup of coffee, please, Mrs. McMannus, this one has worn out," says the Captain, as Stanford and Col. Berry replenished their plates with bear meat (more of the McKee bear); Shaler and Arch turn their attention to hot biscuits and molasses as a second course, and I myself realize that this is no time to waste in idleness. Too soon is past that happy interval between the beginning of breakfast and the end of breakfast, and we are all busied with selecting necessary luggage for one week under canvas: folding bedding, packing the provision chest, shucking corn to take along for the horses, and finally adjusting to them their new harness, and loading the wagon.

Late in the forenoon we steamed out of port, bearing down through the cane toward Possum Bayou. Possum is a small bayou between broad, sloping banks, skirted on each side by a continuous, narrow ridge of switch cane, interspersed with beautiful holly groves. On the slope of the bank, with one of the holly groves in the background, we stretched our little open-front A tent and spread the bed all the way across the back end; for this time we would have Arch also for a bedmate, and the bed must be for six.

As the afternoon advanced the Colonel and Shaler went down the bayou to find their lost deer. Stanford wandered up the bayou to see, perchance, what the future had in store for him, and I went with Capt. Bradford on an exploration to the northeastward. Three-quarters of a mile from camp he left me to sit on a log and keep a deer-scrape from getting lonesome. A gray squirrel introduced himself and barked at me excitedly from a limb overhead for half an hour. I thought that in his chattering he said, "Now here's a mighty brave. He couldn't hurt a deer when he'll sit there humbly and let a little fellow like me low-rate him like I'm doing. I've seen several uglier fellows that I'd be afraid to sass this way." And then he laughed in derisive glee.

Nightfall, and the Captain approached, the squirrel went to bed and we journeyed toward camp, where was found a hot supper which Arch and Stanford had soared up on short notice; for McMannus, who had been intrusted with the duty of engaging a cook for our hunting camp had been unable to find one. The cooking was to fall to my lot next day; so I had a big pile of wood collected, and all preparations made for daylight coffee by early bedtime.

"Boys, let's spread the bed," yawned the Captain, "and if you'll only let me shlape how sorry Oi'll be in the marnin'. That's what the Irishman said. He was exhausted with watching by the bedside of his sick wife and had lain down for a nap. 'Patrick!' 'U-u-ugh!' 'Patrick, wake up!' 'Oh, go 'way!' 'Wake up, Patrick, your woife's did!' 'Oh, go 'way an' l'ave me alone!' 'But your woife's did, mon, yez must wake up!' 'Oh, if you'll only let me shlape how sorry Oi'll be in the marnin'.'"

The Colonel was reminded that we were sadly in need of fresh meat, and he was expected to provide us with fresh venison for dinner, as the hunters started out in several directions after daylight coffee, and I turned my attention to the preparation of a 10 o'clock breakfast for them.

I was caused discomfort by not having a dishpan, first, because the log I had to stand on down at the creek bank was slippery; second, because cold creek water won't half take off grease from a tin plate anyhow. But I put the oatmeal on to stew and then proceeded with the dishwashing. The rest of the washing that they didn't get doesn't matter now, because the boys didn't know any better, and anyway it is all over now.

The oatmeal stewed away to perfection, the coffee turned out well, and I happened to hit the right proportions on the corn bread, having been previously coached by Mr. Stanford.

All came in on time except the Captain, and seemed to think that the breakfast would pass.

Stanford and the Colonel concocted a cabbage, onion and red pepper stew with a chunk of bacon for trimmings, and put it on the fire to simmer down. This would form the body of our 2 o'clock dinner, and these two in particular "sat great store" by it. Then we waited lazily for the Captain to come. And when he did he was panting over what he said was a five-mile walk. The Captain is a quiet, reserved man, hence the more strange his actions seemed. He whooped before he was in sight of camp; then when he came up he looked all sorts of ways—especially restless like—and sat his gun against a tree. On the stock was a new notch—a large one—deeper and longer than the others. Before we could ask him how it got there he lit in on Shaler: "Didn't you hear me shoot?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you hear me holler, and didn't you answer?"

"Yes."

"Well, why didn't you come to where I was? I killed the biggest bear on the American continent out there where I was, and waited and waited for somebody to come and help locate him, until finally I had to leave him and go away around over a route that I could locate him by. Get the horses ready while I have breakfast, and then I want several of you to go with me to bring him in, for he's as long as from here to that tree, and I could just raise his head off the ground! Give me another cup of coffee, Tripod—this one's worn out. You needn't have dinner until about dark, because it will take all the evening to get that fellow in. And you can get ready to have bear steak."

I am not a professional cook. One never learns entirely how to succeed at anything until he has made one failure in that thing, it is said. Thus did it come about:

The cabbage had simmered full two hours (for it was now an hour past noon and the party had gone for the bear); the water in it had boiled low and been replenished, and the fire stirred up. What more could I do now, for the other preparations for dinner need not be begun until shortly before sundown. I was weary and lay down for rest. Ill day for me; I unwittingly fell asleep on duty, and knew no more for several hours! And when I did know, would I had not known! Over the smouldering ashes, where I had left a crackling fire, still nestled the cabbage pot, but within it was a picture of desolation—neglect. The water was simmered away, the meat nearly all evaporated, and onions, pepper and cabbage—oh, the cabbage—were a mass of cinders. And then when I tried to drown my care in biscuit making I had more hard luck, for I didn't quite know how to make dough, and by the time I learned it was sundown. And then I saw a flock of wild turkeys down the bayou, and forgetting higher duties gave chase, returning twenty minutes later empty-handed. I never recovered from the time lost chasing turkeys and learning to make biscuits. I had just gotten them on to bake when Stanford, Shaler and the Colonel hove to, tired and hungry, reporting Capt. Bradford still searching for the lost bear.

"What! Dinner not ready?"

"Naw!"

"How's the cabbage?"

"And no biscuits done, either?"

"No. It took me longer to make them than I thought."

"You're a fine cook anyhow. Where's the coffee?"

"Haven't had time to make it."

"Not even any meat sliced?"

"Waiting for bear steak."

"Got back at last, Arch? Needn't look hungry around here! The cook's played out. Heard anything of the Captain?"

"No. He ought to be here, too. It's already pitch dark out in that cane and he'll have a time getting out. What do you say if I shoot Old Betsy?"

"Let her go then."

Old Betsy roared like a battery, and then Arch called for a volunteer to go with him and hunt for the Captain.

The cabbage episode was painfully fresh in my memory; the biscuits wouldn't cook; now the coffee; I couldn't get the bacon to work right; everybody was hungry and mad—in short, though it was dark and raining, I volunteered, and we patrolled two miles of that bayou for two hours, making the woods howl with war whoops and rifle shots in answer to a distant horn, which sounded now north, now west, now south, and at last was located directly down the bayou; and wet and humble we crawled into camp, where the Captain had been nearly the whole of that same two hours comfortably reclining, and trying to convince us, by an occasional blast, of the folly of staying out there in the rain.

"Well, boys, let's spread the bed," said he. "We must find that bear in the morning."

"Don't believe you ever killed one."

"You're into it now, Captain. You must find that bear or your reputation 's gone."

"Oh, l'ave me alone, and if you'll only let me shlape tonight, how sorry Oi'll be in the marnin'."

And he turned his back upon us, leaving Stanford and the Colonel to uphold the superior epicurean advantages of Kentucky and New Orleans respectively in a heated argument.

"Yes, and you don't have any papaboti," says Stanford.

"But we have other kinds of fish just as good," retorted Col. Berry, and then we all nestled into a sweet repose. The rain pattered on the canvas, and in dreamland were the grimy black pots and kettles tinted with a roseate hue.

It was a monster bear that we found twenty-four hours after he was killed, lying where he had sank in his tracks and died without a struggle, for the single bullet was in his brain. The night had been so warm that the meat was spoiled, but his coat was perfect. A shaggy black rug will bring to the Captain's mind in future years the rainy night in Possum.

After the bear was skinned, camp was struck, as it had been decided that we were not in the best deer ground. Meanwhile, by permission of the Captain, I scoured the country for a cook. At nightfall I victoriously returned with a man of promise, who was duly commissioned.

This night we spent in the house, moving next day to our new camping ground, in the midst of an extensive oak wood, where deer tracks were unnumbered. It was with regret that we had to say good-by to our Kentuckians on this morning. Col. Berry had been racked with rheumatism for several nights, and it is small blame for him if he did pine for the blue grass and leave next morning instead of accompanying us to the new camp.

We were perplexed to know how the Colonel came at the weight of our "553lb. bear," which he reported to his folks on his arrival at home.

Thanksgiving Day had come, and yet no fresh meat on the table. That morning the Captain explained to the cook now to wash the coffee pot, for variety's sake.

"Well, I believe I'll quit the drive," quoth the cook.

"Why, are you tired?"

"Yes, very tired."

"All right," and we were cookless.

On learning that the cook had quit I found occasion to wander over toward Possum and try to find the flock of turkeys that had helped me to forget the biscuits. Our camp was away from any water course, in the middle of an open wood, so it was necessary for me to blaze a trail as I went to Possum, by which to return. A big flock of turkeys was there waiting for me, but I had a very momentary glimpse of them as they took the cane on the opposite bank.

It was a case of necessity. Our party would be basely humiliated if turkey didn't grace at least our supper table, and now or never must that turkey fall!

Half a joint of cane, a log for cover, a few imperfect "yelps," and out tripped a gobbler of tender years! I don't know why I missed the half of his body that was visible from behind a tree, but any insinuations about buck ague are uncalled for.

Other yelps failed to bring any response. I crossed the bayou and took a new position, then made some more music on the yelper. Finally, with an un-Thanksgiving Day spirit, I decided to go to camp, and was preparing to rise, when my eye lit on feathered objects—one, two, three—eight, yes, there stood ten or more of the proud birds, within 60yds., drinking unconcernedly at the edge of the bayou. "Crack!" said the rifle, and he was mine. Instantly reloading, I downed the companion that had stood at his elbow before he could decide what was wrong. Thus did we have Thanksgiving turkey.

Such a clatteration of yelps all around me for the next half hour, yet they wouldn't come any more to that funny-talking turkey, though I had changed my position

again. The yelping was too imperfect and would not entice them. I consumed so much time that night caught me halfway of the "blaze," and morning might have found me still hunting for camp but for the Captain and the horn.

Clouds were gathering, and there was lightning and thunder in the distance. Late in the night the rain came in avalanches, and next day we had to strike camp and move back to the house. The same story again: flat woods, no drainage, big rain—you, O knights of chase and reel, know of rainy nights and ditchless tents!

After that night Mr. Stanford, like the illustrious cook, said, "I believe I'll quit the drive." And he was soon homeward bound, after we had reluctantly bidden him farewell and called the roll to see how many of us were left.

A drove of five deer had been seen near our last camp, where sign was plenty. We decided to hunt this ground, going from the lodge on horseback. The day after camp was moved in, the Captain and I went out in that direction after a flock of turkeys he had scattered late the evening before. He bagged one before the rest of them got together and stopped responding to our calls—this time on good box callers. With his yelper on one side of them, and mine away off in the other direction, four or five young gobblers were thrown into such a state of excitement that they gobbled vigorously, though it was a freezing November day. Later on we had met and separated again to circumvent another scattered flock. I got an answer to my yelp—a gobble. The turkey came nearly within sight, then turned back again to join several more that were answering. Creeping in the direction he had gone, I discovered that there were a number of them together, and that they were no longer heeding my calls. The only chance was to crawl and get a shot if possible, or shoot anyhow to scatter them.

A carefully executed stalk brought me within 50yds., and down came the gobbler. A chance bullet went after one of the retreaters, scoring a miss.

"You took that bird right out of my mouth!" said a voice, as I was retrieving him. There stood the Captain as near the turkey as I had been. "I called and they wouldn't come. Finally I decided to sneak up. I was drawing a bead when you fired, and had selected a second choice when your next shot scared him off. But I got another back yonder. Come, let's go to the house. We've got meat enough to last for a week."

That evening we rested from our labors and cleaned guns.

Two deer had been seen during the day. Next morning two hunters sallied forth with firm set lips and a grim look of venison in their faces. Half a mile from the deserted camp ground the Captain dismounted. "My horse will follow you, Tripod. Hitch both horses at the old camp and hunt from there."

But I met him before I got there. He looked as big as an old ox as he rapidly walked through the bushes toward me, with his nose stuck forward on a level with his back, and looking neither to right nor left. I had barely time to dismount and step in front of the horse, while he was passing behind some trees. An instant later and he sank to the ground—my first deer!

His struggles to rise reminded me that bucks sometimes get up and depart after they are dead, and I poured a volley at him which caused him to gather himself together and flounder off through the woods, for none of the bullets took effect. It must have been the ague that came on. I gave chase and soon came upon him, where he was lying down to rest. A careful shot at his head secured my title, and I called the Captain.

"Was all that shooting at one deer, Tripod? I thought you had a whole drove!" Then he told me what a big one it was. Arch had to be brought out to help before we swung him high enough to a limb to get him on the horse.

Liver, heart, kidneys, brains and tenderloins of venison in a stew, with "put in some of everything you've got" as a last direction, and you forget that the cabbage burned up one day.

It was on the next morning but one that we found four deer, fired five shots in all and came home without a feather. Arch's gun was destined to be ornamented with the next notch, coming by it honestly on a succeeding morning. One shot did the work, and a buck was down almost in his tracks.

But the buck with the big horns was yet to come. He came one morning a little after sunrise.

We were out three strong that day, stationed in the feeding grounds, about 300yds. apart. A crisp, frosty morning, sitting on a log like a statue was a cool occupation. So still was it that cow bells two miles away were distinctly heard. A thrush came very near me in its search for a morning meal, and worked vigorously at tearing away the leaves which were matted together by the frost. Some jaybirds jayed, a squirrel ran up a tree with a big leaf, intended no doubt as a bay window to his parlor, and a scratching of bark overhead had drawn my attention to a big coon, when bang! went Arch's gun, and bang! again, then again. The coon went in a hole and I devoted all attention to scanning the woods for deer during the next hour, to try and get even with Arch.

"How many did you get?" I called, when we finally met.

"Oh, I'm bewitched! I'm going to quit! I wouldn't have shot again if he had been in 10ft. of me!"

"What's the matter with you? What was it?"

"I'm plum bewitched! The biggest deer I ever saw in my life! And he's got the biggest horns! I'm clean done on that deer! He wasn't 70yds. away, standing broadside. I sat on the log just this way, as composed as I am right now, and pulled down on him. He didn't move out of his tracks, only put up his head to see what made the noise. Then I got on my feet and shot again. Then I moved two or three steps up to a tree—just so—and shot the third time, and that deer stood there long enough for me to have shot three more times before he moved off."

Arch found out how the witches had worked him; his sight was raised for 300yds., and he overshot 2ft. That night the three of us constituted a committee on resolutions against that horned deer, and next day two notches sidled up to the big bear notch.

The Captain told us how it was: "I saw them feeding toward me from a long way off and waited quietly. I could see his big horns in the bushes and knew he was the one. When I shot I couldn't see anything for the smoke; but soon I heard a crash and knew that he had fallen dead. The bullet was in the right place. The doe had run off some distance, but I kept my seat, and finally she turned back to look for the buck. When she got where I wanted her I gave her a center shot. She ran 75yds. and fell."

The pair were hauled up in the wagon and the buck skinned for the taxidermist, for he and my buck will right nobly grace an alcove in Capt. Bradford's home.

"Give me another cup of coffee, Mrs. McMannus—this one has worn out," and then the Captain put on his town overcoat, and we turned our faces toward the setting sun. Buck Ranch rests in peaceful solitude, and we dream of bucks with big antlers, and of the sunrise of an April day, of a gentle call and of answers from many gallant gobblers.

TRIPOD.

HUNTING.

UNDER this title Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have published in their Out-of-Door Library a volume consisting of a number of articles printed at different times in *Scribner's Magazine*. These chapters have been revised by their authors and are published now in book form for the first time.

There are eight of these sketches, written at various times and covering a wide range of subjects and of territory. Five of them treat of hunting on the plains or in the Western mountains, one of Canada, one of Australia and one of the far north. Also, as was to be expected in view of the variety of authorship, the chapters vary a good deal in quality. Some of them are written by old campaigners, who have the faculty of telling their stories in a straightforward fashion and often with a considerable degree of literary skill; others are not so well told either from the literary or the sportsman's point of view.

"Hunting American Big Game" is too broad a title for Mr. Archibald Rogers's capital chapter on Western hunting, which covers elk and mountain sheep hunting, but is devoted chiefly to bears, of which Mr. Rogers is a mighty hunter. Besides being an excellent shot and a successful hunter, the author is a close observer and recounts his adventures in a simple and pleasing style which is very attractive.

"Camping and Hunting in the Shoshone" is the title of Dr. W. S. Rainsford's contribution. By Shoshone is here meant the Sierra Shoshone, sometimes known as the Absaroka Range, which lies east of the Yellowstone National Park. Dr. Rainsford's memories of the West go back to buffalo days, but it is not of these he writes here, but of later hunts, some of them made from Sunlight Basin into the mountains just beyond it, and of further journeys into the National Park. However much we may disagree with some of Mr. Rainsford's statements, and little as we can sympathize with him in his shooting of trapped bears, it cannot be denied that he tells his story charmingly, nor that in many respects he gives very excellent advice to those unacquainted with travel in the mountains. His article is one of the best, as it is one of the longest, chapters in the volume. It is to be noted that while Dr. Rainsford intends to give Col. W. D. Pickett full credit for his wonderful bear-hunting record, he really deprives him of it by spelling his name Pigot. Such is fame.

"Climbing for White Goats" is a short chapter by Mr. Geo. Bird Grinnell, which deals in part with the natural history and in part with the hunting of the so-called white goat of the Western mountains, which of course is not really a goat at all, but an antelope. This hunting, which is difficult only on account of the altitude at which the species lives, combines mountain climbing with hunting, and so has a double attraction. The chapter is interesting also for the faithfulness of Mr. Thompson's illustrations, which give an excellent notion of the surroundings of this alpine antelope.

"Sport in an Untouched American Wilderness," by Mr. Frederic Irland, gives an account of trips made in New Brunswick for moose, and with the hunting there is not a little fishing. The pictures painted are pleasant ones, for Mr. Irland enjoys his outing and tells his story gracefully. The illustrations of this chapter are chiefly half tones from photographs and one—of a salmon leaping—is very interesting.

It is a far cry from the Canadian wilderness to the sheep ranges of Australia, of which Mr. Birge Harrison tells us in "A Kangaroo Hunt." The sketch has the attraction which always attaches to accounts of places and doings of which we know little, but aside from that, it is excellently conceived, well proportioned and well told. Because men are hunters, or love to read of hunting, it does not follow that they are necessarily bloody-minded, nor that they care to be told how a rifle ball smashed this bone or that, or what a beast seemed to suffer in its dying struggles. Mr. Harrison saw his kangaroos at home, and not his kangaroos only, but other birds and beasts which inhabit that home; he tells us too of the sheep ranges and the way in which the kangaroos have been destroyed to make room for the sheep, whose pasture they devoured. An avenger for the almost exterminated kangaroo has been found, however, in the introduced English rabbit. The illustrations of the chapter are very interesting, but we are moved to ask whether there is not an error in the caption which reads, "An 'Old Man' under a Fir Tree." Should it not read "An 'Old Man' under a Tree Fern?"

"The Last of the Buffalo" is a title which has been used too often, yet Mr. Grinnell's account of this species as it was in the old days is not without real interest. It is not surprising that people who never saw the old buffalo plains should imagine exaggerated the stories of the species' former abundance, which are given here, as they have often before been told by others. Stories of buffalo hunting by white men are common enough too, but in this article they are brought into contrast with aboriginal methods, to which considerable space is devoted. Much odd and unusual information about buffalo is given, knowledge picked up no doubt through years of residence on the old buffalo range. The pictures are excellent, Mr. Thompson's sketch, "Going to Water," being a vivid reminder of the days of buffalo plenty and the Blackfoot piskun, being the only accurate pictorial representation of this device that we have ever seen.

"At St. Mary's," by Harry C. Hale, deals with that beautiful region in northwestern Montana which has of late years become so well known to a few New York sportsmen. The sketch tells in a light and pleasing way of the adventures of two young officers who went to the St. Mary's Lakes in command of an escort for a party of West Point instructors, and while there hunted sheep with ultimate success. It is perhaps not generally known that the St. Mary's Lakes are those visited by Mr. James Doty in 1856, and by him called Chief Mountain Lake and Bow Lake. Later these lakes were lost, and for many years now the name Chief Mountain Lakes has been applied to two connecting bodies of water lying in the mountains to the north and west, which should be known as Watertown Lakes. The name St. Mary's was given the lakes nearly fifty years ago by old Hugh Monroe.

"Hunting Musk-Ox with the Dog Ribs," by Mr. Frank Russell, is an extremely interesting account of a spring hunting trip from Fort Rae, on Great Slave Lake, to a point within the Arctic Circle, near the head of Bathurst Inlet. The sketch is much condensed, yet in the light of what we know of the Barren Grounds and the hardships of travel over them it gives a clear notion of the suffering endured on the hunt, which lasted about a month, and on which Mr. Russell secured all the skins that he could haul on his sledge. Among the interesting points incidentally touched on is the fact that many of the male Barren Ground caribou seen and killed were yet carrying their horns in April. The conduct of Mr. Russell's Indian companions was identical with that of those who accompanied Mr. Whitney on his trip. Every man raced as hard as he could to get ahead of his fellows. It was such an exhibition of natural selfishness as one sometimes reads of, but seldom sees.

The sketches contained in this volume are certainly worth preserving in this permanent form, and the book will be a welcome addition to the library of every big-game hunter. The mechanical part of the book is well done. The binding is plain, but the page, with its large type and odd, small type running heads, is very attractive.

ADIRONDACK DEER FACTS AND FIGURES.

[From the report of Superintendent of Forests William F. Fox, in the report for 1895 of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests, of New York.]

In collecting the statistics submitted herewith, the various correspondents, representing every minor locality in the Adirondacks, were requested to report also on the number of deer found dead in their respective districts during the previous winter. The large number thus reported, none of which had been killed or wounded, is a matter requiring serious consideration. Mr. Wellington Kenwill, an intelligent and reliable guide who keeps a hunter's hotel at the Indian Clearing on the headwaters of the South Branch of Moose River, reports ninety-three dead deer found in that particular locality. It is within a few years only that these stories of dead deer have been heard. During the last two years an increased number have been reported, and now information from the south part of St. Lawrence county indicates that a large number died in that section during the winter of 1894–95. Various reasons and theories have been advanced in explanation of this serious mortality among our largest and best game.

Deer Mortality.

There seems to be a general belief among the guides and hunters that the animals die of starvation; that, owing to the severe prolonged winter, the animals were unable to find a proper supply of food, or were powerless to travel through the deep snow in search of browse; that in the vicinity where the carcasses were found all the foliage of the evergreens and buds of the hardwoods within reach had been entirely devoured; and that the deer, under the protection of the game law, had increased so rapidly within a few years that there was no longer a sufficient supply of food for them all during the winter season. In opposition to this explanation it is argued by others that the Adirondack winter is no longer or more severe, and the snow no deeper, than in Maine, Michigan and Canada, where no dead deer are found at this season; that the winters in the Adirondacks are no worse than years ago, when the deer wintered without any noticeable loss of this character; and that at the same time and under the same climatic conditions not one dead deer was observed in Essex county and other large areas of Adirondack territory. Deer have been closely observed in the vicinity of lumber camps, feeding on fallen tree tops, which were thin, weak and sickly in appearance, evidently suffering from some distemper; and it was noticed that these animals died afterward, although an abundance of hay and other food was purposely placed within their reach.

It has also been suggested that this great mortality among the deer in winter may be due to an epidemic, some kind of contagious distemper or epizootic. The deer are a species of ruminants so closely allied to certain of our domestic animals that there is nothing improbable in the idea that they may be affected with some cattle disease similar to that which often kills our cows and sheep. In reply it has been urged that the deer die only in winter, whereas if they perished from some form of cattle disease the epidemic would manifest itself at other seasons as well as in winter; at least, its appearance would not be confined exclusively to that one season.

Another theory, suggested probably by the restricted territory within which the deaths occurred, is that the deer have found there some noxious, deleterious weed or vegetable growth of a poisonous nature, which they eat, and which enfeebles them so that they die from its effects. The local character of the epidemic is advanced as warranting this idea. The indications of poison were so strong that it was broadly hinted in those localities that some guides, enraged at their exclusion from certain large preserves, had sought revenge by making salt licks on which Paris green had been sprinkled. There is no ground for the latter assumption, and it is an unwarranted imputation on the good reputation of the guides. If the death of these deer was caused by poison, it resulted from natural causes.

Still another theory has been advanced by intelligent, observant residents in the forest—old, experienced hunters—who assert that the deer which are found dead are animals that were hounded too hard; that these deer became overheated in some long race with the hounds, and then plunged into the cold waters of the lake to escape the dogs; and that they thereby contracted lung disease or some other serious ailment that either enfeebled them so that they were unable to withstand the winter, or else induced some form of acute disease that was the direct cause of their death. But this plausible and reasonable explanation is weakened by the fact that

hounding is followed everywhere in the Adirondacks except in St. Lawrence county, while the mortality is confined to a comparatively small territory.

Without intending to argue both sides of this question or to propose any solution myself, I have submitted the facts together with the various conflicting opinions, because it is a matter which demands the attention of everyone interested in our Adirondack game.

Number of Deer Killed.

In obtaining and compiling the statistics showing the number of deer killed in the Northern Forest of New York during the season of 1895, the utmost care was exercised to prevent the same deer being included in different reports. To obviate any such duplication the entire Adirondack wilderness was carefully divided into districts for this purpose, each one having its distinct, clearly defined and well-known boundaries. As each correspondent made his return on a printed form furnished him, which at the start defined his district exactly, beyond any chance of mistake, there could be no possible reason for including deer that were killed in some other or adjoining district; and as these blanks were mailed in each case to some man who either resided in the district assigned to him or was there during the hunting season, there was no necessity for his making up a report from bare rumor or hearsay.

The correspondent selected for each district was personally known to be fully competent to make an estimate that would be substantially correct. One-third of the Adirondack forest is owned and controlled by hunting clubs or held as private preserves, the owners of which, through their gamekeepers, have means of knowing how many deer were killed on their property; or, at least, that there were as many killed as reported. At most of the club houses there is a book of record in which is entered each deer killed, the date, location, weight and sex of the animal, and the name of the person who killed it. It is evident, therefore, that the returns for the townships in the private preserves were correct; or, at least, were not overstated. In many districts reports were obtained from two or more correspondents from the same district in order to guard against any possible exaggaration. Where there was any discrepancy the lowest figures were used, not that there was reason for doubting the higher estimate, but to avoid any possible over-statement, or a charge that the statistics were those of an alarmist. While these figures may not include all the deer that were killed in 1895, they indicate beyond question that this number at least were killed. Out of 248 designated correspondents, all but one sent in the desired information.

RECAPITULATION.—NUMBERS OF DEER KILLED IN 1895.

Counties.	Night Hunting.	Hounding.	Still Hunting.	Total.	Bucks.	Does.
Clinton	4	76	8	88	45	43
Essex	36	406	44	486	255	231
Franklin	165	568	80	813	386	427
Fulton	12	40	7	59	28	31
Hamilton	301	797	210	1,308	607	701
Herkimer	203	309	89	601	258	343
Lewis	69	246	98	413	176	237
Oneida	15	20	5	40	12	28
St. Lawrence	390	14	372	776	299	477
Saratoga	....	7	9	16	7	9
Washington	....	31	15	46	22	24
Warren	58	180	36	254	113	142
Totals	1,283	2,694	973	4,900	2,207	2,693

Where Deer are Increasing.

Reports from the various correspondents indicate that in the following named localities the deer are increasing:

Clinton County—In the towns of Saranac, Peru, Ausable, Schuyler Falls, and around Chazy Lake.

Essex County—In Townships 16 and 25 of the Totten and Crossfield Purchase, and Township 12, Old Military Tract; in the towns of Keene, Schroon, Newcomb, Crown Point, Lewis, Elizabethtown, Chesterfield and North Elba; and in the vicinity of lakes Colden, Sanford, Elk, Catlin, Newcomb, and Placid, Preston and Boreas ponds; Chain Lakes, Boreas River and Aiden Lair.

Franklin County—In Townships 15, 16, 17, 19, 23, 26 and 27 of Macomb's Purchase around the St. Regis, Meacham and Saranac lakes; in the vicinity of Follensby, Ampersand, Quebec, Rice, Blue and Willis ponds; and near Brandon, the Osgood River, and the middle branch of St. Regis River.

Fulton County—In the town of Stratford.

Hamilton County—In Townships 17, 23, 35, 36, 6 and 34 of the Totten and Crossfield Purchase; in the vicinity of Raquette, Blue Mountain, Eagle, Eighth, Shallow, Brandreth, Long, Grampus, Forked, Little Tupper, Indian and Lewey lakes; the Slim Pond Chain; Sutton, Anthony, Sargent and Siamese ponds; the Cedar lakes and Lake Pleasant; and along the Marion, Cedar, Jessup and Miami rivers, and Cunjamuck Creek.

Herkimer County—In Townships 1, 5 and 7 of the John Brown Tract; and in the vicinity of the upper waters of the Beaver River, Jock's Lake, and Little Moose Lake.

Lewis County—In the immediate vicinity of Harrisville and Lake Bonaparte.

St. Lawrence County—In the townships of Oakham, Harewood, Chaumont, Bloomfield, Kildare, Hollywood, Jamestown and Riversdale; on the Vilas Preserve, and in the vicinity of Bog River, Grasse River and Jordan Lake.

Saratoga County—In the towns of Day and Edinburgh.

Warren County—In Township 14, and in the towns of Bolton, Horicon and Luzerne.

Where Deer are Decreasing.

In the following named localities the reports indicate that the deer are decreasing:

Essex County—In the town of Ticonderoga.

Franklin County—In Townships 10, 11, 13, 14, 22 and 25 of Macomb's Purchase; in the vicinity of Big Tupper, Rainbow, Loon and Ragged lakes; the Chateaugay lakes and Lake Titus; De Bar; Simon, Jenkins, Plumadore and Ingraham ponds; Franklin Falls, Everton and Duane; and along Trout River, and the east branch of the St. Regis River.

Fulton County—In the towns of Bleecker and Caroga.

Hamilton County—In the towns of Hope and Wells, Township 9 of the Totten and Crossfield Purchase, and Townships 9 and 10 of the Moose River Tract; in Benson Township and Arthurboro Patent; around Limekiln Lake, and the Sixth and Seventh lakes of the Fulton Chain; and in the vicinity of Piseco, Oxbow, Morehouse, Wilmurt and Jerseyfield lakes, and Sacandaga River.

Herkimer County—In Townships 6 and 8, John Brown's Tract, and the town of Russia; in the Remsenburg and Vrooman's Patent; in the vicinity of the Fulton Chain and Big Moose lakes.

Lewis County—In the towns of Croghan, Greig, Watson and Lyonsdale, and Townships 2 and 4 of the John Brown Tract; and the vicinity of Beaver Lake, Otter Lake, and the west branch of the Oswegatchie River.

Oneida County—In the towns of Forestport, White Lake and Woodhull Creek.

St. Lawrence County—In the townships of Clare, Clifton and Emilyville.

Warren County—In the towns of Hague and Thurman.

Many of the correspondents stated that the deer in their districts were neither increasing nor decreasing.

Dead Deer.

Deer were reported as having died during the previous winter, and been found in the following localities:

Franklin County—In Townships 17 and 19 of Macomb's Purchase, and in the vicinity of Big Tupper Lake, Quebec Pond, Willis Pond, and the Cold River.

Hamilton County—In Townships 37, 38, 42 and 43 of the Totten and Crossfield Purchase; in Benson Township, and in the vicinity of Raquette, Brandreth, Forked and Little Tupper lakes; and especially along the south branch of the Moose River near the Indian Clearing.

Herkimer County—In Townships 6, 7 and 8 of John Brown's Tract; in the vicinity of the Fulton Chain and Big Moose lakes, and on the lands of the Adirondack League Club in the Moose River Tract.

Lewis County—In the towns of Croghan, Diana and Greig; and around Otter Lake and along the west branch of the Oswegatchie.

St. Lawrence County—In the townships of Clare, Clifton, Emilyville, Chaumont, Bloomfield, Hollywood, Kildare, Matildaville, Parishville and Wick; and along the Oswegatchie and Raquette rivers.

Deer Estimates.

It would be interesting to know how many live deer there are in the great forests of northern New York. The question is frequently asked and the probable number has been a source of much discussion and difference of opinion. There is no possible way of arriving definitely at the number, and it is doubtful if any computation could be made that would at all approximate accuracy. Estimates have been made by many who are familiar with the region and who are experienced in deer hunting. These estimates vary all the way from 5,000 to 60,000, which is not surprising, as none of them were based on the area of the region, without a knowledge of which no intelligent calculation can be made.

It is not proposed to submit any estimate here on the total number of live deer in the Adirondack forests, as any such conjecture is outside the province of this report. But some figures and suggestions are respectfully offered which may be of assistance to anyone who wants to arrive at some idea as to the number.

A good way to approach the problem would be to agree on the average number of deer on some definite area, a hundred acres or so, and then divide the entire area of the forests by this smaller one. The quarter section—160-acre lot—would make a good unit for computation. It was used most in the allotment of northern New York, and as it is just one-half mile square its area is familiar to all and readily comprehended.

Now, there are 3,583,803 acres of contiguous forest or wild land in the entire Adirondack region, or the equivalent of 22,430 lots (160 acres), each one-half mile square. For illustration, let it be supposed that there is one deer, on an average, for each half mile square; not one on every such area, but one on the average. There are many such areas on which there is not a single deer, while on others there are several. But, if on an average there is one for each half mile lot, then there would be 22,430 live deer in the Adirondacks; and, if they will average two to the half mile square, there must be 44,860, and so on.

With this system anyone can make a reasonable estimate if he has enough familiarity with the frequency of deer tracks, the ease or difficulty of "starting" deer in various localities, the number and size of the deer yards, and other necessary knowledge, to enable him to first form some clear, definite idea as to the average number of deer per square mile or half mile. Each man is free to make his own calculation, but if the calculation is made intelligently it must be based on these factors.

Through the courtesy of the American and National Express companies the number of deer shipped from each station was obtained, and the figures are submitted herewith. (The list shows that 874 deer were sent by express.)

As only 874 deer were shipped out of the region, the estimate of 4,900 killed may seem too high. But the reason for this disparity in figures is evident to all who are familiar with the facts. A very large proportion of the deer killed are slaughtered by the residents and consumed by them for food, venison being a staple article of diet during the ten weeks of the hunting season. The hotels and boarding houses in the Adirondacks also buy a large number of deer, while in each camp the hunters subsist chiefly on venison. A large number of carcasses spoil during August and September, and are thrown away. Then again, a large share of the deer are killed by persons who reside on or near the outskirts of the forest, and who carry out their venison in wagons. The farming regions along the borders of the wilderness are largely supplied in this way.

Sizes of Adirondack Deer.

The statistics obtained from the express companies furnish definite and valuable information as to the size of the Adirondack deer; for the dressed weight of each animal was given in the shipping bills, duplicates of which were so kindly submitted.

Having the dressed weight, the live weight may be estimated with approximate accuracy by adding one-fourth to the dressed weight. This rule was established after long continued tests, repeated yearly in different localities. A party of hunters from Albany who have hunted at Lewey Lake, Hamilton county, each season for many years, instituted a series of tests to determine this point. A large steelyard was purchased in Albany for this purpose and taken to the lake. When a deer was killed the body was taken to the boat house, where the steelyard was kept, and weighed before dressing it. The carcass was then dressed, after which it was weighed again, and the weight was duly recorded. It was found that, on the average, the body of the deer lost just one-fifth in dressing; that is, in taking out the entrails, heart, liver and lungs, the head, hide, legs and feet being left on the body. Similar experiments, with like results, were made by the Adirondack Preserve Association and in other localities. Hence the rule: Add one-fourth to the dressed weight and the result will be the live weight; or deduct one-fifth from the live weight and the result will show what the deer will weigh when dressed.

A variation of a few pounds will occasionally occur in individual cases, when, for instance, a deer is very fat or very lean; but the rule will hold good on the average, and in all cases will approximate accuracy close enough for practical purposes.

Of the 675 deer shipped by the American Express Co. eleven weighed over 200lbs. The two largest ones, which were shipped from Spring Cove, Franklin county, weighed 238 and 221lbs., dressed. According to the rule just quoted, the live weight of these animals was 285 and 271lbs. respectively; perhaps more, for the carcasses "dry out" considerably between the time they are dressed and the time they are delivered at the station for shipment, in which case these deer may have weighed nearly 300lbs., live weight.

From the returns furnished by the National Express Co., it appears that Mr. S. Van Deusen, of West Stony Creek, killed a deer that weighed 236lbs., dressed; and that Mr. W. P. Moore, of Glens Falls, killed one that weighed 235lbs., dressed; and that Mr. Abel Crook, of New York city, killed a buck at Aiden Lair, Essex county, that weighed 249lbs., dressed. The live weight of these deer, as estimated under the rule, was, respectively, 295, 293 and 302lbs. They were probably somewhat heavier than these figures indicate, for the carcasses must have dried out some before they were weighed by the express agent at the railway station.

These figures do not necessarily indicate the maximum weights of the deer killed in 1895, for some large bucks were shot which were not taken out of the woods, the hunter shipping the head only, or perhaps a small saddle of venison, the rest of the animal being eaten in camp.

But the average dressed weight of 562 deer shipped by the American Express Co., as determined by the weights given on the duplicate shipping bills, was only 109½lbs., which would indicate that these 562 deer weighed on an average only 136¼lbs., live weight. This is not a very good showing for our Adirondack deer as to size; and owing to certain causes is not a fair one. The figures include too many small deer and nursing does that, owing to our stupid deer law, are killed in August and September, when they were thin and poor, and largely under weight.

No other State or Canadian Province permits the killing of deer in these months. It was reserved for New York to frame a law based on personal interests instead of the dictates of humanity and ethics of sport.

Under a proper game law the Adirondack deer would attain a size unsurpassed by its species anywhere on the continent. That they do attain a great size, despite this lack of protection, is evident to all who have made observations in the matter. Bucks weighing over 300lbs. are killed each season, and occasionally some extraordinary specimens are shot.

In 1877, at Meacham Lake, Franklin county, a very large buck was shot by Mr. John T. Denny, of New York. This animal weighed 286lbs., dressed, or 357lbs., live weight, as estimated.

Mr. Albert H. Thomas, of Warrensburg, N. Y., late county treasurer of Warren county, states that he killed a buck several years ago in Township Sixteen, Essex county, which was the largest one he ever saw; that after taking it home its dressed weight was 299½lbs. as it lay on the scales in his store at Warrensburg; and that it lay there on the scales all day, during which there was a steady stream of visitors to see the "big buck," many of whom distinctly remember the incident.

In the Glens Falls *Morning Star* of Oct. 12, 1890, Mr. James M. Patterson, of West Stony Creek, N. Y., writes as follows: "I have seen accounts published in your paper this year of large deer; but I think that yesterday Henry Ordway killed the king of all bucks. The following weight and measurements are correct, as I made them myself, and other parties here can vouch for them: Weight before being dressed, 388lbs.; height over withers, 4ft. 3in. There are nine prongs on one antler and ten on the other. Length of antlers, 33in.; distance between antlers, 26½in.; length from tip of nose to tip of tail, 9ft. 7in.

Mr. A. N. Cheney adds: "I have talked with Mr. Patterson, who is a brother of ex-District Attorney Patterson, of Warren county, since his letter was printed, and he added, to the figures given, that the deer measured 37in. around the neck back of the head, and that the longest spike on one beam was 13in. The buck had been seen on several occasions during two or more years before it was killed, and several sportsmen had made special efforts to kill it. It appeared to have no fear of dogs that were put on its track, and on one occasion attacked and drove off two hounds that were on its trail."

Andrew Rogers, of Malone, N. Y., killed in 1889 a buck that weighed 306lbs. four hours after it was shot. This buck was killed on Deer River, in the town of Duane, Franklin county. It was of the kind known as a "short-legged" buck. It was weighed at Schroeder's hop kiln on common platform scales.

Mrs. R. W. Smith, New York, in September, 1889, killed a buck at Meacham Lake, Franklin county, that weighed 310½lbs. live weight. The guide's name was Joseph Lavature.

Charles Rexford, of Malone, N. Y., recently killed a buck at Indian Lake, Franklin county, that weighed 244lbs. dressed.

Mr. Warren S. Potter, of Glens Falls, N. Y., shot a buck recently near Thirteenth Pond, Warren county, that weighed 318lbs. dressed. The weight of this remarkably large deer was well attested by several reliable and experienced hunters who saw the deer weighed.

Mr. Weston Finch, of Glens Falls, N. Y., shot a buck near the Boreas Pond, Essex county, that weighed 253lbs. dressed.

In discussing the size of deer in the Northwest, Judge Caton* says: "The largest common deer of which I

* "The Antelope and Deer of America," by John Dean Caton, LL. D. New York, Forest and Stream Publishing Company, second edition, 1881.

have any authentic account was killed in Michigan, and weighed before he was dressed 246lbs. But such specimens are rarely met with. It is much more common to meet adults that will not exceed 80lbs. in weight, and the average weight may be set down at not more than 100lbs. The guesses of hunters often give much larger weights.

"In the fall of 1876 I shot a buck in northeastern Wisconsin which was judged by several experienced hunters to weigh nearly 250lbs. Four of our Indians came from camp, but would not undertake to carry him in (not more than a third of a mile), although we were very anxious to have it done. They dressed him on the spot and made four loads of him. The chief Indian remarked that one might hunt a lifetime and not see such a deer as that."

The foregoing extract indicates that the deer in Michigan and Wisconsin are not so large as the Adirondack deer.

GUNS AND THINGS.

YESTERDAY was New Year's Day, and I spent the morning performing a melancholy yet not entirely unpleasant task. I cleaned and tested my gun before greasing it and putting it away until snipe shooting time; and I cleaned and greased my hunting boots before hanging them up in the attic. The choke-bore gun sometimes gets the choke shot out of it, and past experience taught me that it is well enough to target such a gun every year or so. Accordingly, I shot my choke-bore barrel at a 30in. circle at 40yds. and got 320 out of 1¼oz. No. 8 shot in the circle, so I have reason to hope that I may continue to "pull down a high mallard" now and then in the future. The other barrel is a cylinder and does not require any attention. I find such a combination more nearly right for all sorts of shooting than any other. I have accustomed myself to shooting whichever barrel is best fitted to make the shot—the left barrel if it seems to be 40yds. or over and the right barrel for lesser distances. The latter will make uniform kills up to 35yds. and the left up to 45, with frequent clean kills up to 70yds. at all sorts of game except deer, which I have quit shooting at with a shotgun, as more are wounded and escape than are wounded and captured when shot with buckshot

And about ammunition: Despite Mr. Tenner's intimation to the contrary, my American-made gun shoots much closer and harder with one of the powder wads 11-gauge, instead of 12, as the other wads are. It does not bulge the shell if put in properly. My kind of boots are worth taking care of. They are watertight. They are made of beautifully flexible leather, that never gets hard from any amount of wetting. They can be used all day in the water, and when dried will be as soft as ever. "But no leather," I think I hear some one say, "will turn water, especially snow water," and he is right; no leather will. But my boots are lined with rubber prepared canvas, and between the canvas and the leather is an inner lining of oiled silk. I know of a similar pair that remained watertight for nearly seven years. They were lined with thin leather instead of waterproof canvas, but the oiled silk kept out the water. Boots for hunting should be made large enough to admit of two pairs of stockings being worn, because then the chafing takes place between the stockings, and the tender cuticle of the town-bred hunter is spared.

Not long ago an acquaintance complained that a dog that had recently come into his possession had a habit, when sent to retrieve, of trying to eat the bird. Now I knew the dog, but not the man, so I began to investigate.

"How much do you feed that dog?"

"Oh, plenty."

"But how much is plenty?"

And when he had gone into the pitiful particulars I replied:

"That is not enough and not of the right sort. A hunting dog, especially when hunting, requires meat and plenty of it, and I never saw a dog yet that thought he had enough until his ribs were expanded."

"Well, the man evidently thought I was crazy, but the dogs don't. The only good dog is the all-day dog, for only a few of us can keep a whole kennel of pointers or setters. The all-day dog is the tough dog and he cannot be tough on "health food."

When I am shooting chickens, one of my chief pleasures is to go around to the kitchen door in the evening and ask for a lot of cold meat for the dogs, who will have followed me around there and are looking on with grave expectancy while the cook lady hands me out a breadpan full of cooked meat, left over from the day. Then I call out each dog's name in turn, tossing him the while one big hunk or two little ones, and when that is over I saunter down street to a butcher shop and ask him for 25 cents' worth of lean meat from the cheap part of the shoulder or neck, which he cuts into chunks and with which the dogs and I go through the pitch and toss process again. When they come out of that butcher shop they have the aspect of a man with a toothpick in his mouth, and are ready, after a night's rest and digestion, to repeat the 75 or 100 miles of ranging of the first day. On the third day, however, they must rest.

Did you ever miss a whole flock of birds—*seriatim*, I mean?

Well, that is what I did on Wednesday. A meat dog (thanks for the word, Hough), named Jim Crow, and I were approaching a little gully, when a bevy of quail rose out of it. They were too far away for more than my left barrel, and so I only shot at one hole, which I hit. They flew into a piece of woods, where Jim Crow carefully pointed them by ones and twos. They didn't seem to care which way they went so long as they got there. Some would dart straight up into the tops of the tallest of the trees, some would duck down behind the hazel brush, some would wheel in their first spring and take the back path, while others would make a side lunge for the cornfield adjoining. I had begun to realize that I was having a sensation by the time Jim pointed the last one in the leaves beside a big white oak.

"Well, I've got you anyhow," I exclaim, as I confidently walked in ahead of Jim. "It's open here and you can't dodge me."

And just then he "screamed" around behind the white oak, and when I got around after him he was out of range. He did it so well that I cried out, "Good for you!" and retraced my steps, hoping as I went that that valiant covey might live forever. It is true that once, as I proceeded on my way, some fine feathers were floating in the air, and Jim Crow shortly thereafter stopped and fetched me one dead quail from off in the woods, but I think he flew against a tree and killed himself. It was a wonderful covey of quail: trained by their papa and mamma in every device for eluding No. 8s; able to fly around corners and over tree tops; going off in the clouds almost like mallards or turkeys. I trust they may elude other dangers as they do the danger of shotguns, so that one may have the keen pleasure of missing them again each year. The next covey consisted of twelve birds of quite another feather and parentage, for they had none of the tricks and manners of these first ones.

I scattered them, killed seven, left four for next year and missed one. It was tame. Besides it was late and my farmer friend called to me from the house on the edge of the valley that dinner was ready, and I quit shooting for the day.

Jim is one of the dogs that has not been trained so much as to know nothing but drill tactics. Most of his knowledge has been derived from association with an older dog. I only have to whistle for him a few times each day, and those times are occasions when he has pointed in a dense cornfield and I cannot find him. He is a perfect retriever, and not only finds every bird I knock down, but averages about two birds a day that I think I have missed, but which he thinks I have crippled. I carried him up to a hayloft that night where he would have a warm bed to sleep in and where he could not fight with the hounds, and when I started to take him down the next morning it proved to be more of an undertaking than I had bargained for, owing to his great weight and the fact that I had to get him down through a trap door that had no ladder leading to it. When I sat on the edge and reached him down as far as I could his hindfeet still would not reach the manger below. He did not know but what he was going to get hurt, so he clasped my leg with his muscular forearms, and I saw at once that he proposed to hang on and sustain his weight in that manner, so I let go my hand hold and he swung on to my leg until I lowered it to the manger.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

UTAH GAME LAWS.

THE year that has just closed has put the new game law of Utah to a thorough test. Many of the features are unsatisfactory to the sportsman, the professional hunter and the man who fishes for a living. The new Legislature, which meets within a week, will be asked to make several amendments or to entirely revise the act of March 30, 1896.

Those sections which relate to fish are especially distasteful. Commencing with the trout, July 15 is considered entirely too late for the opening of our season. From my personal observation in almost all the trout streams of the State, I find that, excepting those that run from Fish Lake, Wayne county, spawning is practically over by June 15. Then the trout commence to work down stream. To say nothing of their lacking the fighting qualities that form the fisher's true sport, they become soft-fleshed and almost unfit for the pan. Then again, the irrigating ditches are opened about June 1. The streams are dammed, the water diverted and, at a low estimate, 80 per cent. of the available trout supply is turned upon the fields to rot in the July sun and fertilize the soil. This is no guesswork, but the result of careful observation and figuring. The following facts will prove the case and I have verified them. They will also explain how I came to investigate the matter.

At the mouth of Provo Cañon, where the river of the same name leaves the Wasatch range on its level run to Utah Lake, eight large irrigating canals are taken out. These water about twenty-eight square miles of farm land. On July 3 a boy went out to water. He had a four-acre field of lucerne stubble and six hours of water right. Above him, on the same canal, were seven large laterals and forty-seven smaller ditches. He was five miles from the head of the canal. When he was through with his work he gathered from the muddy field thirty-two trout of marketable size. I saw them. This little incident set me to thinking. I went up the canal in September and inquired of the farmers how many such trout they had gathered during the season. At the current wholesale price the value amounted to $320. This would give for the eight canals $2,560, and of course this is but a small percentage of the number that are lost in the tall alfalfa and grain.

Later in the season I had a trout supper at the cabin of a farmer in Garfield county, near the headwaters of the Sevier. Knowing that my host was very busy, I asked him where he had bought his fish. The reply was:

"I don't have to buy. Every time I water I get enough to last the folks a week, and I've got a barrel salted down for winter."

The law as it reads at present requires unconstructable screens at the mouths of ditches. They have never been put in, and as the great run of trout is during the latter part of June and early in July, I believe that then the rod and reel should have a fair chance.

With regard to bass, fishermen claim that they are multiplying rapidly. Their breeding haunts are inaccessible, and now many more are caught than can be legally used. The Legislature will be petitioned to allow their exportation. An effort will also be made to have doves recognized as a game bird, as in many of the Eastern States.

A strong effort will be made to reject the Governor's nomination of a new Fish and Game Commission for Utah. While I voted for Gov. Wells, I do not believe in giving an office simply as a reward for political services; and while the appointee is an estimable gentleman, he is absolutely ignorant of the work before him. He has sent out letters of inquiry to find when fish spawn, etc. To show his fitness, he visited the Provo Woolen Mills a short time since to inspect the new fish ladder. When asked if the turbines should not be screened, as they resulted in the destruction of hundreds of pounds of fish, he replied that so long as the fish ran up it made no difference how they came down. He is strictly opposed to spending money for the importation of eggs and fry, regardless of the fact that every $1,000 expended has brought $10,000 into the pockets of the people.

Utah county thinks that as the leading fish and game bird county of the State it should have the office of State Commissioner, but for my part I fail to see the necessity of removing, on political grounds, the man who has made Utah's fish and game what it is to-day—A. Milton Musser.

SHOSHONE.

SALT LAKE, Jan. 4.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Winter Camping Trip.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 9.—It is only within the last few years that I have discovered for my own satisfaction that the best time for a vacation trip is not in the summer, but in the winter, provided that the purpose of the trip be one of benefit to the physical health. The city man is always more or less out of health, or at least is not perfectly healthy, because he does not take exercise enough to keep him in condition. A trip to the lakes or woods in the summer time is well enough in its way, but very often it falls in warm weather, when one is indisposed for much exercise. In consequence of this, the vacationist goes back to town improperly rested because he has not been properly tired. His muscular tissues remain unfreshened, and in a short time he is seedy as ever. A camping trip in the winter time means of necessity plenty of hard work, and that work in a pure and wholesome air, whose oxygen burns out all the waste matter of an overworn physical machine. The enforced exercise confers an enforced benefit.

A winter camping trip is of course much better if it can be taken in the pine woods or some wild country far away from civilization, but when one cannot do that he may do the next best thing. I am on the point to-day of doing the next best thing, and going out for a couple of days' tramp in the wilderness which lies within thirty miles of Chicago. This wilderness is one not in the least to be sneezed at. There lies around the southeren end of Lake Michigan a strip of rough country, three or four miles wide by thirty or forty long, covered with pine and cedar and broken into a series of mountainous sandhills of considerable picturesqueness. The traveler who penetrates half a mile into this rough country might well imagine himself in the wildest part of the Loup country of Nebraska or in the foothills of some Arizona range. He could never imagine that he was within a few miles of the edge of a great city.

The Calumet Heights Club is located in the upper part of this sandhill wilderness, and mention has often been made in these columns of the character of the country, which is well known to the members of that club. There has never been, however, any attempt made to fully penetrate and explore the extent of this wild hill country. The region can never be farmed and will probably never be settled, the tall sand dunes offering a most inhospitable front to any home-seeking invader. This strip of heaped-up sand lies between the edge of the lake and the edge of the terminal moraine of the great glacier which once swept down across this country. I have at times described our tracing of the course of the mysterious Calumet River, which curls far around the foot of Lake Michigan and heads in the top of this moraine, the divide between Lake Michigan and the Kankakee waters. It remains now to see what lies in this country between the Calumet country and Lake Michigan. There are rumors of mysteries which have a certain fascination, since they seem so close at hand. The country has no wild game to speak of, excepting a few foxes, an occasional ruffed grouse and an infrequent wildcat. In places it holds little landlocked bodies of water which seeps up from the sand. Alex Loyd and myself have long figured on going through this country together, as a sort of sequel to our first voyage on the Calumet; but Alex does not turn up just yet ready for this winter trip. Mr. A. C. Patterson is the next man to declare that he is as big a fool as I am, and hence ready for the walking and camping trip of a couple of days through this nearby wilderness. I notice that Mr. Patterson also is absent at this writing, and I am not sure that he will qualify to start. As I can find no one else foolish enough to go with me, I presume that I may be obliged to go alone. The weather just now is not so very cold, but this climate is uncertain, and we may have a blizzard at any time. It is necessary, therefore, to go pretty well prepared. This I think it is possible to do, and yet confine one's luggage within portable limits. Of course everything must be carried on the back, as horses and wagons are not possible in that country. I have gotten out the old pack-bag, which is one of my dearest possessions, and as I write it sits beside me ready loaded. It holds a tent weighing 2 or 3lbs., one pair of blankets, a buckskin shirt, a sharp little axe, one aluminum dish, and my Yellowstone tin cup, which serves as a coffee-pot. My rations are confined to beef, bacon, bread and apples; and here I am in doubt, for it is always difficult to tell how much a man is going to eat when he is on a winter tramp. My theory is that the above outfit, with a pound or two of further odds and ends, will enable me to keep comfortable, even in pretty rough weather, and the whole will weigh only about 30lbs. As to the nature of the country, we shall see what we shall see; but as to the nature of the trip itself, I know very well it will be a good one. Hard walking all day in the winter air is good medicine, and I hope that before the 5 o'clock train starts one or more of my friends will see it in the same light.

Wisconsin Deer Killing.

Mr. F. A. McDougald, of Clear Lake, Wis., writes me as below in regard to the killing of Wisconsin deer:

"In FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 31 last you expressed an idea that the deer in Wisconsin would have a chance for their lives this fall; but I can safely say that more deer have been killed from Oct. 15 up to date than before for twenty years. Out of fifty or sixty deer that are known to have been killed around here not more than three or four have been killed by settlers and sportsmen; the rest have been killed and shipped out by market-hunters, and they are still hunting at this writing. Inclosed please find a clipping from our weekly paper, the *Weekly Courier*, of Clear Lake, which covers the case to perfection, and any settler in this country will say the same. We have got to stop the sale of game at all seasons of the year or lose our game."

The newspaper clipping referred to by Mr. McDougald reads as follows:

No one objects to anyone coming out here to kill a deer in season, but to keep coming out here day after day, month after month, indefinitely, and hauling them out for what they are worth, we draw the line. Some say deer can't be shipped away now, as it is against the law. Possibly so, but I notice that if a deer is killed on one day, they are right back next day for another. If no complaint is made, this will last as long as the deer last. If the State intends to protect the animals, there must be a game warden to every township—three or four would be better—in the infested districts, with full power to arrest any party on sufficient evidence—which would be the least of all trouble here. The few wardens there are no doubt doing all they can, but that avails but little when one man has about 500 to cope with. The State may be long on law, but it is mighty short on protection.

By rights, to whom do the deer belong, anyway? Are they not bred and raised on land belonging to settlers, that have bought it and who pay taxes on it? Is it not on their lands that they get their living, such as grass, shrubbery, turnip patches and hay marshes? Where can you find a settler that can go out at the time of year prescribed by law to hunt? He must needs go when he can. If the State is going to do anything let it protect the settlers; they are the ones it gets its revenue from, not from a gang of lazy, loafing, shiftless men that make a business of roaming over the country at will, killing regardless of laws, time of season or anything else, as long as there is a deer left. Let them emigrate to some place where the game is more plentiful and more their equal. A settler should be permitted to kill a deer at any time through the fall if he needs it to feed his family, and no more. Otherwise, if this wholesale killing goes on, in three or four years the deer will be as extinct in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota as the buffalo is on the plains of Dakota and Montana. If the State is going to do anything in the matter, let it deter all transient hunters, for the State derives no benefit or revenue from them. At the least calculation over fifty deer were shot in this township from Oct. 1 up to date and spirited away to foreign places, and what has the State out of them? Not a cent, and as far as I know, not a settler has got one.

If the State intends to enforce this matter it must adopt something more stringent than the present resolutions and before another season, too. This year there has been practically three months up to date, not here only, but all over the State, and who has heard of an arrest for violation of the law? Now, if anyone thinks I am "off" on this matter, I shall be pleased to hear from them through the columns of the *Courier* or otherwise, and don't be afraid to sign your name.

Respectfully, A. R. RICHARDSON.

VANCE CREEK, Wis.

Arctic Owls.

Oregon papers chronicle a great influx of arctic owls this winter in that State. It is said that this bird has come down from the North all over Oregon as far as the California line. This snowy owl does not migrate from the North as a usual thing unless the winter is unusually severe. The Portland *Oregonian* says that these owls have not been seen in numbers in that State since 1881. I recall that Mr. J. D. Allen, the taxidermist at Mandan, N. D., had many dozens of these birds mounted when I last was there. As I reported at the time, he said that when he first went into that country the snowy owl was rather scarce, and he gave a good price for a specimen. This set all the farmer boys to trapping owls, and he soon had them offered in great numbers. The owls were taken by setting a steel trap on top of any little eminence on the level prairie country. A couple of sods thrown up would make a perch on which the owl was sure to light. The trap set on top of such little hillock was sure of a catch. A mounted snowy owl, with wings spread in screen fashion, is a sort of staple at $5.

Wants Some Bear Galls.

I am in receipt of the following interesting letter from a gentleman in Orange, Mass.: "I have read in 'our paper,' FOREST AND STREAM, about Mr. Bobo's bear hunting, etc., and I thought perhaps you can help me out. Now, I want to get two or three bear galls, for which I will give 50 cents each.

"Can you tell me where I can get them? I thought you would probably know of parties who hunt bears.

"If it will not be of too much trouble please let me hear from you."

This only goes to show how useful a place a newspaper office can be at times. It is the pride of this office that a man can get anything he wants there, from a fight to a sermon, and I trust we shall be able to fill this order. We are just out of bear galls, but I am expecting some in, and shall take pleasure in advising the inquirer immediately upon their receipt. I think that 50 cents is not enough for a single bear gall, but maybe the price could be made lower on club rates such as those suggested. It seems to me that Captain Bobo could make a good thing at raising bears for their galls. It is a well-known fact that the removal of the gall from the bear does not injure the activity or the usefulness of the bear to any great extent, and upon such removal it at once sets about producing another gall, after the fashion of the eider duck, which will pick a whole feather bed off itself in order to keep its nest going when the latter is robbed by the cruel hand of man. Captain Bobo's great acquaintance with bears would probably allow him to gather his bear galls about every thirty days, and this would leave a profit on each bear of $6 a year, as the cost of feeding the bears is merely nominal. I see no reason why a large and profitable industry should not be built up in this way. If Captain Bobo has any bear galls in stock he can dispose of them at this office. I trust that we have not yet reached a position where we are not adequate to meet any demands upon our resources.

Poygan Gun Club.

At the regular meeting of the Lake Poygan Gun Club at the Sherman House yesterday afternoon the following officers for 1897 were elected: President, James Pease; Vice-President, R. R. Clark; Secretary, R. M. Simon; Treasurer, S. A. Goes. Board of Trustees: James Pease, R. R. Clark, E. W. Murphy. Membership Committee: Dr. F. D. Porter, Dr. E. N. Elliott, E. L. Mason. The club will try to secure coöperation in the passage of common game laws by Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana and Michigan. The club expressed it as its sense that spring shooting should be stopped, and determined to further all measures looking to that end. The Poygan Club has valuable shooting privileges in Wisconsin.

Bound South.

Mr. H. O. Wilbur, of Philadelphia, is in Chicago to-day. He starts on Monday for a few weeks' shooting on the Gulf Coast of Texas, and will probably drop in at the mid-winter shoot at San Antonio. Thence he goes to California, where he will spend the great part of the winter. Mr. Wilbur last winter shot with Fred Kemp on Puerto Bay, near Rockport.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indiana, is endeavoring to make up a party to go to the San Antonio Midwinter shoot. A number of Northern sportsmen make this tournament the occasion for a Southern trip in which they will see something of the delightful field shooting of that country. Dick Merrill, of Milwaukee, has already started South, and will join friends lower down in the country for a Texas trip, which will take in the Midwinter. It is a most agreeable experience to get out of this cold Northern country for a month of paradise in the South.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Wife—"Be sure to advertise for Fido in the morning newspapers."

Next day the wife read in the morning newspapers: "Ten Shillings Reward.—Lost, a mangy lapdog, with one eye and no tail. Too fat to walk. Answers to the name of Fido. Smells like a monkey house. If returned stuffed, 30 shillings reward."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Governors' Messages.

From the Message of Gov. Powers, of Maine.

"OUR vast forests abound with moose, deer, caribou and other game. Our lakes, rivers and bays, well stocked with many varieties of fish, offer to sportsmen unequaled attractions, and bring with each recurring year large and steadily increasing numbers of people, whose sojourn here is pleasant, healthful and beneficial to themselves and profitable to many of our own citizens. During the past two years the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game used every reasonable effort and adopted the best known methods of fishculture, to more fully stock our lakes, streams and rivers with fish suitable for food. They have good reason to hope and believe that success will ultimately crown these endeavors. Already there has been a marked increase in many rivers and lakes of the several varieties which they are propagating. These Commissioners have also for the past two years taken extraordinary care to protect and preserve, especially during close time, the game with which our forests abound, and they have, to a great extent, prevented the indiscriminate and illegal killing of moose, deer and caribou, which was so common not a very long time ago. The slaughter by men lumbering in the woods has nearly ceased, and at present most of the guides, woodsmen and settlers upon the outskirts of the forests recognize the wisdom of our game laws and quite generally obey them. But there are some persons that nothing but the rigid enforcement of these laws will restrain. Hence the evident necessity of having a reasonable number of energetic and efficient game wardens, who I think should also act as fire wardens, as it is necessary to protect the forests from fire if we would have game at all. This work, so plainly beneficial to our State, is deserving reasonable pecuniary aid and support, which you will doubtless be pleased to grant."

From the Message of Gov. Black, of New York.

A question too long neglected is the preservation of our forests. The State, either through indifference or false economy, has been stripped of its most valuable timber lands, allowed its water supply to be seriously impaired, and the most wonderful sanitarium in the world to be defaced and partially destroyed. Every element of economy and foresight is outraged by this course. Private individuals have taken advantage of the State's neglect until of the entire Adirondack region, consisting of more than 3,500,000 acres, the State owns 841,000, less than a quarter; and of the proposed Adirondack Park of 2,800,000 acres it owns even a smaller percentage, about 661,000 acres. Of this proposed park more than 880,000 acres are held as private preserves, and more than 1,250,000 acres by lumbermen and others; so that of the proposed total area of 2,800,000 acres more than 2,000 000 are owned by private individuals. More than 1,250,000 of the 2,000,000 so owned are now subject to fire and axe, and the devastation wrought yearly is appalling and disgraceful. More than 450,000,000 feet of wood and timber are cut and more than 100,000 acres stripped every year. This work of devastation is progressing fast. The banks of the lakes and rivers and all sections accessible from either are ravaged at such a pace that but few years more can elapse before that region, in many respects the most wonderful and valuable in the world, will be practically destroyed. The parts acquired or claimed by individuals are the best. A traveler through any desirable portion of that country is sure to be met with the charge of trespassing, for the cases are rare in which the title of the State to a desirable tract is acknowledged.

Some time this deplorable condition must be rectified. Every year the loss to the State grows larger, in all cases difficult, and in some cases impossible, of recovery. The land is steadily and rapidly increasing in value. The bogus title burrows further out of sight the longer it is let alone. Witnesses die, and the only thing sure to increase is the encroachment of individuals upon the domain of the State. The enlargement of the canals will require more water, and the demand in every direction is increasing, while the supply is steadily falling off. A subject of such magnitude should not be postponed nor conducted with halting method, which is too apt to distinguish public enterprises in which large appropriations afford convenient resting places in which office holders may grow old. Not long ago the State appropriated $1,000,000 to preserve the beauties of Niagara Falls. That subject is without significance compared to the Adirondack forests. Every consideration of health, pleasure, economy and safety urge the speedy consideration of this subject, and such consideration should include appropriations adequate to ascertain the nature of the titles adverse to the State, and to recover where the titles are insufficient, and to purchase where they are valid. Any other course would be false and unwise economy.

New York Game Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE non-shipping game law is good as far as it goes, but it does not protect us as it was intended.

We have plenty of ruffed grouse cover, and but for three things would have excellent shooting all the fall. One thing is too many foxes; another, four or five market shooters hunt for about three days each week till they get about 100 birds together, and then one of them takes them in a trunk to market; another thing is, four or five city sportsmen go out and stay two or three days and carry back about twenty birds each. Whether they sell them or "give them to friends" I cannot say, but it makes no difference so far as thinning out the game is concerned. My idea for a remedy is to put a law through giving $1 bounty on each fox killed. This would save many a farmer's poultry and game, more than a majority of shooters have any idea of. Then make it illegal for any one to kill more than five grouse in one day, or have in possession at one time. This would stop market shooters carrying their game to market, for it would not pay them. It would stop cold storage houses storing game. It would stop the city sportsman from taking home more than five birds to each man, and would afford them just as much pleasure to say they got all the law allowed them as to carry home twenty and give away or sell the other fifteen. .16 BORE.

ALBANY, Jan. 7.—Col. William Cary Sanger, of Oneida county, introduced in the Assembly on its opening day two bills proposing changes in the fish and game law. One relates to the killing of deer in all parts of the State except Long Island; the other proposes a change in the open season for partridges and squirrels. Both bills have the approval of the State Fisheries, Forest and Game Commission, and they were prepared after consultation with members of that Commission.

The bill which relates to the killing of deer prohibits hounding and jacking, and in this is in line with the change made last year, when the season for killing deer by these methods was made shorter than it had previously been. The present law allows the jacking of deer from Sept. 1 to Sept. 15, and hounds may be used from Oct. 1 to Oct. 15.

The Commissioners believe that, notwithstanding these short open seasons, the number of deer killed in the Adirondacks this year was fully as great as it was the year before, when the season was longer. Reports from the game wardens indicate this, although there are no detailed reports this year which show the actual number of deer killed in each county. Such reports as have been received by the principal gamekeeper are that during the fifteen days' open season the haunts of the deer were fairly alive with hunters, and the slaughter correspondingly great.

It is because of these reports that the Commission believed it wise to give a greater protection, and limit the killing to still-hunting. The proposed change is said to meet the approval of many of the dwellers in the woods, who have prior to last year done a thriving business with dogs. They find that it does not pay to keep the dogs idle for eleven and a half months for the privilege of renting them for fifteen days. The gamekeepers believe that greater restrictions are needed to prevent the dogs, which are kept in the woods the year round, from destroying the deer. Some complaints have been heard that the dogs are frequently at large, and there has been no way of preventing hounding even when there have been no sportsmen. The proposed change prohibiting the use of dogs, the Commission believes, will be of advantage to the deer by practically clearing the woods of dogs the year round.

The bill which relates to the partridge season is backed by the Commission because it believes that under the present law the extinction of the bird is threatened.

The open season for partridge is now from Aug. 16 to Dec. 31. Mr. Sanger's bill proposes to shorten this at both ends, making the time when partridge may legally be killed from Sept. 1 to Nov. 15. If the bill becomes a law, it will prevent much slaughter of the birds when they are "budding," and the date for the end of the season was selected for precisely this object.

The Commissioners believe the birds should be protected from the time the first snow falls and they are driven to the hardwood trees for their food. This bill also contains a section relating to the wholesale shipping of partridge, a provision which is said to be aimed at those who visit the breeding places and have practically a monopoly of the birds, buying from the local sportsmen and transporting them to the cities. Col. Sanger's bill proposes that no person shall "accompany" to exceed fifty birds.

The open season for squirrels is changed by Col. Sanger's bill, to give an open season from Sept. 1 to Nov. 15. The present law makes it from Oct. 15 to Feb. 15. The Commission believes the squirrels are matured by Sept. 1.

One change is proposed by the Commission in the law fixing the fishing seasons, though the bill to bring about the change has not yet been introduced. It is proposed to make the date of the open season for black bass July 1. It is now June 1. The Fisheries Department advocates the change on the ground that black bass are spawning in June.—*Correspondence, New York Times.*

Michigan Sale of Game.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad to be able to report a move in the direction of preserving the game of Michigan:

A. L. Lakey, of Kalamazoo, secretary of the State Game Protective Association, is preparing an amendment to the present game law, which he will endeavor to have passed at the coming session of the Legislature. One of the features which he desires introduced is that no game of any kind shall be offered for sale. Mr. Lakey asserts that under the present law he has known of a number of cases where venison is killed and sold by hunters to pay the expenses of their trip.

A provision for more complete reports of the issuance of hunters' license is also a feature of the amendment. It is proposed that county clerks shall report and turn over the license fees received to the county treasurer, who shall report to the State treasurer. Some 20,000 blank licenses were sent out to the county clerks last fall, and the Secretary of State has received, it is said, fees for only about 100 licenses, but it is pretty evident that the number of deer hunters largely exceed this figure. A higher fee for the license is also contemplated.

This is a matter which sportsmen throughout the State will be pleased to have brought about. JULIAN.

The Globe-Democrat's Yarns.

ST. LOUIS, Mo. Jan. 9.—A great journalist has just died in this city, Mr. Joseph B McCullagh, of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat;* and the journalists of the whole country have united in paying tribute to his greatness. If but two of his articles, one on Judge Normile and the other on Father Phelan, had appeared in the old-time London *Spectator* of Mr. Addison, instead of in a modern daily, he would have been one of the immortals. He made the *Globe-Democrat* so excellent that other merely good papers seemed trash in comparison. But for years past his paper has contained in the Saturday edition a series of articles about sports afield, written for the most part* by space writers, one of whom once confessed to me that he had never been hunting in his life. Their patent artificiality only disclosed that the great editor had always been too busy to go a-hunting. And yet he was too big not to know a sham when he saw it, and it may have been his quiet way of laughing at the man who is ever willing to lapse from the intense life of the spirit to the old-time ways of the savage; from the constant labor and asceticism of genius to the brief snatches of pleasure with which those of us who are "but children of a larger growth" beguile the way. GEORGE KENNEDY.

* A few articles were taken from FOREST AND STREAM, which, of course, are not subject to this mild criticism.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

Gen. Chester Alan Arthur.

On the Potomac River, three or four miles above the city of Washington, there is a bridge called Chain Bridge. Once upon a time there was a suspension bridge at this point which was hung on chains, but has been replaced by a wooden structure, which retained the name. During our late war Fort Alexander was built near this bridge, and in the fall of 1863 I was in garrison there with a battery of the 7th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, proudly wearing upon each arm the chevrons of a first sergeant. A native darky boy, who volunteered to be my valet in consideration of certain privileges in the cook house, was of service in many ways besides polishing boots and buttons for dress parade, and cleaning rifle and sword for inspection; he knew the country quite well a few miles around the fort, for his parents lived close by.

Months afterward, when the heavy guns were left in the forts, and our men took their muskets and served as infantry on those terrible marches, when we had the outside track in the race for Richmond, we looked back to the defenses of Washington as a pleasant home, where clean underclothing was not considered a luxury. Every commissioned officer and many of us non-com's had darky boys, who were proud to be attached to the garrison and equally proud of being called "tigers."

Perhaps a week had passed, and the routine of garrison life was established, so that I could think of looking around a bit, and one day I asked my tiger, whose name was Jim, if there were any fish in the river.

"Fish, sah? Yessah, deys de greates' lot o' rock up at d' falls, sah, an' some days dey gets 'em by de bushel. Ef yo' want to go fishin' I jess show yo' wha' to catch 'em." And he gave the buttons a quick brushing to remove the tripoli powder and unstrung the button stick. "Does yo' want to go an' catch some rock?"

Evidently "rock" was a fish. Just what kind of a fish it might be was beyond my guessing powers, but Jim said it was "de bes' fish dat yo' ebber eat," and so I went to the quarters of Capt. Shannon, saluted, and asked: "May I have a day off to-morrow? I wish to fish in the river and Sergt. Falk will attend to the sick call, guard mounting and other duties, and I will be back at 5 P. M. in time for dress parade." The captain gave permission and I sent Jim out after crayfish and worms, while I borrowed some fishing tackle from the Ordnance Sergeant, who, by the way, was a "regular" who had been at the fort the year before and was something of a fisherman. Among the things he loaned me were several hooks with bits of red flannel tied to the shank, like an artificial fly, and he said, in answer: "Yes, sorr, ye'll find thim as killin' as any o' yer baits, an' more so av ye can cast the fly, as we did in the ould counthry, an' strik' them at the proper moment."

It was not daylight when the sentinels challenged and received the countersign, and Jim and I struck out on the Harper's Ferry road. The morning was cool and delightful and the road, free from mud or dust, wound through forest and over hills, with occasional broad views of the river. The unfamiliar road seemed long and the sun was an hour high when we reached the falls. Leaving shoes and stockings on the bank and rolling up trousers, we worked our way out a short distance until my *fidus achates* said: "Dis yer's de bes' place to fish fum dis side," and as the river was not very high for the time of year we found a rock to lay our impedimenta on and began fishing, using a crawfish bait for the "rock," an unknown fish which might be anything that imagination could suggest. As the current took the first bait down stream a carriage stopped on the road and two gentlemen got out. They put on wading boots, went past us and prepared to fish.

Several baits had been taken from my hooks, but no fish, and I saw one of the strangers land a "rock" that looked to weigh 2lbs., for they were not 50ft. away. They were using artificial flies, that was plain, and I changed to the red flannel lure, hooked and landed a good fish. "Dat's a good rock," said my mentor as he killed it. Then, "Hi! look-a dah!" and one man had slipped on the slimy rocks and was struggling to get back, while their basket of necessaries floated down the river along with one rod and line. He came over to me and explained matters. They had lost everything except one rod and its line and bait. If any sort of a pole could be cut in the woods, could I furnish hook, line and bait? I could, and did. Jim went ashore with him and they came back with a pole and we rigged it up. The stranger said: "We drove out to take a few striped bass, and our coachman has gone back to Tenallytown and will not return for us until near sundown, as we proposed to make a day of it."

The speaker was a man about my age and size, say thirty years, and 5ft. 6in. His companion was much taller, but both wore flowing side whiskers, the chin alone being shaved. There was a similarity of dress and make-up that stamped them at once as from the great city on Manhattan Island. I looked my fish over and decided that it was the striped bass of my boyhood on the upper Hudson, but larger. Since then a more extended knowledge of the popular names of fishes has proved that south of New Jersey the striped bass is called "rock" and "rockfish," but the great Northern market is gradually extending its name for the fish through the commercial fishermen who get their returns from Fulton Market.

About noon I said, "Jim, go over and ask the gentlemen if they will come and take a bite with me." They came, apologizing for their mishap. The man who had been ashore for a pole introduced himself as Mr. Endicott and his tall friend as Mr. Arthur. Every man knows how trivial things affect the whole course of his life, how chance throws him in the way of a woman whose life becomes bound up in his for better or for worse, and how a most enduring friendship may be made in an hour. In this way I made the acquaintance of Frank Endicott, of whom I shall write later, but now wish to mention as one of the most conscientious gentlemen and best all-round sportsmen that it has been my fortune to know. Our basket contained a severely plain luncheon from the garrison cook house, and consisted of cold boiled pork, which was really good despite its soldier name of "sow belly;" but then soldiers always dubbed their corned beef "salt horse," and had discrediting names for everything that was issued to them. Rice was "swamp seed," and army shoes were "pontoons," etc. We had some "salt horse" also, baked beans, two loaves of soft bread and unlimited hard tack, as well as a quart bottle of coffee. This was put up for Jim and me for dinner or any regular or irregular feed, for Jim was afflicted with an appetite which had become chronic.

"Sergeant," said Mr. Arthur, "this is very kind. Fishermen get hungry, and you seem to be fairly well provided; so we will accept the invitation in the spirit in which it is offered, and will hope for a chance to reciprocate in the future."

I kept an eye on Jim while he kept an eye on the provisions, and I fancied that there was a sad note in his voice when he asked, "Does yo' want some mo' dese beans, sah?" as though he would be disappointed if they took them. The supply was ample, however, for all; but none was left for the evening tramp to garrison.

Their cigars were not in the basket that had floated away, and we smoked and talked of the fishing. I remarked that my angling had been mainly inland, and that the identity of these "rock" of 2 to 8lbs. with the little 1lb. striped bass of the upper Hudson had been a matter of doubt, because I didn't know that they grew so big.

"You are not familiar with this fish on the sea coast," said Mr. Arthur, "for they are often taken of 60lbs. weight, and I have taken them of over 20lbs."

That was a new bit of fish lore. I had known of one being taken at Albany weighing 2lbs., and had remembered it as a monster.

I told them that I must leave at 2 P. M. in order to be back in time for dress parade at 5 (my leave expired at 4), and we had all the fish we cared to carry. Endicott took me one side and said: "Sergeant, my friend is Gen. Chester A. Arthur, who was appointed by Gov. Morgan as Engineer-in-Chief on his staff, and is now Acting Quartermaster-General, stationed in New York city, preparing and forwarding troops; and he has been inspecting the State troops at Fredericksburg and on the Chickahominy, in Virginia. He is an intimate friend of your Colonel, Lewis O. Morris, and is here on purpose to consult him about something. Don't mind overstaying your time, it will be all right."

Endicott was not a soldier, so I said: "No matter how the case may be smoothed over with Col. Morris; I have given my word to my captain to be back at a certain time, and will be there, bar accident."

After this Gen. Arthur came and said: "Our carriage will be here at 3 P. M., and if you will stay and fish we will be pleased to have you ride back with us, for I wish to see Major Springsteed after dress parade at Fort Alexander and then drive to headquarters and see Col. Morris."

This gave us more time to fish and a ride back, the latter no small favor. Jim was in his glory, mounted with the coachman, and I was not miserable inside.

Months passed; Battery I was moved to Fort De Russey, the extreme right of the line of forts garrisoned by the 7th, over near the Seventh street road, and the fishing incident had been partially forgotten in other and smaller fishings in the waters of Rock Creek, as occasion offered, for the fort was on a hill whose base was washed by the creek. I had been promoted to a lieutenancy in Battery C, and again to Battery L, at headquarters near Tenallytown, late in 1863, when this incident occurred: A young man of influential and wealthy family had been commissioned from private life as a second lieutenant and assigned to the 7th Heavy, and of course the old sergeants in line of promotion didn't like it, but there was no remedy. He was of the good fellow type, with unlimited cash, and he proposed to celebrate his muster-in. Purely by way of apology for the following account of this "celebration," let me say: Here was a regiment of twelve batteries, three majors, twelve captains and forty-eight lieutenants, besides the staff. They were weary of drills and hungering to go to the front, where there was not only active service, but promotion, and they were young. They represented all the temperaments that can be found in the same number of vigorous young men between twenty and thirty years old. Therefore the festive young recruit found a few who would forego the study of projectiles, ricochet fire, time fuses and such exciting subjects, and could devote an evening to making his acquaintance in the sutler's tent.

I was one of that chosen few who sacrificed an evening of study to welcome Lieut. ——, and I never regretted it, no matter how much some other men may disapprove of such a symposium. We had been introduced all around and our new comrade had ordered several bottles of champagne, and the sutler was about to open them when Capt. Jones called a halt and remarked: "There's only one way for a soldier to open a bottle, and that's with his sword."

"That may be true," said Lieut. Niles, "but there's not an officer in this regiment who can do the trick." The door opened and two men in "mufti" came in, but no one paid any attention to them.

"For the cigars, Niles?" I asked.

"Yes, for the cigars and oysters also, if you dare."

"All right! Capt. Jones; will you take the cork out of a bottle to oblige me?" He declined. The fact was that I had learned the stroke from Gen. Genet, who taught fencing to Ira Wood, as related in sketch No. 10, where I said: "While he was learning I picked up a point or two which was of service in garrison when the neck of a champagne bottle was to be severed at a clean stroke, * * * you may be told of this when ex-President Arthur is under the searchlight." I had been putting Jones through on bottles filled with water, but he declined to exhibit his skill in public and there was no alternative. Clearing a space behind, I brought the sword to the left elbow and, advancing the right foot, with a strong up stroke cut the bottle at the point where the shoulder of the muzzle meets the neck, and the break was clean and smooth; the bottle standing while the fluid effervesced over the opening. When the applause subsided one of the strangers said:

"Gentlemen, pardon us for interrrupting your proceedings, but after meeting Col. Morris we asked after Lieut. Mather, who showed us some courtesies on a former visit, and were informed that he was over here." A glance showed that they were my angling friends of over a year ago, whose names had been forgotten. With a refreshed memory there were introductions all round and Mr. Arthur suggested that he might try his hand at opening the second one. He took my sword and uncapped the bottle neatly, and two nicks in a blade hanging on my wall to-day represent two glass enemies. As the party comprised over a dozen able-bodied men, it was necessary to open more, and my pupil, Capt. Jones, did credit to his preceptor. It looked easy and Niles tried it. Just how or where he struck the enemy is not on record, but there was a smashing of glass and a flood. The recruit smashed much glass. It was an exhibition of skill that only long practice can attain, and is worthy of attainment by the man whose life may depend on the momentary handling of a sword. By invitation and permission, I dined with my brethren of the angle in Washington the next evening.

The custom of army officers then was, as it is with navy officers to-day, to discard uniforms when going ashore or outside of garrison, and don mufti; and so I appeared at the dinner. It was a culinary poem, and I reported to Adjt. Hobbs next morning before my leave had expired, and then in the long marches and the excitement of the campaign with the Army of the Potomac the next spring all these things were forgotten, even the names of my fishing friends. The fact that one of them might have influence sufficient to give me higher rank never occurred, and that shows how little sense I had. Those fellows who are so perfectly satisfied with themselves as to say that they never made a mistake are to be envied. I've made dozens of 'em, and only wish I could give the wheel of time a twist and sing:

> "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight,
> Make me a child again just for to-night,"

and then enforce the order.

Gen. Arthur was President of the United States nearly two years before I had any idea that he was my whilom fishing companion, and then Endicott told me of it after I had somehow renewed acquaintance with him. I had carefully noted the fact that after President Garfield had been wounded by the assassin the Vice-President had been modest in not claiming to act in his stead during the long weeks that the President lay wounded, and that he won hosts of friends from among those who had opposed his nomination; and his administration as President has passed into history as a most wise and conservative one. Many thought that Arthur's sudden death in November, 1886, was hastened by his failure to have his administration approved by a nomination for the Presidency, and it was said that there were enough of his admirers on Long Island alone, who resented his being "turned down," that voted for Mr. Cleveland, to have carried the State of New York and elected Gen. Arthur if he had been a candidate. Of politics I know little, in the sense of the workings of parties, and never mixed in it further than to keep posted as well as possible and to vote as seemed best.

Once Mr. Endicott and I were going to Washington to attend a meeting of the American Fisheries Society, and at Jersey City he shook hands with a tall man, while I walked away. It was Gen. Arthur, and he asked us into his car to smoke. "It will give me a rest from the politicians," he said, and we spent an hour talking of fish and fishing while some anxious men outside were wondering who we could be and what manner of axes we were grinding. We called on him next day, and the fact that neither of us wanted any favors seemed to make him enjoy the visit.

First of all things, Gen. Arthur was a gentleman in the best sense of that abused term. Perhaps Endicott expressed this thought better when he said: "Gen. Arthur is the only President since Martin Van Buren who knew how to wear a glove." That may not be the best thing to be said of the highest officer of a republic, but it serves to give point to my remark. Just where Mr. Arthur developed these traits as a boy in a country where it is said to require "three generations of wealth to make a gentleman" is a question which I will answer. It was innate to the last degree, and only needed an observant eye to note the minute details of things a gentleman may not do. All else is simple.

Gen. Arthur was born in Vermont in 1830, and entered the Sophomore class of Union College in '45, and while there taught school to pay expenses; and after graduating three years later was principal of an Academy at North Pownal, Vt., where Gen. Garfield taught penmanship in 1854. In 1853 he was admitted to the New York bar, and later took part in politics. His whole life shows what a poor boy may become under our form of government. Unhampered by ancestors, he worked his way solely on his own merits; born a free man, he is taken at his exact worth by his fellow men and placed in the position which their votes wish him to occupy. Look over in Spain! See a ten-year-old boy on a throne because he is the son of a former ruler, who ruled because he was somebody's son! It would be funny if it were not a sad spectacle. In Europe the Prince of Wales is the only heir to a throne who does not take himself seriously and believe that he is destined to rule by divine right. The "War Lord" of Germany—but you know all about him, and also how easy it is for me to get off the track.

In his report to the Governor of New York, in 1863, Gen. Arthur said: "Through the single office in the city of New York, from Aug. 1 to Dec. 1, the space of four months, there were completely clothed, uniformed and equipped, supplied with camp and garrison equipage and transported from this State to the seat of war, sixty-eight regiments of infantry, two battalions of cavalry, and four battalions of artillery." Yet a little impoverished monarchy in Europe, which cannot subdue an insurrection in an island which has an area less than the State of New York by some 10,000 square miles, talks of war with our now united nation!

Gen. Arthur was a genial gentleman with literary tastes, affable and companionable to those whom he did not regard as persons trying to work him for personal ends. Endicott and I came within this category.

For years Gen. Arthur's catch of a 50lb. salmon on the Restigouche was the highest record, and it has only been beaten in late years.

The gentle art, as depicted by Walton, had a most worthy disciple in Chester A. Arthur, who was, in the language of Shakespeare, "An affable and courteous gentleman;" but, while in quoting mood I am puzzled when the memory of Arthur, Endicott and self, as a trio, confronts that sentence from Sheridan's "Rivals:" "You are not, like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?"

It's not pleasant to have conundrums thrust upon you at all times—there were two gentlemen, at least, in the trio.

FRED MATHER.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fisheries, Game and Forest Report.

A FEW advance copies of the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commissioner's report for 1895 have been issued to the press, and the newspaper notices have been the means of causing an unprecedented demand for the reports. The applications have been sent to the office of the Commission in Albany, to the Commissioners and others at their homes and elsewhere, and already the number of applications for copies of the report exceed the number of copies printed for distribution. Up to Jan. 6 the Commission had not received from the printer the reports to be distributed from its office; nor has the Legislature received the copies assigned to its members. When all the books are bound and delivered to the departments it will require a little time to make the distribution, and when it is made I imagine that many people will be disappointed at not obtaining the copies they have asked for, unless the Legislature should order another edition printed to supply the demand. Mr. Taylor, the secretary of the Commission, told me on Jan. 6 that he had received nearly 200 applications for copies of the report that morning, and that number is but a small part of the grand total on file. I judge that it will be practically impossible to even reply to the applications until after the distribution of the reports has been made and it is known what the shortage really is, so the applicants will not know for some little time to come what the fate of their applications may be. The Commissioners are powerless to remedy the existing condition of affairs, much as they regret it, and if it shall be in their power eventually they will furnish a copy of their report to each person applying for it, otherwise they will have to furnish copies until all are gone in the order in which the applications are filed. The newspapers have given notice that copies of the report can be obtained for the asking, overlooking the fact that the edition is limited by law, while there is no limit to the applications.

Frost Fish.

A considerable of my time is spent away from my home, and during my absence newspapers (and I am sorry to add letters) accumulate in formidable numbers. Always upon my return I try, so far as I can, to reply to the letters, but am generally so far behind in my replies that if by any chance the pile of unanswered letters should be reduced to reasonable limits I imagine it would be cause for rejoicing in the household, for I cannot be very companionable when spending days and nights in letter writing. Newspapers I do not ever pretend to read, but a member of my family reads them for me by proxy and blue-pencils everything relating to fish and fishing which they may contain. If an item is not marked with pencil the papers may be ever so carefully arranged in consecutive order and conveniently placed, and yet I miss it. Very recently I was told that there was an article about frost fish in one of the papers, and it had not been marked, but I could easily find it in a certain paper of such a date, as the caption was "Frost Fish" in large letters. It was something past midnight when I got to the frost fish business, and I then searched the file of the particular paper and searched it again without avail. The house was still and I finally gave up the search and retired. The next morning at breakfast I remarked that I had searched for the frost fish, but could not find it, and in the future if articles were not marked I could not undertake to look for them, and the only time to mark an article was when the paper was in hand. My wife said she could find the item at once, as she knew exactly where to look for it. This she did, and handed me a paper containing about two sticks of matter headed "Fish—Frost." It proved to be a marriage notice of Arthur Fish and Mary A. Frost, with a list of the persons present at the ceremony.

Long-Distance Fly-Casting.

The English sportsmen's papers have had quite a bit to say of late about Mr. Alexander Grant and his patented vibrating fishing rod, which seems to exceed in power any other fly-casting rod made. Mr. Grant made a public exhibition of his rods. With a salmon rod of 20ft. he made a cast on Dec. 10 of 168ft. With a rod of 18ft. 5in. he cast 162ft. With a rod of 10ft. he cast 111ft. The caster stood 15in. above the water level. Silver Grey, of *Land and Water*, then tried the salmon rods, and with the longer one made a cast of 148ft and with the shorter one 135ft.

The next day, with a rod of 19ft., Mr. Grant cast 159ft. 5in., and with a rod of 16ft. 10in. made a cast of 148ft. The correspondent of *Land and Water* made a cast with the shorter of these two rods of 132ft 9in.

On the 12th Mr. Grant cast again, standing 13in. above the water level, and with the rod 18ft. 5in. long made a cast of 164ft. 6in. Mr. Marston, writing of the casting, says the days were unfavorable. On the 12th "it was a very wet, cold afternoon, with a strong down-stream wind, coming every now and then in gusts from all quarters."

The casts were measured from the point where the caster stood to the point where the fly fell on the water. All the above casts were made with a trout fly on a trout leader, and the fly dropped so lightly on the water that it was like dew falling. With a salmon fly Mr. Grant made a cast of 150ft. 6in. with the rod 18ft. 5in. long. Mr. John Enright, the Irish world's champion fly-caster, was present and pronounced the casting most astonishing.

What is a vibrating rod? Silver Grey says: "It was in March, 1893, that Mr. Grant's ideas on the scientific manufacture of fly-rods were first placed before the public. Since then Mr. Grant has continued to pursue his study of the laws of gravitation and of nature, with the result that his now perfected fly-rod surpasses in every respect any rod that has hitherto been made.

"This I say with all respect to the many good rod makers which we have; but it is an incontrovertible fact, and by unbiased minds must be admitted as such. Mr. Grant, who is far from being robust, and weighs barely 140lbs., lays no claim to being a champion fly caster, and his object in visiting the Thames was not to cut records, but to show what could be done with his rods, even with the moderate strength which he possesses. His principle is the graduation and unity of force from butt to tip of the rod, and this principle is supplemented by the gradation of the running and casting line and the vibrating rings; but while there is a secret in the making of these rods which I cannot even hint at, Mr. Grant's patent lies in the splice. I cannot better explain the nature of this splice than by giving the substance of a conversation between myself and a very well known expert, which occurred while the trials were in progress at Kingston on Saturday:

"'The best rod that can possibly be made is of one piece of perfect wood.'"

"I assented.

"'Then how is it that these splices are thicker, and have, so to speak, a shoulder on them? They would represent a swelling in certain places if the rod was solid.'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'but as soon as you cut wood the weakest point in it afterward is the splice, and these splices are so shaped and strengthened that the vibration and power of the wood is maintained as if it were one piece.'

"Another peculiarity of these splices is that they are self-tightening, and can be put together almost as quickly as ordinary joints."

All the casts that I have mentioned as having been made by Mr. Grant were Spey or Welsh casts, or what we call in this country switch casts. Mr. H. W. Hawes has a record of 102ft. at switch casting with a trout rod, made at Central Park in 1887. Mr. Marston speaks of the English casting as "an elaboration of the Spey cast," or "I should be inclined to call it rather a simplification of it, for anything more easy than Mr. Grant's style I never saw. I tried the rod and the cast, and found that I could very soon get the knack of it, and so did Mr. David Wilson, of the Fly-Fishers' Club. I like the feel of Mr. Grant's rods very much, and I like the patent splice; but when he tells me he has got some secret power which he imparts to his rods, which he discovered by accident almost when studying the effects of sound, or perhaps I should say the laws of sound—well, I confess I cannot credit it. That Mr. Grant believes he has *discovered* this mysterious power, or at any rate the application of it to rods, I am sure, for that he is an honest man I am certain."

Mr. Marston looks at the rods from a practical, common-sense standpoint, and appears to approve of them, at least he admits that with them the longest casts in the world have been made, and yet he says he would like to see a fair test made with the rods against other rods of same length and weight, and probably we will hear more about the vibrating rods later.

A. N. CHENEY.

NETTING IN LAKE ONTARIO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A special dispatch to the New York *Evening Post* reads as follows: "The Fisheries Department at Ottawa has received information that the Lake Huron fisheries are in a critical condition. A number of Canadian fishermen propose to leave these waters and fish in the lakes of the Rainy River and Lake of the Woods districts, as they cannot make the Lake Huron fisheries pay. This serious depletion has arisen from overfishing."

From this we see that the just retribution, which has long ago been meted out to the netters of the other Great Lakes, has at last descended on the netters of the most fruitful and apparently inexhaustible lake of all. It is the last of our geese which the netters are ripping open to find the source of the golden eggs, for such certainly have been in the past the great lake fisheries.

The history of food fishing in our Great Lakes is a pitiable recital of brutish ignorance and reckless greed; a slaughter of spawning fish which has resulted in the complete extinction of some species and the decimation of all.

Other causes besides netting may have conspired to drive the Atlantic salmon from Ontario, but the damming and drying up of tributary streams does not account for the enormous decrease in other food fish.

In the golden age of netting it was a notorious fact that the bulk of the fish were caught just before or during the spawning season, for it was then only that trout, wall-eyed pike, whitefish and ciscoes visited shoal waters, and it naturally followed that those waters most resorted to for spawning purposes fairly bristled with man's engines of destruction.

First were used seines and gill nets, and if market-fishing had been limited to these devices Lake Ontario would still swarm with food fish. The profits of the business, however, begot a resistless greed, and brought the deadly salt-water pound net, which, by its wholesale, indiscriminate slaughter of spawn-bearing fish, in a very few years killed an industry employing hundreds of men and thousands of capital.

As fishing got poorer, the pound net was gradually abandoned, as aside from the initial cost of the net, which was great, it was expensive work setting and fishing them. They were abandoned too late to save the fish, however, for the former myriads of trout, pike, whitefish and ciscoes had been caught out or driven away.

As the food fish became scarce netters turned their attention to fish heretofore despised: bass, perch, etc.

Then came the trap net, undoubtedly the invention of the devil, incomparably worse than the pound net, for this reason: the latter can be set only on a mud bottom, which means generally water from 18 to 30ft. deep; while the trap net, not depending on stakes, can be set anywhere, even on the very rocky shoals where bass spawn and feed, and on the shelving shores along which they travel.

It thus transpires that the mantle of the old pound netters has fallen on the trap netters, who, the food fish being gone, are waging the same war of extermination against game fish and vermin.

In extenuation of their (I grieve to say it) lawful but destructive netting of bass, these market fishermen say that, being unable to sell or possess bass before May 30, they do not catch spawn-bearing, spawning or spawn-tending fish. In this assertion they ignorantly or willfully attempt to mislead. In more southern waters bass do spawn in May, sometimes early in May. In Kensico Lake (twenty miles from New York city) I have seen female bass tending broods of young fully 3in. long late in May, but in more northern and colder waters the spawning season is delayed, and I venture to assert that unprejudiced investigation will show that more bass spawn in Ontario after than before Decoration Day. I have caught female bass in Chaumont Bay late in August still spent and thin from spawning. How could that be if they had reared their brood in May? Fish do not spawn on a fixed day any more than buds open or birds nest at the same time in all latitudes. When all climatic conditions are fulfilled, especially when the temperature of the water becomes fitting, then and then only do bass spawn, it may be May 1 or July 1.

For all practical purposes it matters little whether bass are caught before or just after spawning, the result is equally destructive. Bass not only protect their nest, but also their young, for some weeks after hatching, and the nest is soon emptied or the callow brood quickly gobbled up if deprived of the protector. Unless netting is quickly stopped in spawning waters the story of the bass will be that of the food fish.

The puerility or iniquity of our fish legislation has no counterpart in history. When compelled by popular clamor to legislate for the protection of fish in Ontario, our legislators passed a law prohibiting netting, etc., within one mile of shore throughout the lake except in Mexico Bay, Guffin Bay, Chaumont Bay and Three Mile Bay; in other words, netting was stopped where it would do least harm and has been perpetuated where it would do most harm, for these bays are the natural spawning grounds of the whole lake. Guffin, Chaumont and Three Mile bays are shallow and landlocked, have shelving, rocky shores, and are full of rocky reefs and shoals where fish may spawn and feed, and yet this is the only part of the lake open to shore netting.

I make no charges of corruption, but I know that when this law was framed our legislators must have been deceived, and I think willfully deceived. Why should Henderson Bay, Black River Bay and the St. Lawrence River (Thousand Islands) be protected and Chaumont Bay left open to netters? I'll tell you. In Henderson Harbor, Sackett's Harbor, Dexter and down the river there are hotel interests and associations of guides and boatmen, which, to preserve the custom and patronage of anglers, have compromised with netters by telling them if they will relinquish their waters they may devastate Chaumout Bay unmolested. All interested know that it is better fishing ten times over in Chaumont Bay than in either of these other places, and they also know that, if we had the protection they have, hotel men and boatmen would come there and make the resort famous. It is for their interest to keep Chaumont unknown or even to ruin its fishing, and they are accomplishing their aim.

While this sharp practice may be all right from a business point of view, it is unworthy of sportsmen, and yet it is as the latter that these men go to Albany and get netters driven from their shores. I am not logrolling for hotel men nor for oarsmen, but speak for a large class of sportsmen who, like me, would like to be able to go out and catch a half dozen bass without losing tackle on a trap net, and who, like me, when sailing, don't like to be always on the lookout for submerged pound-net stakes.

The present law is an example of class legislation. Let it be remedied. Either prohibit netting, etc., within a mile of land all over the lake, or throw the whole lake open to netters. The first course is best, and is possible if united action be taken and petty jealousies thrown aside. The latter course would be an improvement on the present state of affairs, because some of the netters now sterilizing the lake by netting its spawning beds would go elsewhere and do less harm. Last summer acores of trap and hoop nets lined the shores and covered the shoals of Three Mile, Chaumont and Guffin bays Eight or ten men did the work. It was no uncommon thing for each one to bag 500 large bass at one lifting of the nets. This, going on from May 30 until bass left the bays, means a good many bass. Besides this, about 2,000 small bass were taken alive from one water to stock other waters in the State. In the year 1890, according to the United States Fish Commissioner's report, over five and one-half tons of bass were netted in the waters of Jefferson county alone. How long can any water, however prolific, stand such a drain?

Netters are not fools, and when they see a gang of so-called sportsmen bring home bass to rot on the beach they complain, and justly, that such practices are worse than theirs. They lose no opportunity to throw such acts in real anglers' faces, and it behooves real sportsmen to disclaim all consanguinity or sympathy with fish hogs. Therefore, with a law prohibiting netting I would also favor a clause restraining the angler. Make it illegal for any man to retain more than a dozen bass a day, and make their minimum length 10in. This will put a damper on "count" fishermen, who bring home bass to rot and who do more to discredit real sportsmen than anything else.

R. W. AMIDON.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.

LARGEST trout preserves and hatcheries in Canada. Eight ponds, nine mile stream teeming with trout. Will lease to a club on easy terms. Apply J. C. Cockburn, 25 Elgin avenue, Toronto, Canada.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.
Feb. 23 to 26.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-first annual show, New York. James Mortimer, Supt., Hempstead, L. I.
March 2 to 6.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.
March 10 to 13.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eighth annual show, Chicago. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 17 to 20.—Kentucky Kennel Club's show, Louisville, Ky. J. A. Reaves, Sec'y.
March 17 to 20.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's bench show. Louis Steffin, Sec'y, Milwaukee.
March 23 to 26.—Baltimore Kennel Association's second annual show. Dr. G. W. Massamore, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.
Sept. 6.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's eleventh annual trials. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.
Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 15.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club annual trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

THE BACILLUS OF DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

THIS bacillus was first discovered by Dr. Bruno Galli-Valerio in March, 1895 (1), and since that time has been isolated and studied by several observers, so that its identity and pathogenic properties may be considered as fairly well established. Dr. Valerio has obtained the bacillus in pure culture in a number of cases from the lungs, brain, spinal cord, pus from the *sinus frontalis* and from the discharges in conjunctival catarrh; never from the blood or other organs. (2) This bacillus grows in the ordinary culture media of the laboratory (nutrient gelatin, agar-agar, bouillon, potato, etc.), and such cultures when injected into young dogs produce a typical distemper which is usually fatal. Old dogs are not susceptible. Dr. Valerio gives an instance which seems to prove conclusively the infectious nature of the disease. Two pups, born in a cage in which four months before a dog inoculated with a culture of the distemper had died, promptly contracted the disease and died in a few days. From the brain, spinal cord and lungs the bacillus was recovered in pure cultures.

The bacillus is not pathogenic for guinea pigs, rabbits or white mice. In one case only a rabbit had an abscess at the seat of the infection, from which the bacillus in small numbers was obtained.

A short description of this organism may be of interest.

In nutrient gelatin at a temperature of 18°–20° C. after twenty-four hours gas bubbles appear along the streak of the needle. On the surface a small white point resembling wax may be seen. This increases in diameter and depresses the surface of the gelatin in the center, causing a funnel-shaped depression, without, however, causing liquefaction. Even after many months the gelatin is not liquefied. Microscopical examination shows an oval bacillus, usually single or in pairs.

On agar-agar at 38°–40° C. a white point appears after twenty-four hours, which spreads, forming a whitish growth with irregular edges. Microscopical examination shows bacilli resembling those found in gelatin cultures.

In solidified horse serum the appearances are much the same as in gelatin, except that gas production is not pronounced.

In liquid horse serum at 18°–20° C. small flocculi appear at the bottom of the tube, the bulk of the liquid remaining clear. Microscopical examination shows chains of 18–20 elements.

In pepton bouillon after twenty-four hours a uniform turbidity is produced, and after a few days white flocculi appear at the bottom of the tube. Microscopical examination shows single rods and short chains.

On potato at room temperature after twenty-four hours a white, transparent growth appears.

In milk at room temperature the bacillus grows very well without causing coagulation. Microscopical examination shows typical oval forms as they are obtained from the dog.

The bacillus gives no indol reaction and grows in glucose bouillon without causing fermentation.

In all cultures the bacillus is motile. Sometimes bacilli are found with enlarged ends containing small spores. The bacillus stains well by Gram's method. A few take the stain uniformly throughout, others a deeper end stain, others occur with their poles united by a protoplasmic substance which stains very feebly.

The writer is not aware of any successful attempts to produce either an artificial immunity in dogs by Pasteur's method or an anti-toxin for the cure of the disease after it has developed. In view of the lasting immunity conferred on dogs by an attack of the disease, it seems very probable that some such method could be devised

(1) "Il Micro Organismo del Cimurro del Cane Communic. Preventiva." (La Clinica Veterinaria, 30 Marzo, 1895, p. 131.)

(2) "Centralblatt für Bakteriologie und Parasitenkunde," Bd XIX, Heft 18-19.

[For the above we are indebted to Mr. R. B. F. Randolph, of the Hoagland Laboratory, Department of Bacteriology, Brooklyn, N. Y.]

The Sportsmen's Association.

In connection with the Sportsmen's Exposition, to be held in Madison Square Garden beginning on March 13, the Sportsmen's Association will give a bench show, unique and specially valuable in that it will be restricted exclusively to pointers, setters (English, Irish and Gordon), beagles, foxhounds and greyhounds, and of these only such as have won in public trials are eligible to competition. Also, there will be a limit to the total allowed, probably seventy-five. This show will be an object lesson in field dogs. The qualifications of eligibility will place the competitors in a recognized position from the start. Rumors and owners' claims are nothing if not backed up by records. Its composition and purposes are thus strictly in keeping with the exposition. Those who have eligible dogs should not miss this rare and important event. It is said that the prize list will be very liberal. A meeting of the committee to arrange preliminaries was held in the A. K. C. rooms on the 7th inst. The members of the committee are: Major J. M. Taylor, B. Waters and J. Johnson, for the exhibits of setters and pointers; Hermann F. Schellhass, beagles; Bradford S. Turpin, foxhounds; L. F. Whiton, for greyhounds; Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh, chairman. The setters will have classes for dogs and bitches, for respectively both Derby and all-aged winners; pointers the same, but as eligibility rests on field record there will be no division by weight. Beagles will have classes for dogs and bitches of different heights, and foxhounds and greyhounds will have classes for dogs and bitches. Also specials for kennels and sire and his get, etc., will be offered. Circulars and prize lists will be ready for distribution soon.

The Westminster Show.

THE premium list of the forthcoming annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club is noteworthy for the long list of specials given in the several classes by the Westminster Club, the specialty clubs and individuals. The premiums run $15 and $10 or $10 and $5 for puppy and novice classes; $15 for challenge classes; $15, $10 and $5 for some open classes, and $20, $10 and $5 for others. The full list will be sent on application by Superintendent James Mortimer, No. 66 Beaver street, New York. The judges are as follows:

St. Bernards and Newfoundlands, Miss A. H. Whitney; Great Danes, Mr. Charles D. Bernheimer; American foxhounds, Mr R D. Perry; Chesapeake Bay dogs, Mr. George E. Pollock; cocker spaniels, Mr. Andrew Laidlaw; poodles, Mr. H. W. Lacy; Boston terriers, Mr. Dwight Baldwin; Dachshunde, Mr. L. A. Klein; beagles, Mr. George B. Post, Jr.; bulldogs, Mr. John A. Matthews; mastiffs, bloodhounds, greyhounds, English foxhounds, pointers, setters, Irish water spaniels, clumber spaniels, field spaniels, whippets, pugs and toy spaniels, Mr. George Raper; Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, collies, old English sheep dogs, all terriers, schipperkes, Pomeranians, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous, Mr. L. P. C. Astley.

Dogs of Constantinople.

THE wars of the Constantinople street dogs are eminently satisfactory from the point of view of the inquirer into animal politics. Theoretically, they are complete examples of what the rational warfare of animals ought to be, but usually is not. It has for object either defense or conquest of territory, not the mere plundering instinct, or that primitive desire for making a meat dinner off an enemy which occasionally suggests an attack on weaker neighbors to the cannibals of the Congo. This civilized and rational warfare of the Constantinople dogs is due to their territorial instinct. Certain streets and quarters belong to particular dog communities, which again subdivide their territory among individuals. In some streets each heap of refuse on to which the common rubbish of a group of houses is thrown belongs to one dog, who lies on it, brings up its puppies on it, and looks on it as his home. "There were three sweet families in one street," according to the account of a lady who recently visited Constantinople and thought its dogs most interesting native inhabitants. If food becomes scarce in the next dog "parish" an invasion is planned into a richer neighborhood, where the rubbish heaps—the Turkish equivalent for dust bins—of a wealthier class of inhabitants promise to yield better results. All the dogs of the invaded territory at once muster for resistance, and the fight, which is not organized, but of the rough and tumble order, goes on until victory declares itself for one side or the other, or until the inhabitants step out and stone the packs till they separate. Not unfrequently a street or two are annexed by the invaders; more often the defense is successful. This is always conducted by a levy en masse, even the puppies joining in the fray. It is observed that it is only serious invasion which causes the dogs to fight. A single dog may pass through a strange quarter, provided he gives himself no airs, but lies down on his back and sticks up his feet with proper deference and humility whenever the owners of the street come up to expel him. According to Turkish tradition, these street dogs were once most successful in warfare, for their ancestors fought and beat the devil. Their story is that when man first appeared on earth, and Satan drew near to kill him, the dogs attacked and drove away the arch enemy and preserved the first man. Hence, when a Turk has broken some minor ordinance of the Koran, he often buys a few loves of bread, and, stepping out into the road, throws them in dignified manner—not as an Englishman would throw them—to the dogs of the street.—*London Spectator.*

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. W. W. Titus informs us that he will probably start his pipe factory at Calmer, Iowa, about the middle of this month. Though engaged in other business than training, Mr. Titus still maintains an earnest interest in dog matters, and no doubt will always do so. We heartily wish him success.

The special prizes offered by the Poodle Club, to be competed for at the forthcoming New York show, are worthy of the earnest consideration of exhibitors. The Meadowmere Kennels offer three cups to be competed for at same show. For information as to particulars, address Mr. Z. T. Baker, 18 William street, New York.

Mr. Royal Robinson, Indianapolis, who accepted an invitation to act as one of the judges of the Continental Field Trials Club at Tupelo, Miss., this week, has notified the secretary that he has withdrawn his acceptance.

Nothwithstanding the severe business depression of the past year, the A. K. C. was prosperous and generously supported. In 1895 there were 3,288 registrations. In 1896 there were 3,348, a gain of 65 over the previous year. Listings in 1895, 1,669; in 1896, 2,413, which was only exceeded once, in 1891, when the listings numbered 2,504.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

CHAINLESS BICYCLES.

IT is significant that after the wide publicity given the idea of bevel gears for bicyles last year so little is heard of the subject at present. On all sides it is conceded that the chain is a poor means for transmitting power, and that its use involves a considerable loss of energy; consequently that some improved method of converting the force created by each downward pressure of a man's legs on the pedals of a bicycle to the multiple turning of a driving wheel is eminently desirable.

To the lay mind, judging from the newspaper reports, it seemed as if the desideratum had been reached in the bevel gear, and by some it was expected that an immediate revolution would result. This assumption has not, however, been borne out by facts, and the present indications are that, as heretofore, the vast majority of the bicycles manufactured will be chain machines.

The natural inference is that the bevel gear in its present state of development possesses no great advantage over the common gear. It is not likely that difficulties of mechanical construction alone would prevent its adoption, for in other machinery where conditions call for this method of transmission of power the bevel gear is successfully used, and no very complex form would be required for the bicycle.

At the National Cycle Show in England last month, a number of devices for doing away with the chain were shown, but they did not apparently occupy an important place in the exhibition, or arouse any special enthusiasm. The most prominent, and also the most practical, was the Acoteus chainless bicycle exhibited by the Metropole Company.

This is the bicycle upon which Rivierre, the French long-distance racer, did such good work. In this the power is transmitted by means of a hollow shaft, furnished at either end with cog wheels cut on the bevel, which engage with similar cog wheels upon crank and driving wheel axles. The hollow shaft runs on ball bearings situated under the gear wheels at either end, and the stay on the gear side of the bicycle passes through it. In appearance it is very neat, and it has the further advantage of being practically dust proof. The speeding up of the mechanism is mainly affected by the disparity in size between the wheel on the pedal shaft and that in connection with it, but a variation in the size of the other cog wheels causes a slight additional gearing up. No arrangement has been made for changing the gear, though this feature has received attention. Elsewhere several inventions were shown in which double wheels of different size, designed to be quickly thrown in or out of gear, were the common feature, but for varying gear in the chainless bicycle interchangeable cog wheels would seem to be the more practical. A bevel gear, in which rollers took the place of cogs, was also shown by an English company, and a so-called ball-bearing bevel gear was the feature of a Danish exhibit. Among other substitutes for the chain was a mechanical device in which two cylindrical disks, running in vertical planes and attached to the axles of the cranks and driving wheel, were connected with each other by short reciprocating rods working in rockets near the peripheries of each wheel.

In another arrangement the power was transmitted through tubes with a semi-circular channel by means of balls which followed an endless circuit, passing over both sprocket wheels, which were cut with semi-circular spaces to hold the balls. The general opinion after an examination of these devices seems to be that the French invention comes nearest the practical solution of the problem of bevel gear for bicycles. The advocates of this machine, however, who are willing as a test of the sincerity of their convictions to go to the extent of investing in a wheel were not very much in evidence.

Novelties.

AMONG other novelties exhibited at the English National Cycle Show were tires in which shark's skin takes the place of rubber in the composition of the cover; also tires made from a string of rubber disks, threaded alternately with smaller disks of cork, and enveloped in a covering similar to that of an ordinary pneumatic tire, except that it is not inflated; pumps for tires, which are operated by grasping the saddle and working the seat pillar up and down in the tube which carries it; bicycles propelled by rear drivers, with a sun and planet movement operated by swinging levers, which give an elliptical action to the pedals; a balance action machine, which has four wheels in line, and which it is said "may embody an excellent principle," but the complication and unwieldiness of the structure place it outside the range of practical mechanics; and last, but not least, some of the old high bicycles, 54in. "ordinaries" with pneumatic tires.

Yachting.

THE special meeting of the Lake Y. R. A. on Saturday promises to be quite as interesting as the recent annual meeting at which the "hurumfrodite" rule of a different standard midship section for each class was passed. As we stated at the time, this compromise was too absurd to be allowed to stand, and the matter will be positively settled in one way or another at the coming meeting. A great deal of feeling has arisen among the Lake yachtsmen, some of the leading members of the Victoria Y. C., in concert with Com. Berriman, of Chicago, opposing all attempts to restrict the fin-keel in any class whatever.

So far as existing interests on Lake Ontario are concerned, there is now no cause whatever for any further dispute, as the proposers of the 35 per cent. limit have agreed; in fact this was done at the Rochester meeting to exclude the 27ft. class, and they never intended the restriction to apply to the 22ft. class. This takes out of the fight entirely Hiawatha, we believe the only fin-keel in the 27ft. class, and also disposes of the attempt to represent the 22ft. class fins as martyrs. The only other yacht affected by the limitation of the midship section is Canada, and as she is owned by the proposers of the rule she offers no bar to its adoption with the provision which they are willing to make, that she shall pay a fair handicap for her smaller section.

We are not posted as to the grounds for the opposition from Chicago, save that last winter, when the new yacht was first designed for international honors on the lakes, it was decided to make her a fin-keel of the size and general type of the Herreshoff Niagara and Isolde. It will be remembered that when, after the yacht was partly completed, a challenge was sent by Com. Berriman and the Lincoln Park Y. C. to the Royal Canadian Y. C., the latter declined to build to the size of Vencedor, about 52ft. r.l., on the ground that a yacht of this size and adequate draft, particularly a fin-keel, was unsuited to the waters of Lake Ontario, and would prove destructive to the largest existing class, 42ft. r.l. The resulting compromise will be remembered: the challenging yacht—Canada—being in the 42ft. class, while Vencedor was limited to not less than 43ft. l.w.l. length, nor over 45ft. r.l. While Vencedor was of the extreme fin type and construction, Canada was a cutter of very hollow section, but of the usual construction, with deep oak keel and planking carried down nearly to the lead keel.

In spite of the position so strongly taken by the R. C. Y. C. last year in the matter of size, Com. Berriman has been anxious to race this coming season in yachts of 55ft. r.l. and of the fin-keel type; but the R. C. Y. C. has gone even further than last year after its experience with Canada, and is not only unwilling to build out of the 42ft. class, but also wishes to prohibit the fin-keel entirely.

There can be no question that the best interests of yachting, both on Lake Ontario alone and through the chain of lakes, will be served by the prohibition of the fin-keel and the retention of the racing in the 42ft. class, for the reason that there are very few of the active sailing men who can afford to build the modern racing machine of excessive draft, limited accommodation and useless save for racing, of which there is thus far not enough to warrant the construction of a yacht for it alone.

So far as sport is concerned, it cannot be claimed for a moment that the racing suffers in any way because both sides are limited to a certain minimum area of section; it requires just as much skill on the part of the designer to turn out a yacht of Defender's section as one with the section of Jubilee or Pilgrim. The difference in speed between the two types might be a controlling factor on the coast or in England, where the conditions make it impossible to bar the fin-keel, but as between boats of but one type racing together this difference would not be apparent to the expert observer. If, for instance, the fin-keel were barred on the Lakes and two new boats were built this year to the proposed limit of midship section, of the latest construction and rigging, no one could tell in seeing them raced that they were materially slower than two fin-keels. This past year, it will be remembered, the boat of comparatively full section actually defeated the extreme fin-keel.

The Lake yachtsmen have a good deal at stake in this matter. While the present outlook for yachting is most encouraging as compared with the past, it is plain enough that there is much yet to be done to place yacht racing on a firm and satisfactory basis on fresh water. If, with the example of the Atlantic clubs before them, in which, in spite of the many wealthy yachtsmen, it is hard to keep up a few permanent classes even in the smaller sizes, they adopt the extreme racing machine, it means that the racing will be limited to occasional syndicates, and will no longer be the sport of men of moderate means. If, on the other hand, they are willing to work together harmoniously in the effort to restrain that fever of outbuilding which is the bane of modern racing; to limit the size according to the local conditions; to encourage a type that is capable of other uses than mere racing, and, as proposed by the Queen City Y. C., to be first in a new field by placing a wholesome limit on con-

struction—there is no good reason why yachting and yacht racing should not become generally popular on the great inland seas.

AT its last meeting the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, decided to abolish its present 18ft. class, and to replace it with a 20ft. class, according to the regulations of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. and the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. A special prize of $100 will be given for the best boat of the new class, and it is hoped to have several at Montreal for the trial races of the R. St. L. Y. C.

THE LAKE Y. R. A.

AT the request of three members of the council a special meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association will be held at the Tifft House, Buffalo, N. Y., on Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2 P. M., for the purpose of considering and passing on the following amendments and additions to the sailing rules of the Association:

1. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club has given notice that it will move at above meeting that Rule III of the racing rules be amended by substituting 150 for 125 in the second paragraph of section 2, and by striking out the following words in such paragraph, "but any yacht built prior to November 7, 1896, which by reason of being required to measure with crew on board shall exceed the upper limit of the class in which she has previously sailed shall be permitted to continue to sail in such class, provided her measurement has not been increased since that date, but shall give time allowance from her actual r. l., notwithstanding any provision to the contrary in Rule VII."

2. The Queen City Yacht Club has given notice that it will move that Rule IV. of the sailing rules be struck out and the following substituted therefor: "The area of the immersed midship section of any yacht over 27 feet r. l., built after November 7, 1896, or brought to the Lakes after that date, when in racing trim shall not be less than 85 per cent. of the beam at l.w.l., multiplied by the extreme draft wherever found, exclusive of centerboard, if it be not a board weighted for ballast.

3. The Queen City Y. C and Royal Canadian Y. C. jointly give notice that they will move that the following be inserted as Rule V. in the Racing Rules, and that the present Rule V. be numbered Rule VI., and so on. "The frame timbers, keels and planking in all wooden yachts built after Nov. 7, 1896, or brought to the lakes after that date, shall be restricted to the minimum sizes in the table below* and that the council of the Y. R. U. of the G. L. shall settle the table above mentioned, and that when so settled and notification thereof given to the secretary of the Lake Y. R. A., such table shall be inserted in the said rule and become part thereof; and that the council of the Y. R. U. of the G. L. be recommended to employ an expert to advise on said table."

4. The Royal Canadian Y. C. gives notice that the following be added to Rule VII. of the Racing Rules as Sec. 2 thereof: "The Council may from time to time require that any yacht built prior to Nov. 7, 1896, the midship section of which is less than 85 per cent. of the beam at l.w.l., multiplied by the extreme draft wherever found, exclusive of centerboard, if it be not a board weighted for ballast, shall give an allowance of time in addition to any time required by the rules, such additional time to be fixed by said Council."

5. The Royal Canadian Y. C. gives notice that Sec. 3 of Rule XIV. is to be amended by striking out the words "of 33ft. r. l. or under," and also the words, "and must be manned by Corinthians, except that any yacht may carry and use her regular professional crew."

On Jan. 5 a meeting of the sailing committee of the Royal Canadian Y. C. was held, at which the following resolution was adopted:

"That in the event of the Royal Canadian Y. C. receiving a challenge for an international race this year, and in the event of Canada being chosen to defend the challenge, the Royal Canadian Y. C. will not require the challenging yacht to comply with the rule of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes restricting the area of the midship section, nor will it require the challenging yacht's midship section to be of a greater coefficient than that of Canada."

In addition to the above, those members of the R. C. Y. C. who built and raced Canada last season have prepared for presentation at the meeting a deed of gift by which the silver cup won by Canada from Vencedor is made a perpetual international challenge trophy for yachts of the Great Lakes.

The Queen City Y. C. also held a meeting, at which the following resolutions were adopted:

That in the opinion of the Q. C. Y. C. the compromise motion passed at the last meeting of the L. Y. R. A. limiting the coefficient in the several classes to certain at present unknown quantities, as represented in the boats named, is not in the best interests of yachting, and will not be accepted by the majority of owners and intending builders.

That the Q. C. Y. C. is still opposed to the restriction of the coefficient or any other element that shall prohibit in the 27ft. and 29ft classes the bulb-fin or any other type of yacht at present in use.

That it is desirable that the keel, frames and planking of all new yachts shall be limited to certain minimum sizes, to be tabulated by the Association, that will, while leaving the scope to the designer, at the same time insure a safe and seaworthy construction.

That the Q. C. Y. C. favors a restriction of the coefficient in the larger classes to 85 per cent., when coupled with the proposition as to scantling and the additional provision that all existing yachts below that limit shall give time to the extent of — seconds per mile for each unit of difference.

That in view of the unsatisfactory result of the Rochester meeting the Council be requested to take such measures as will lead to a reconsideration of the whole subject.

On Jan. 5 a meeting of the Victoria Y. C. was held at Hamilton, at which the club's delegates to the L. Y. R. A., Messrs. George Webster, Wm. Burnside and T. L. Stephens, were instructed to oppose the amendments proposed for that meeting, and also to object to the recognition of the delegates from the Kingston Y. C. Com. E. C. Berriman, Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, owner of Vencedor, was elected a member, and also G. F. Anderson, of Sandusky, O. It was suggested that in the event of the amendments being passed the Victoria Y. C. should withdraw from the L. Y. R. A.; but this was opposed by most of the members.

* In the event of this amendment being accepted, a table of scantling will be prepared by competent parties.

American Model Y. C.

THE conditions governing the *Outing* cup for model yachts have just been amended to read as follows:

First—This cup is donated by the Outing Publishing Company, and shall be known as the Outing Model Yacht Perpetual Challenge Cup.

Second—The objects of this cup are to stimulate the building of sailing models of actual buildable proportions, such as can be enlarged up to yachts of actual size, and it is to be competed for as hereinafter directed.

Third—The cup is open to any member of any model yacht club in the United States or Canada, or any individual owner of a model yacht.

Fourth—All challenges must be received by the individual holding the cup at least thirty days prior to the date proposed by the challenge. The challenged party shall name a place for a race within ten days of the receipt of the challenge. A copy of all challenges, and replies thereto, must be forwarded to the chairman regatta committee of the American Model Yacht Club, whose name and address are appended to these conditions.

Fifth—In case the holder of the cup does not acknowledge the receipt of the challenge, and be on hand on the day proposed by the challenger and the place named by the challenged party, or any agreed date and place to defend the cup, nor consummate any agreement as to a time and a place for a race within thirty days after the receipt of challenge, he shall forfeit the cup to the challenger.

Sixth—All challenges must specify the name and address of the owners, the l.w.l. length and greatest beam wherever found, and name of challenging yacht. An excess of over 2in. by official measurement (on the day of the race) of the length so specified shall bar a yacht from competing.

Seventh—In event of more than one challenge being in hand at one time, the earliest received shall have precedence over the second, the second over the third, etc.

Eighth—Models challenging for the cup must not be less than 35in. or exceed 48in. on l.w.l. Beam not to exceed one-third the l.w.l. length.

The racing rules of the American Model Yacht Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., shall govern all races sailed for this cup, and the regatta committee of that club will have charge of the races when sailed in the vicinity of New York.

In case the cup should be won by anyone residing at a distance from the city and a challenge be received, a committee shall be chosen from some local yachting organization, if possible, who shall provide themselves with a copy of the American Model Y. C. sailing rules and govern the races accordingly.

"FULL TO THE BRIM."
One of W. H. Mullin's Double-Ender Pleasure Boats.

The Payne Bill Again.

AFTER a long rest, in which it has had the opportunity to study some more failures in the shape of American-built steam yachts, and some very fine examples of the Clyde work, the *Marine Journal* takes up the Payne bill again, as follows:

The *Marine Journal* respectfully appeals to the Senate of the United States to pass House bill 8088, which is on the Senate calendar and which passed the House at the last session with but one dissenting vote. This bill amends section 4,216 of the revised statutes and reads as follows:

"Section 4,516.—Yachts belonging to a regularly organized yacht club of any foreign nation which shall extend like privileges to the yachts of the United States shall have the privilege of entering or leaving any port of the United States without entering or clearing at the Custom House thereof or paying tonnage tax, *provided that the privileges of this section shall not extend to any yacht built outside of the United States, and owned, chartered or used by a citizen of the United States, unless such ownership or charter was acquired prior to the passage of this act.*"

The amendment is in italics and is intended to equalize the owning and operating of yachts built abroad, as the owners of such yachts not only receive the advantage of underpaid mechanics in building on the other side, but are also enabled under existing law to navigate their yachts with cheap foreign officers and to ignore the United States inspection laws which have for their object the safety of life and property in steam vessels, and this while they fly the American flag over such vessels.

Since this bill was introduced in the House four of the largest class of steam yachts have been built abroad for American owners at an estimated cost of $2,000,000, and these craft are exempt from all port charges or tax of any kind whatever. All the designers, builders and mechanics engaged in yacht construction in the United States ask is that the American who goes abroad to build his yacht shall pay equal port charges with an American of a foreign-built merchant vessel. The Senate cannot do the industry of yacht building a greater act of justice than by indorsing the action of the House in amending Section 4,516 R. S. at once.

We have already shown that this bill is not in the interest of the American yacht designer, the drafting being largely done by underpaid imported labor in American yards; nor is it to any material extent in the interests of the American mechanic; those who would profit by it are the builders, who after many years of trial demonstrated their inability to turn out the class of vessels which yachtsmen demand. Not a few of the "designers, builders and mechanics" mentioned by the *Marine Journal* as so solicitous for the passage of this bill were born under the British ensign, though they have found it profitable to adjourn to this side of the Atlantic.

The mischievous character of this bill is not at once apparent on the face, nor does the *Marine Journal* aid in disclosing it. It is not merely that the owners of foreign-built yachts would be compelled to pay a certain sum, large or small, but that they would have to go through certain set formalities almost every time they got under way. Take, for instance, such a yacht as Minerva or Clara, brought here by an American owner for the encouragement of sport and the improvement of design and construction. If, after entering and clearing at the port of New York, she should start with the fleet of the New York Y. C. on its cruise, she could go no further than the next customs district without being liable to heavy penalties unless she entered at the custom house of that district. While the rest of the fleet, after a night at Morris Cove, was on its way to Newport, the imported yacht would be involved in all the red tape of the New Haven or New London custom house.

The same thing applies to steam yachts under the law as proposed; their owners would be unable to use them in American waters on account of the endless and interminable succession of formalities in passing from one customs district to another.

As applied to sailing yachts the law is absolutely unnecessary and positively bad; there is now no importation of British sailing yachts, not even enough to keep up a healthy competition; and the law, if passed, would prevent entirely such beneficial experiments as the importation of Clara, Stranger and Minerva.

As applied to steam yachts, the law would have two results: it would keep some of the large yachts, such as Varuna, Margarita II. and Mayflower, constantly in foreign waters, where they now are, and it would prevent some Americans from building at all when confronted with the alternative of a Columbia, a Thespia or an Electra, or no yacht at all.

If the *Marine Journal* is really ready to resume the fight for the Payne bill, we hope that it will at last take up our challenges of last spring and tell who designs the alleged American steam yachts, and what they are worth when completed.

Where Our Spars Come From.

MOST of our large vessel spars for several years past have come from Oregon and Washington, and are cut from the tree generally known as the Oregon fir. Spars have been sent here of extraordinary size, one measuring 38in. in diameter; another spar was 172ft. long. The average length of these spars is about 90ft., and the diameter from 22 to 28in. The smaller spars are brought from New Hampshire, Vermont or Canada, but probably not 25 per cent. of the total used here come from these sections, the rest coming from the Pacific Coast. The Oregon fir spar has a great advantage over the white pine mast used some years ago, inasmuch as it has greater strength, and hence less diameter is required for the same height. Shippers have sent some fir decking planks along with the spars in the past, but ship-builders claim it is inferior to white pine and are not using as much as they were. The cut of the Pacific States has as yet hardly made any impression on their timber supply. The lumber cut not alone furnishes the markets of that section to a considerable extent, but also is shipped to the Atlantic seaboard States, to western South America and European ports. Oregon pine, in short, has come to be quite a staple commercial wood. England imports considerable quantities of this and California redwood. In our own markets these Pacific coast woods have for some time played a prominent part, and each year seems to develop something new.—*Marine Journal.*

New Yachts.

THUS far the numerous eager New York yachtsmen who were only awaiting the speedy settlement of the draft question before placing their orders have shown the traditional backwardness in coming forward, and but one yacht, the 51-looter for Mr. Hoyt, is under way. In Boston there is going up a fleet that, though of small size, at least promises good racing. Lawley & Son have two new orders for knockabouts: one a racing boat for Frank E. Peabody, an old racing man; the other for Samuel Noyes, Jr. Bo Peep has been sold to Mr. Pickman, of Beverly, and the new 19ft. c. b. knockabout in the shops has been sold to J. P. Morgan, Jr., of New Rochelle. Two new knockabouts are now well under way in the shops: the Pardon boat for Walter Burgess, and the other 24ft. keel boat for Mr. Proctor. The firm has just booked a larger order for one of the handy steam yachts for which it is noted. She is for Mr. Spoor, of Chicago, and will be 105ft. over all, 87ft. l. w. l., 15ft. 6in. beam, 6ft. 6in. draft, of composite construction and with triple expansion engine, with schooner rig.

YACHT DESIGNING.—XII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[Continued from page 35.]

THE model shown in Fig. 21 is of unknown origin, an old-time fishing schooner with the cod's head and mackerel's tail. It will be noticed that the topsides amidships have a slight *tumblehome*, the breadth at the upper side of the third lift being greater than the breadth on deck. The model is of white pine, 31½in. long, the scale being ½in. to the foot, so that the vessel herself would be about 60ft. "on the keel," as these craft were measured. The model is a typical one in that it represents only the form of the inner surface of the planking, and not the complete exterior surface of the vessel. The stem, keel, sternpost, rudder, centerboard and masts are left entirely to the imagination. The model was cut by the builder, every third frame station was marked on it at intervals of 3in., equal to 6ft. in the vessel; it was taken apart, the lifts being fastened by the two dowels shown, and the half breadths at each station were measured with a carpenter's rule and marked in pencil on the lifts. From these rough *offsets* the lines were laid down on the mould loft floor and the moulds for the frames were made. The exact shape of stem, keel, rudder, etc., and the location of the centerboard and masts, were all determined by the builder as the work progressed, and no record of them was made on the model. In all probability, no drawing was ever made.

The method of drawing without the actual model, of performing all the operations of cutting and drawing the sections by means of the imaginary planes described in the previous chapter instead of the material saw, is not only easier when once understood, but more rapid, thorough and conclusive. In order to explain this method in a very short time and with few words, the models shown in Figs. 20, 22 and 23 were made by the writer for use in the lecture mentioned in a previous chapter. Fig. 20 is merely the usual half model of a yacht—in this case an attempt to copy by eye the then new wonder, Gloriana. Fig. 22 represents the same model in skeleton, the section at each station being cut out of cardboard and mounted on a wire in its true position relative to its fellows. The outlines of the model were formed by wires lashed to the proper points on the cardboard sections, and other wires were run to represent the *"load waterline"* and the *"middle bow-buttock line."* The large wires supporting the sections were fastened in the bottom of a box, the front and top being absent, the wires being parallel to the back of the box. The dropping of the stern shown in the figure is due merely to a collision in the process of photographing, and is not the serious and irremediable defect that is too often seen in even prominent yachts.

The immediate purpose of these two models was to present directly to the eye the solid model, with its curved surface free from all lines, as in Fig. 20, and the same surface as indicated by the mere skeleton of lines formed by the edges of the sections and the wires. From these two it is hoped that the reader, even though unfamiliar with the imaginative processes of marine drafting, will grasp the idea of the cutting of lines from the surface of a solid by imaginary planes.

The various intersecting or *auxiliary planes* in this case are indicated on the different sides of the box surrounding the skeleton model. There are first the vertical planes across the model, indicated by the cardboard sections, by vertical lines on the back of he box; and corresponding lines across the bottom, as in Fig. 23. Then there are the horizontal planes, indicated by the lines on the back and ends of the box, the upper one also by the wire representing the *load waterline*. Then there is the vertical plane parallel to the back of the box, indicated by a vertical line on each end and a horizontal line on the bottom, as well as by the wire representing the *middle bow-buttock line*.

The lines being thus cut from the surface, the next step is their projection on the sides of the box, the *coördinate planes*. From the wire representing the l.w.l. a silk thread is run vertically at each station to the bottom of the box, indicating the projection of the l.w.l. on the bottom, as better shown in Fig. 23. The projection of the *bow-buttock line* on the back of the box is plainly visible in both figures. The projections of the outlines of the different cardboard sections on the ends of the box were originally indicated by silk threads drawn from points along each section to its corresponding projection. In order to make this part perfectly clear, the sections from the middle forward are projected on the end next the bow, and those from the middle aft on the end next the stern.

The relation of the solid model to the skeleton, and of the lines composing the skeleton to their corresponding projections on the various sides of the box, being now clearly understood, we may go a step further by folding back the sides and the bottom of the box (Fig. 23), which are hinged to the back, until they are all in one plane, coincident with the surface of the drafting table, showing, if our work has been sufficiently clear, the final relation between the sides of the box on which the lines of our model have been projected and the flat drawing of the designer.

In the skeleton model comparatively few lines are shown, for the sake of clearness, but in Plate I. the same design—Fig. 23—is shown on a larger scale and with all the necessary lines of a complete drawing. From this time on the original conception of the solid model may be relegated to a secondary place, and we will deal directly with the flat drawing on paper and its numerous straight and curved lines; through these alone, by practice, being enabled to see in imagination the solid form of the vessel.

In examining the different lines we will take up first those which form the basis or foundation of the drawing rather than the shape of the model, beginning with the *base line*. This is a horizontal line parallel to the lower edge of the paper, and forming the bottom of each of the three plans, though in Fig. 24 it is represented at the top of the *half-breadth plan*. This is the first line drawn in beginning a design. Parallel to the base line in the sheer plan and body plan are numerous straight lines known as *level lines*, or sometimes as *waterlines*, the former term being the more exact. One of these lines, the *load waterline*, commonly denoted by the letters l.w.l., is of special importance as the initial point of every modern design. The term *waterline* is manifestly correct when applied to the *level lines* below the l.w.l., but is less directly applicable to those above; for this reason it is preferable to use the term *level line* to cover all of these lines, whether above or below water. The *level lines* are designated in various ways, there being no one recognized method; sometimes they are numbered continuously from the top or from the bottom, sometimes the l.w.l. is called No. 1, the numbers running downward from it and those above being lettered. We have found it convenient to designate the *load waterline* as l.w.l. and to number downward, the first *below* it being called W1, the next W2, etc. The first *above* the l.w.l. is called A, the second B, etc.

The level lines are invariably straight in the sheer and body plans, and they may be drawn in at the will of the designer, being spaced at equal intervals, usually some even figure, as 6in., 1ft., 2ft., etc., according to the size of the drawing. In the half-breadth plan the level lines are always curved, unless the vessel be a scow, and they are drawn in as other portions of the work are advanced.

Next in importance come the *stations*, or *square stations*, the former term being sufficiently definite and thus preferable. These lines are straight and vertical in both the *sheer plan* and the *half-breadth plan*, and, like the *level lines*, they may be located at will and drawn in with the very beginning of the design. In the *body plan*, however, they are curved, and can only be drawn in later.

In the location and designation of the *stations* there is no uniformity, as already explained; in the old models they were located where the frames were to come in the vessel, and this practice is still followed by many.

The starting point for laying off the stations on the old models was the *midship section*, or dead flat. In nearly all the old vessels there was what was termed a *straight of breadth*, or *dead flat*, the middle portion of the vessel being of one uniform size and section for an appreciable distance

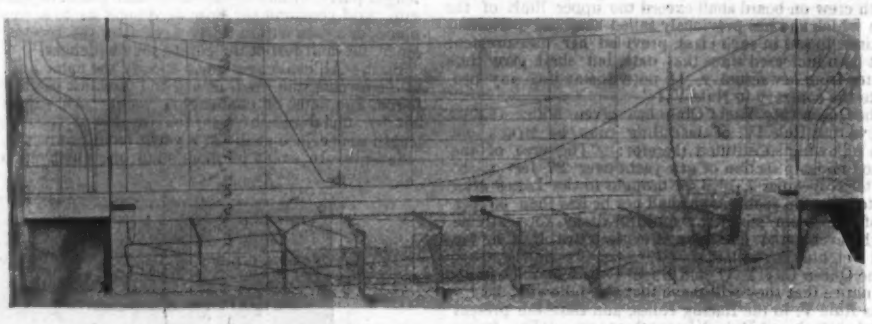


Fig. 22.

before beginning to taper toward bow and stern. The section at this portion, necessarily the greatest cross section of the vessel, was termed the *midship section*, or *dead flat*, and the mould for this section served for several frames at least. The terms *straight of breadth* and *dead flat* are now obsolete so far as yachts are concerned, and largely so in other vessels, but the term *midship section* is still retained, and always will be. Unfortunately the term itself is incorrect and rather misleading; the *midship section* is not the section amidships, at the middle of the vessel; it is very seldom indeed that it is located there; formerly it was forward of the middle, now it is invariably aft. It is in reality the section of greatest breadth, and might much more properly be termed the *beam* section than the *midship* section.

It is seldom, however, that the greatest breadths on the different level lines occur at the same station. In order to obtain an easy entrance, the designer carries the point of greatest breadth on his l.w.l. well aft of the middle, and to obtain at the same time an easy run he begins to cut away forward of the middle down toward the keel. This is shown in Plate I., the greatest breadth on deck being at *Station 7*, while the greatest breadth on the different *level lines* as we go downward approaches nearer to *Station 6*. The dotted line, *m s*, between Stations 7 and 6 in the *half-breadth plan*, shows the position of the largest transverse section of the yacht. This section is called a *raking midship section*, as the breadths on each successive level line are not in the same vertical, but in an inclined line. The true midship section, as will be shown later when we come to the subject of the proper distribution of the bulk through a *curve of areas*, is at the widest part of this curve, or in the present case just forward of Station 7.

Fig. 23.

In the old models and drawings the *midship section*, this clearly defined point of location of the largest frame, was the initial point for the laying off of the stations, and they were spaced forward and aft from it at intervals of one, two or three frame spaces. The *midship section* was indicated by this mark ⊠ or a similar one; the frames forward of it were denoted by letters, a, b, c, etc., and those abaft it by numbers, 1, 2, 3, etc; thus a lettered frame was always in the fore body and a numbered one in the after body. In Fig. 21 the stations are marked in this manner: the midship section thus ⊠, the next station forward being c, the two frames a and b being omitted, and similarly aft, 3, 6, etc.

In most of the work of the old shipyards the l.w.l. was never considered; it was not used in any way for measurement or tonnage, the *length on keel* or on deck being of far more importance, and the base line of the model or drawing was often the bottom of keel or the rabbet line, the level lines being thus out of parallel with the l.w.l. and the stations out of square to it.

In modern vessels, and especially in the sailing yacht, the l.w.l. is of the first importance; even in cruising craft the proper displacement can only be decided on by first assuming some waterline at which the yacht shall float, and in racing craft, in addition to the necessity for some exact amount of displacement, the l.w.l. is the most important factor of measurement. Instead, then, of beginning at the midship section, we will take the load waterline and establish our first station at its fore end, where it intersects the line of the stem or keel, from this point laying off all of our stations.

At first sight it might seem desirable to follow the old method, and locate the stations in conformity with the frames, but there are good reasons against doing this. For purposes of calculation it is necessary that the under water portion of the hull shall be divided into some number of equal spaces or *intervals*, and also that there shall be an even number of *spaces*. Taking then the two ends of the l.w.l., we can divide the distance between them into 8, 10, 12 or 16 equal parts. A division of 10 is most commonly used, as it gives quite enough stations; in fact, 8 is usually enough, but of all divisions we prefer 12. It will be found convenient in first getting the design into form to use a small number of stations, but when it comes to the final fairing a larger number is necessary. If 12 intervals be used, all of the preliminary work can be done by omitting each alternate station, leaving 6 to work on, then in fairing the omitted stations will be run in. If 10 be used the half will be 5, an uneven number that cannot be used for the calculations. If 8 intervals be used, the half, 4, makes too few stations; and if 8 be used for the preliminary work, twice this number, 16, makes additional work in the final fairing, taking off offsets, etc., and is no more accurate than 12. We will then divide our l.w.l. into 12 equal parts, continuing the same division along the prolongation of the l.w.l. at each end, so as to include the overhangs.

It is probable that this spacing will not bring the stations coincident with the most desirable spacing of the frames when we come to build, but this is a very small matter. At present we are concerned simply with the drafting of the outside of the hull and not the construction. This portion of the work properly done and the lines complete on the board, or laid down on the mould loft floor, it is merely a matter of a few hours' drawing to run in the extra lines of the frames or moulds at the required points.

As in other similar matters, there is no uniformity observed in designating the various stations, but the numbering begins at the fore side of the stem at deck, at the fore end of the l.w.l., or even at the after end of the design. The best system is that shown in Plate I., the station at the fore end of the l.w.l. being numbered 0 and that at the after end 12. These two and their intermediate stations are the ones used in the calculations, and the numbering is thus in uniformity with the method followed in the calculations: that of the multipliers used in calculating the position of the C B, C L R, etc. Abaft the l.w.l. the numbering is continued for the stations of the counter; forward we have found it convenient to use the alphabet reversed, Z for the first station forward of the l.w.l., Y for the second, etc., as shown; there are seldom more than three such stations. It would be more natural to use A, B, C, etc., for the fore end of the yacht, but this is confusing, the same letters being already used for the upper level lines.

This method of division and marking makes it an easy matter to compare different drawings, No. 0 is always the fore end of the l.w.l., No. 12 the after end, and No. 6 the middle. If the last station is No. 15, it shows that the after overhang covers at least three intervals, or is of one-quarter the length of the l.w.l.; Z is the station just forward of the l.w.l., No. 4 is at a certain place in the fore body, and No. 8 in the after body. To appreciate the advantage of following some one system, it is only necessary to attempt to compare three drawings: one with the stations marked in this way, one with all numbers beginning at the extreme point of the bow, and one with the fore end of the l.w.l. numbered 1. The *base line*, *level lines* and *stations* are arbitrary lines that may be located by the designer at will; we will now take up another set of lines, those which indicate the bounding surfaces of the half model.

The first of these is the *keel line* in the *sheer plan*, or, for a broader term, the keel contour. This line shows the outside of the stem, keel, sternpost, rudder and counter, as projected on the *sheer plan*. The projection of the same parts in the *half breadth* and *body plans* is called the *side line*. It usually happens in modern yachts that the lower part of the keel does not present a flat bottom and two straight sides, as shown in the figure; but that the angle is boldly rounded off, the section of the bottom of the keel being sometimes a semi-circle. It is most convenient, however, to draw the keel with a flat bottom and a positive angle, as in the figure, in order to get a *side line* for the ending of the stations. After other parts are completed, the rounding-off of the corners of the keel to any desired extent may be drawn in, as in the present plans.

The *side line* shows the half breadth of the stem, keel, etc., at the outer and lower surfaces.

The highest line of the *sheer plan* we will call the *sheer line*, representing the upper edge of rail, bulwark or deck, as the case may be. There are at this part of the vessel a number of lines that are usually shown: the upper and lower

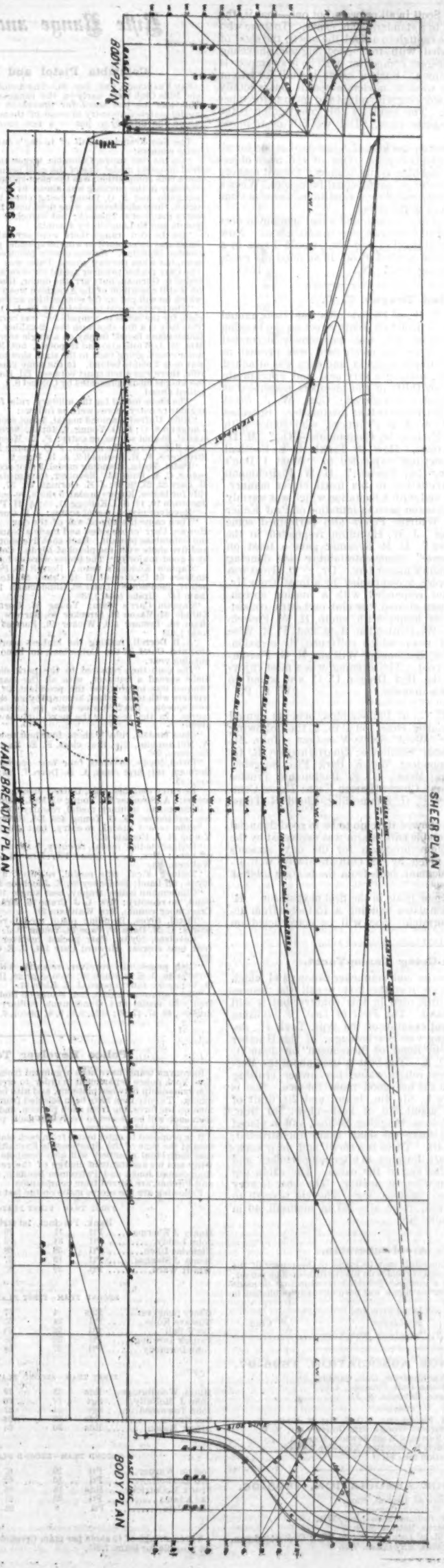


PLATE I. ENLARGED LINES FROM FIGS. 22 AND 23.

edges of the *rail*, the upper and lower edges of the *plank-sheer* (or outer strake of the deck), and possibly the line of moulding, gilt stripe, etc. Some of these lines belong solely to the construction, and though they are usually shown in the main design they have no place there. We propose to leave to their proper place in the construction drawings all such lines, and for the sake of clearness and simplicity to deal here only with those lines necessary to define the form of the hull. Until a recent period, some of these lines were necessary because of changes of exterior form about the bulwarks and rail; the former being set in a little from the plankshear edge, and having an independent flare from that of the hull proper. In all modern yachts, whether of wood or steel, the bulwarks are simply a continuation of the fair line of the side; the only lines visible to the eye are the rail and the moulding or gold stripe, and there is nothing to show the height of the bulwark above the deck, or where the two join. All that the designer need concern himself with for the present is the rail, as it shows to the eye above the paint of the topside, and the moulding or stripe which he will use at some distance below it (not necessarily just at the deck) as a foil to it and to break the surface of the topsides. This upper line of all, the top of the rail, we will call the *sheer line*. It is sometimes convenient to run in also the line of the upper edge of the plankshear or deck, as in the present case. The center line of the middle of the deck is also shown. The sheer line appears in the body plan, forming the upper ending of the stations.

The same line is known in the half-breadth plan as the *deck line;* at least it will be convenient to call it such. As in the sheer plan, more than one line may be drawn here, the half breadth of the top of rail, top and bottom of bulwarks, and top of plankshear, but so many lines are only confusing and entirely unnecessary; we will dispense with all but one, the intersection of the outer surface of the planking, plating or bulwark with the upper side of the rail. There will really be rounded moulding to the rail and not a sharp edge, but this may be disregarded. This line will not always be the true *deck line*, but it is convenient and sufficiently accurate to call it so. There is another small line, the intersection of the main surface of the counter with the after surface, which appears as a curved line in all the plans; it is called the *cross seam*.

We now come to a third set of lines, cut from the hull by various auxiliary planes: the *diagonals*, *dividing lines*, *bow buttock lines*, *inclined waterline*, etc. These lines appear as straight in some plans and curved in others.

A Christmas Yacht Race.

FORT MEADE, Polk County, Fla., Dec. 28, 1896.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About eight miles N.E. from here is a fine sheet of water called Lake Buffum, five miles long and nearly two miles wide, with shallow shores for the most part and pine trees and bay heads down to the water's edge. Several small sail boats, called yachts by courtesy, are kept by the numerous residents on its shores, and a boating club has been formed. To keep up and increase the interest in boat sailing, to which the writer is passionately devoted, he has given to the club a cup of no considerable value, but simply a trophy to be competed for as a perpetual challenge, the winning of which is wherein lies the honor and glory, and not in the holding thereof. The first match, then, was arranged to come off on July 4 of this year, but a storm raged nearly all day. Two boats sailed over the course, one of which went ashore, a lee shore at that, and had to wait until the gale moderated before setting sail again; the other took the cup and held it until a day or two ago, when it came into the hands of the original giver by right of conquest, and this was the way of it:

It blew hard from N.N.E. all Christmas Day, a cold, icy wind, that even here made one shiver at the thought of facing it close hauled in a dead beat to windward, but the day after there was a change for the better, and the rivals for cup honors—there were three this time—determined to race at all costs.

There was Waterwitch, who won on July 4, and Lady of the Lake, who did not; also Defender II., a boat of untried caliber and speed, with a scanty spread of canvas.

Quite a party from the previous day's festivities assembled under the trees on the bank to see the start, the course being triangular, one and one-half miles to a leg. The wind being about N.E. by E., the course was laid E. by S. to the first mark, then N.E. to second mark, and from there W. S.W. to the starting line.

The start was a flying one, Lady of the Lake getting off first, her new mainsail drawing well, at 3:10 P. M. Defender II. followed at 3:11 P. M., and Waterwitch last at 3:13:30, she having failed to make the line between the two buoys—which was a narrow one and too near the shore—at the first attempt. The wind was very flawy, but not nearly so cold, and excitement kept the crews warm. Lady of the Lake, who carried Fred W. Porter, a graduate of Annapolis, as crew and sailing master, with the present scribe at the helm, held her own to the first mark, having to make one tack to fetch it, when getting into shoal water at the turn and the wind falling she lost a little time, enabling the others to catch up and Defender to get around first, although the owner, sailing single-handed, was disqualified for sculling around the mark, he using an oar for a rudder, which gave him a better time at the finish than he was entitled to. Waterwitch came up about the same time and rounded the mark last, but only just astern of Lady of the Lake, who quickly got away and picked up Defender and went on a hunt after the second mark on the port tack, which she held until nearly abreast of it, and then went about to the eastward to get to windward of the mark and run down to it; this maneuver Waterwitch had executed soon after rounding the first mark, and was coming for the second, but she was too far off, barring accident, to be feared.

Defender crept along, and with a little more sculling from the stern, under the lee of the land, the wind being light, made the second mark first. Lady of the Lake soon followed, and eased sheet and hauled up her centerboard for the run home, going easily past Defender, who was never dangerous, and with a good lead on Waterwitch. Great cheering greeted the winner when she got in, followed by her two rivals, and the cup was gracefully handed over. The official times are as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lady of the Lake	3 10 00	4 56 30	1 46 30
Defender II.	3 11 00	5 03 25	1 51 25
Waterwitch	3 13 30	5 06 12	1 52 22

Lady of the Lake thus won by 9m. 42s. elapsed and 5m. 52s. corrected time from Waterwitch, which was well handled by Fred W. Oren, owner, with Joe Whittaker as crew.

Beverly Y. C. Fixtures.

The Beverly Y. C. announces the following fixtures for races south of the Cape. The date of the open regatta at Marblehead is not yet settled:

JUNE.

17. Club house, first open sweepstakes.
26. Club house, first championship.

JULY.

3. Club house, second open sweepstakes.
5. Club house, second championship.
24. Club house, third open sweepstakes.

AUGUST.

7. Club house, third championship.
14. Club house, fourth championship.
21. Marion—A. M.—cup race.
21. Marion—P. M.—first open regatta.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Club house, fourth open sweepstakes.
6. Club house, second open regatta.
11. Club house, fifth championship.

W. Lloyd Jeffries.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

It is reported that Archibald Watt, owner of the steam yacht Meteor, will shortly build a steam yacht of American design, to be 290ft. over all, 254ft. l.w.l., with twin screws and a speed of 20 knots.

The new steam yacht for Howard Gould has progressed no further than the consideration of plans, and the yacht will not be built for some time. She will be about 260ft. over all, 235ft. l.w.l., 34ft. beam and 15ft. draft.

Norna, schr., now on a cruise around the world, has reached Norfolk, Va., where she is tied up by a libel for $4,000 for work done in fitting her out.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has recently sent out the following circular: "The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. having, as was announced by the circular letter of Nov. 15, accepted the challenge of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup for small yachts, and the conditions governing the contest having been arranged, can now announce both these conditions and those which will govern the trial races for the selection of its representative yacht for the defense of the cup. The contest being an international one, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. hopes to interest other Canadian clubs to assist in the defense of the cup in order that the fastest 20 footer may be selected as its representative. The club has accordingly arranged for open trial races, to be held on Lake St. Louis early in August, preceding the match, which will be sailed on the same waters, beginning about Aug. 14. Prizes for place in the trial races and a suitable trophy to the yacht winning the cup match will be given."

At Pepin, Wis., on Jan. 1, Capt. I. A. Fuller's ice yacht Tempest and Com. H. M. Anderson's Lorna collided on Lake Pepin. Each boat carried three men. The former was in charge of Claude Fuller and the latter in charge of O. L. Murray. Tempest was coming in from a run at a mile a minute, and Lorna was maneuvering for a landing. The boats came together at right angles, and the crash was heard all over town. The men were thrown in all directions. Glen Murray was knocked senseless, and lay in that condition for some time. He has a bad cut on the head. George Murray was cut on the head, face and knee, and may be crippled for life. Had Lorna been running at a high speed none could have escaped. Neither sailor saw the other boat until the crash came.—*Chicago Tribune.*

There are now about two score of aged inmates in the Webb Academy and Home for Shipbuilders, and several worthy young men are, under the provision of its endowment, obtaining free instruction in the trade of shipbuilding. The institution is pleasantly situated on Fordham Heights, at Sedgwick avenue and Academy street, and its management is on lines most agreeable to its beneficiaries. The school of instruction is in charge of competent men. The current expenses of the academy and home during the year aggregated a little under $30,000, all of which was provided as it was needed by Mr. Webb. The secretary of the institution is Stevenson Taylor, and the treasurer T. F. Rowland.—*Marine Journal.*

The nominations of the New York Y. C., recently posted, for the annual election on Feb. 11, are as follows: Com., J. Pierpont Morgan, steam yacht Corsair; Vice-Com., L. Cass Ledyard, schr. Montauk; Rear-Com., August Belmont, cutter Mineola; Sec'y, J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Morris J. Asch; Regatta Committee—John C. Barron, Theodore C. Zerega and Dr. W. Barton Hopkins; Committee on Admissions—Edward M. Brown, C. Oliver Iselin, L. Cass Ledyard, W. B. Duncan, Jr., and James A. Wright; House Committee—E. E. Chase, F. M. Cronise, F. H. Davies, C. L. F. Robinson and Alfred Grymes; Library Committee—Fordham Morris, Arthur H. Clark and A. V. H. Ellis; Committee on Flag Stations—Wm. H. Thomas, 1, Bay Ridge; Frederick H. Benedict, 2, New York, East Twenty-sixth street; F. A. Schermerhorn, 3, Whitestone; L. Vaughn Clark, 4, New London; Tarrant Putnam, 5, Shelter Island; Frederick P. Sands, 6, Newport; Frederick Grinnell, 7, Vineyard Haven; John P. Duncan, 8, Atlantic Highlands; A. L. Barber, 9, Ardsley-on-Hudson; E. R. Ladew, 10, Glen Cove.

The annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. is being held as we go to press; the nominations are as follows: Com., Henry Clark Rouse, schr. Iroquois; Vice-Com., S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, slp. Indolent; Rear Com., Henry A. Van Llew, steam yacht Aquilo; Sec'y, Charles J. Stevens; Treas., Walter C. Hubbard; Measurer, John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Valentine Mott; Fleet Chaplain, George R. Vandewater, D. D. Trustees: To succeed Charles H. Leland, W. Emlen Roosevelt and Henry Stanton, resigned; and in place of William Foulke, Walter C. Hubbard, Walter C. Kerr and Auguste P. Meintant, whose terms of office expire, but who are eligible for re-election—D. Leroy Dresser, Frederic de P. Foster, Bayard F. Foulke, Henry W. Hayden, Henry Marquand, Leon F. d'Oremieulx, Charles A. Post and Gordon Wendell. Race Committee: Oliver E. Cromwell, D. Leroy Dresser, Walter C. Kerr, Charles A. Sherman and C. W. Wetmore. Committee on Lectures and Entertainments: Clarence Goadby and Herbert L. Satterlee. Committee on Lines and Models: John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and W. P. Stephens. Law Committee: F. Kingsbury Curtis, Alfred Ely and F. de P. Foster.

Reva, steam yacht, Joseph Leiter, arrived at Tampico from Progresso on Dec. 22, having lost one blade of her wheel. She reached Galveston in tow of a tug on Jan. 10.

Rialto, steam yacht, S. P. Hedges, sunk at her wharf in Greenport on Jan. 5, her condenser pipes having burst with the frost.

The special committee of the Atlantic Y. C. has recommended the removal of the club station to Norton's point, and the question will now be submitted to the club. The proposed site is 800 by 600ft. on Gravesend Bay, just inside the point. The present house will be moved and greatly improved if the plan is carried out.

At Racine, Wis., on Jan. 2 Frank W. Cutler, deputy United States marshal of Milwaukee, sold the schooner yacht Crusader, of Chicago, to satisfy a claim of Milwaukee parties amounting to $300. The boat was bid in by Attorney Marks, of Milwaukee, for other parties for $950. None of the owners of the boat appeared. Crusader is moored at the dock of the Racine Boat Manufacturing Company. She was the pioneer schooner yacht on Lake Michigan, and at one time was the pride of the Chicago fleet, and owned by Commodore Paulson, of the Columbia Y. C., Chicago.—*Chicago Tribune.*

It is reported that Queen Victoria will soon have a new royal yacht to replace the present ancient craft, Victoria and Albert.

Canoeing.

The Paddling Trophy.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to heartily second the views of Mr. D'Arcy Scott as published in your last issue. That a paddling canoe of reasonable dimensions, of use in all the A. C A. paddling races, is desirable cannot be questioned. Paddling is a branch of athletic sport intended to compare the relative merits of racing men, and such comparisons are all but useless where there exists any great disparity in the canoes used.

The A. C. A. meets are getting to be more expensive pleasures each year, and to be obliged to transport a fleet in order to race may be the means of deterring some racing men from attending meets and entering the races.

I agree with Mr Scott in all respects but one—that is, the limiting of "fours" to a standard 30in canoe. To those who have been fortunate enough to attend the meets, the sight of a small canoe loaded with four good big men shoveling water into their nearest competitor until he is swamped is not altogether unknown. Such a canoe is built for two or three persons when used at moderate speeds, but is totally unfit for four men working with might and main to force her through the water. The result of this overloading is the question asked by some crew, "Did we fall or were we pushed?"

In the main, however, the idea of a standard canoe for all single and tandem events is good. One of the main objections to the racing machine is its tendency toward making racing a serious business, of professional influences. When a man beats a competitor under even conditions there is some satisfaction and honor in the doing.

Canoeing is a developer of men, and a real sportsman does not require an egg shell to beat another in a 50lb. boat. Now I'd like to have a go at Scott myself; but would I race in a good, wholesome canoe against Scott in an oiled silk canoe with a mosquito netting deck? Nit. Ilex.

Red Dragon C. C.

The Red Dragon C C., of Philadelphia, held their annual club mess at Dooner's Hotel on Tenth street on the evening of Jan. 5. The banquet hall was handsomely decorated with the club colors, while the menu card was printed in colors with the Red Dragon insignia, and each was attached to a miniature paddle, making a very neat and appropriate souvenir. At 6 o'clock thirty of the members assembled at the table and enjoyed a fine spread. Com. W. J Scott presided and J. E. Murray acted as toastmaster. Speeches were made by ex-Com A. S Fenimore, who spoke with feeling on "How it Feels to be Commodore—Nit." M D Wilt responded to a toast, "How to Tackle in a Football Game." C. H. Zimmerling responded to "What I Don't Know about Shooting Clay Pigeons." H W. Fleischmann gave a humorous recitation in his usual clever manner. Harry Blumner followed with a recitation which was warmly received. H. E. Bachmann gave an imitation of Prof Kelier in feats of magic. William Peters also performed some sleight-of-hand tricks. J. W. Hamilton responded to the toast, "My Half-Rater." H M Kreamer gave a toast on "The Great Ball Game." Some entertaining clog dancing was given by Bachmann's nigger boy. Dr. F O. Gross was presented with a trophy, accompanied by a toast from Mr. Murray. The doctor responded with a rousing speech. After the table had been cleared, the club orchestra, consisting of J. E Murray as leader, with violin, H. W. Fleischmann mandolin, E W. Crittenden flute, and F. R Wise with guitar, rendered music which enlivened the occasion. Songs by Messrs Wise, Bachmann, Wilt and R. G. Fleischmann were well received. The evening was a most enjoyable occasion, and the Red Dragon C. C. are bound to prosper for many years to come. W. K P.

The Red Dragon C C., of Philadelphia, held its annual election at the Colonnade Hotel on Jan. 2, the following being elected: Com., W. J. Scott; Vice-Com., John M. Hamilton; Purser, Omar Shallcross; Quartermaster, R. G. Fleischmann; Correspondent, Will K. Park; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. C. McFetridge; Meas., H E. Bachmann; Trustee (to serve for three years), Charles Barton Keen; House Committee: H. M. Rogers, C. H. Zimmerling, Lloyd R. Titus, A. S. Fenimore.

The purser's report showed the club to be in good financial condition, and considerable enthusiasm was expressed by the members over the bright prospects for the next season's sport. The regattas given by this club are always well attended and are very pleasant, both from the boating interest and the social features.

There will be some new boats in the fleet next season. R. G. Fleischmann contemplates building a 15-footer from designs of H. E McCormick. She will be constructed on the composite plan.

A Sea-Going Canoe-Yacht.

That variety of heavier and stauncher canoe-yawl which the Forest and Stream was the first to call the "canoe-yacht" has been but little used in this country, but is still quite popular in England. The *Field* of Dec. 12 publishes the lines of an excellent example of the type, Tavie II., designed by Albert Strange, of Scarborough, of the Humber Yawl Club, and built by Bond, of Birkenhead, for John D. Hayward, of the B. C. A. The boat is used about the Mersey, and often in very rough water; her owner cruising single handed, though she has good room for two. She is 22ft. over all, 19ft l.w.l., 6ft 4in. beam, and 2ft. draft of hull, which includes about 8in. of keel—11cwt. of iron. The centerboard is of iron, weighing 285lbs, and is placed so far forward as to leave the small cabin unobstructed; when down it draws 4ft. There is a small and deep cockpit, with a bulkhead aft, forming an after compartment, and one forward, at the after end of the cabin. The cabin top lifts to give head room when at anchor. The boat is very fully fitted with lockers, shelves, etc. The rig is small to American eyes, but 240sq. ft. in all—165 in mainsail, 40 in mizzen, and 55 in a roller jib.

A. C. A. Membership.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the Forest and Stream.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Frank M. Pinckney	111 Broadway, New York	——

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Mac Mee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steedman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 28.—The members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club were early on the range at Shell Mound yesterday. This was the last shoot for the season of 1896, and several of the medal matches (re-entry in some of them being allowed) were close, hence the anxiety to put in a few more scores before it was too late.

The San Francisco *Call* of to-day's date give the following list of prize winners:

"On the rifle range, Columbia target, the competition for the Unfred diamond medal, one of the most beautiful trophies ever put up for a rifle competition, was the most spirited of any in years. Adolph Strecker in the morning was ahead by a very few points, D. W. McLaughlin and F. O. Young being close behind him. Ticket after ticket, three-shot scores, were fired until the targets closed on all re-entry matches at 3 o'clock; but Strecker won, beating Young by 3 points and McLaughlin by 4 points.

"On the 50yd. range there were several spirited contests. C. M. Daiss was determined to win the splendid pistol medal presented by Gordon Blanding. He was closely followed by Pape and J. E. Gorman, but when the day closed Daiss was ahead by several points. The Carr pocket revolver medal for several weeks past had been conceded to Gorman, but Carr, the donor, thought he would show that he is still champion of the American weapon, and he won the trophy, which he will put up for competition again next year.

"The pretty medal presented by Dr. L. O. Rodgers, president of the club, for the ladies to compete for, was carried off by Mrs. L. J. Crane. This lady is a fine shot with the .22-caliber rifle, for she also won the Glindemann ladies' trophy on a single score of 25 points in ten shots. Mrs. M. J. White also had 25 points, but Mrs. Crane won on Creedmoor count, going back to the sixth shot to win. Mrs. C. F. Waltham was only 3 points behind. In the same class of shooting, .22-caliber rifle, there was a hot spurt between Ed Hovey and E. Jacobson for the unique medal presented by Colonel S. I. Kellogg. Hovey, however, pulled ahead.

"The Siebe medal for the military rifle fell to Young. The first regular re-entry scores were as follows:

"Rifle, Unfred diamond medal, 3-shot scores, re-entry: D. W. McLaughlin 8, 11; F. O. Young 9, 10; A. Strecker 9, 10. Rifle record medal, 10-shot scores, re-entry: F. E Mason 67, H. D. Wicker 78. Most flags during the month: F. O. Young 9, D. W. McLaughlin 8, A. Strecker 8, F. H. Bushnell 2, A. H. Pape 2.

"Pistol, 50yds., Blanding medal, 3 shot scores, re-entry: J. E. Gorman 8, C. M Daiss 13. Revolver, Carr medal, 5-shot scores, re-entry: H. Carr 22, 23, 28, 31; J. E. Gorman 30, 37, 41. Twenty-two caliber rifle for ladies, Rogers medal, 5 shots, re-entry: Ed Hovey 9, 10; E. Jacobson 10, 12; S. I. Kellogg 11, 13; A. H. Pape 11, H. R. Crane 20.

"Revolver match, 6-shot scores: J. E. Gorman 30, 31; H. Carr 31.

"Then came the tug-of-war of the day. Colonel S. I. Kellogg and Howard Carr 'chose sides' and made a team match, composed of all the Columbias present. Each shot five shots with the rifle at 200yds. and five shots with the pistol at 50yds. Colonel Kellogg's team won by a good majority. The scores were as follows:

"Captain Kellogg's team: Dorrell 55, Pape 56, Mrs. Crane 63, Dr. Rodgers 64, Poulter 67, H. R. Crane 69, Hooey 70, Kellogg 70, Bushnell 77, Jacobson 81, Daiss 82, Glindemann 114, White 117, Mrs. Waltham 147. Grand total 1,136.

"Captain Carr's team: Young 66, Gorman 73, McLaughlin 83, Kuhnle 86, Mason 91, Strecker 96, Barrere 110, Mrs. White 59, Waltham 86, Bremer 116, Wicker 56, Forrest 127, Lewis 173. Grand total 1,149.

"A. B. Dorrell, making the highest scores on both ranges, was crowned Chief of the Columbias, an honor he will hold during the ensuing year.

"The club then repaired to the park dining room, where Capt. Siebe spread a banquet, with all the market affords. While the banquet was in progress the president, Dr. Rodgers, presented the winners with their prizes, accompanying each presentation with a neat speech. The following were the medals, the winners and their scores. In the re-entry the next highest to the winners are also given:

"Class medals, rifle, 10 shots, four best scores: Champion class, D. W. McLaughlin, 218; first class, F. E. Mason, 308; second class, E. Jacobson, 207.

"Pistol, 50yds., 10 shots, four best scores: Champion class, J. E. Gorman, 164; first class, A. B. Dorrell, 193; second class, E. Jacobson, 245.

"Re entry matches, rifle, Unfred diamond medal, 3 shots, ten best scores: A. Strecker 90, Young 93, McLaughlin 94.

Glindemann military medal, re-entry, Creedmoor count, 10 shots, ten best scores: F. O. Young 456, Ed. Hovey 461, F. H. Bushnell 453.

"Rifle record medal, re-entry, best single 10-shot score: F. O. Young 41, J. Utschig 47.

"Rodgers ladies' medal, re-entry, 5 shots, ten best scores, 50yds., off hand: Mrs. L. J. Crane 126, Mrs. M. J. White 157, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 211.

"Kellogg Medal, rifle medal, re-entry, 5 shots, ten best scores, 50yds., off-hand: Ed Hovey 89, E. Jacobson 92.

"Glindemann ladies' trophy, best single 10-shot score, 50yds., off-hand, no re-entry: Mrs. L. J Crane 96, Mrs. M. J. White 89 (last by Creedmoor count), Mrs. Waltham 89.

"Pistol, 50yds., Blanding pistol medal, re-entry, 3 shots, ten best scores: C. M. Daiss 66, Pape 74, Young 78, J. E. Gorman 73.

"Revolver, 50yds., Carr pocket revolver medal, re-entry, 5 shots, four best scores: Howard Carr 104, J. E. Gorman 110, M. J. White 132.

"Cash prizes, any revolver, re-entry, 6 shots, best single score: First prize, J. E. Gorman 30; second prize, H. Carr 31; third prize, F. O. Young 33; fourth prize, J. E. Klein 41.

"Siebe all-round medal, four scores on Blanding pistol medal, Unfred rifle medal and Glindemann military medal: F. O. Young, musket, 49, 47, 47, 47; rifle, 9, 9, 9, 8; pistol, 4, 7, 8, 8." Rorel.

Police Revolver Teams.

Revolver teams have been organized from the two platoons of the New York police department in order to create a friendly rivalry in marksmanship between platoons, and also between the various precincts. Twenty men have been selected from among the best marksmen on the force, ten from each platoon, and from these teams of five men each will be picked to represent each platoon, while the other men will be held in reserve.

It is proposed to enter teams from each platoon in the team matches held at the time of the Sportsmen's Exposition, and it is very likely that individual members will also compete for trophies. Captain Petty and his assistants in charge of the revolver school, including Roundsman Jones, and Patrolmen Benham, Smith, Colgan, Cameron and Fischer, are barred from competition.

Following are the scores made on the last shooting day:

FIRST TEAM—FIRST PLATOON.

	Rank.	Precinct.	1st string.	2d string.	3d string.
Henry J Eberman	Ptl	11	70	69	67—206
John Leddy	Ptl	34	72	66	65—203
Nicholas Illich	Ptl	38	68	68	65—201
Henry J Stennes	Ptl	19	67	66	65—198
Wm H Ward	Ptl	29	67	65	65—197
					1,005

SECOND TEAM—FIRST PLATOON.

Henry Schryver	Rds	4	67	64	64—195
Gustave Kolle	Ptl	24	65	65	62—192
Jas F Ball	Ptl	22	65	64	62—191
Patrick Dowling	Ptl	38	66	63	56—185
John Dormody	Ptl	37	68	62	58—188
					946

FIRST TEAM—SECOND PLATOON.

Milton Woodbridge	Rds	35	72	71	71—214
John J McNally	Sgt	27	66	66	65—197
John Townsend	Sgt	24	67	59	59—185
Geo Brown	Rds	66	63	63	59—185
Albert Mason	Rds	20	66	64	55—185
					967

SECOND TEAM—SECOND PLATOON.

Joseph Warner	Ptl	20	67	60	56—183
Geo Eckhoff	Ptl	10	62	61	59—182
Frank McCarrick	Rds	18	65	60	56—181
Jas Adams	Ptl	28	61	61	58—180
Jas J Cain	Ptl	9	62	59	58—179
					905

Three strings of 15 shots per man, Creedmoor 100yds., target, highest possible for team, 1,825.

Scores with a Pocket Revolver.

AMATEUR revolver champion W. E. Petty is at present acting captain at the Charles street station, and also has the supervision over the school for revolver practice. The Charles street station house is pretty well down town on the west side, while the 8th Regiment armory, where the revolver school is located, is up at 9th street on the east side. Naturally Captain Petty is kept on the jump between the two places, and the exactions of his dual rôle are such that he has very little time for anything aside from his official duties. As a result he is very much out of practice as a marksman, and recently, when the subject of a challenge was discussed, he very rightly demanded the privilege of a reasonable length of time to get in trim for the match.

On January 8 Captain Petty tried a few strings at the 10yd. range in the Armory, and though his shooting at times was somewhat erratic owing to rustiness, he made several five shot scores which are extremely good, two of which we reproduce. These targets are exact size, and it will be noted that one counts the highest possible, while the other foots up to 57.

The revolver used was the new 32-caliber police Colt, with factory sights, and the ammunition used was U. S. factory cartridges.

Calumet Heights Rifle Scores.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 25.—The Calumet Heights Gun Club has several riflemen among its members. On the club's ranges to-day the scores given below were made by Class A. The weather was fairly bright at times, though the sky was overcast with shifting clouds; a light wind was blowing. Class A shoots at 200yds., off-hand, standard target; Class B at 100yds., rest, .22cal. rifle, reduced Creedmoor target:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Dr L L Davis	3'34414443—35	....	....
C W Spalding	5443344544—40	.....	8454328344 35
Dr F A Hodson	254583 453—37	3084433344—31	33254433.3—29
Miss Ervin	4344304354—34	5313243331—33	....

PATTY.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Jan. 9-10.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

Jan. 18-20.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Audubon Park first annual midwinter tournament. First three days, targets; last day, live birds.

Jan. 12-14.—ERIE Pa.—Clover and Pope's midwinter tournament at Massassauga Point. Live birds and targets. Added money and merchandise prizes. For programmes address Seth Clover or A. P. Pope, Erie, Pa.

Jan. 16.—RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Testimonial shoot to Neaf Apgar. Targets. Shoot commences at 9:30 A. M.

Jan. 20-21.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Jan. 21.—BRANCHPORT, N. J.—Elkwood Park inaugural shoot.

Jan. 21.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Shoot for the E. C. cup. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Jan. 23.—RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Invitation handicap sweepstake, 20 live birds, $15 entrance, birds included. Shoot will be held under the auspices of the Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Jan. 25-29.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second Texas Midwinter tournament. Targets and magautraps. $2,000 added. Under the management of J. M. George, Albert Steves and O. C. Guessaz, at San Pedro Springs grounds. Open to the world.

Feb. 8-20.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live-bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Feb. 10.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Second contest for the *Recreation* cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

March 15-17.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

It has been decided that no regular programme will be gotten out for the Apgar testimonial shoot at the Boiling Springs Gun Club's grounds, Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday next, Jan. 16. Shooting will commence shortly after 9:30 A. M., and all events will be at targets. One of the special features of the day will be a 3 men team race. Two teams have entered already, as follows: Van Dyke, Apgar and Colin R. Wise; J. S. S. Remsen, George Piercy and F. S. Edwards. The conditions are 100 targets per man, unknown angles, optional sweepstake on each 25 targets. It is hoped that more teams will enter on or before the day, the race commencing at 12:30. This race will be shot in a series of 25-target races, other squads being made up of all those who wish to enter "for the birds" or to join in the optional sweepstakes above mentioned. Neaf Apgar will run the shoot and will have plenty of assistance rendered him by members of the home club. A good lunch will be furnished on the grounds.

In the brief notice of the programme for the Texas Midwinter shoot, which we published last week, we referred to a contest at 100 bluerocks for a cup entitled the "Schmelzer's World's Inanimate Target Championship Trophy." Without wishing to cast any reflections on the management of the Midwinter tournament, it seems to us poor policy to announce a contest for a trophy bearing the above high-sounding title, a title that is absolutely misleading and untenable. Surely a "championship of the world" contest should have more than two weeks' notice. There is only one champion at inanimate targets, and only one inanimate target championship trophy. Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., is that champion, and the E. C. cup, which he won from Fred Gilbert, represents the inanimate target championship. Don't let inanimate target-shooting drift into the same championship quicksands that live-bird shooting is now wallowing in.

H. P. (Du Pont) Collins, of Baltimore, has been named by the E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. as its representative at the Winston-Mosher shoot at Yardville, N. J., on Jan. 16. Mr. Collins will also act as referee.

Clear Lake, Ia., has been busily engaged entertaining Charlie Grimm since his return to that place with the Cast Iron medal. At the Lake House a banquet was tendered to Mr. Grimm, at which many happy things were said, and at which Charlie made a speech that almost makes us regret that he is not a Member of Congress from Iowa. The speech came to us somewhat in the nature of a surprise. We always knew that Charlie could shoot, but we had no idea that he was an orator. All doubts on that head are now at rest. The features in the decorations of the banqueting hall were two Smith guns. Under one hung the following card: "The Smith gun that won the championship at the World's Fair." Under the other was the following inscription: "The gun with which our Charley won the championship of America."

We have received the following communication, dated Jan. 5, from Messrs. Phil Daly, Jr., and Chanfrau, the managers of the new shooting grounds at Elkwood Park: "We wish to announce through your shooting columns that every Saturday at 1 P. M. there will be live pigeon shooting on the new grounds. In a few weeks we will be in a position to throw the grounds open to the public, with all three sets of traps in operation; with live crows on one set, live blackbirds on another, and live pigeons on the third; all sweeps. We will also have a main event at 25 live pigeons, $25 entrance, handicaps from 25 to 33yds., with a good big sum of added money." As we understand it, the "main event" referred to above will take place on the opening day at Elkwood Park, particulars being announced at a future date.

There is no question about Pittsburg having the shooting fever. Announcement is made in the *Dispatch*, of that city, of Jan. 10, as below: "Announcement is made that there may be a match made for eight of the members of the Herron Hill Gun Club to shoot eight members of any of the Eastern gun clubs for $1,000 a side, each man to shoot at 25 pigeons. If a match like this were made it would be one of the most sensational that there has ever been, and as far as the Pittsburg shooters are concerned, they are quite willing to take part in such a contest. They have already arranged for the stake, and have made up their minds to engage a special car to carry them to New York should the match be consummated."

The Bridgeport, Conn., Gun Club is a live organization. Under the guiding hands of Mr. V. A. Blakesley, secretary of the club and general enthusiast, and of Mr. Wm H. Thomas, the captain, the club has every prospect of a prosperous season in 1897. One of the features of its winter programme has been a series of team shoots for suppers, and these shoots have been productive of any amount of good-fellowship among the members. One of the most prominent members of the club is its president, Mr. W. M. Thomas, the U. M. C. Co.'s expert, so well known to shooters all over the country under the honorable title of "U. M. C." Thomas, bestowed upon him by FOREST AND STREAM some years ago. U. M. C. is no relative of "the other Thomas."

Just before going to press last week we received a short telegraphic dispatch from John L. Winston, informing us that the Du Pont trophy shoot would take place as originally decided. The contest between George Mosher and Winston will therefore be held on Saturday, Jan. 16, at Zwirlein's grounds at Yardville, N. J. Winston says—and makes no secret about it—that the next challenger for the trophy (should he be fortunate to defeat Mosher) can set his mind at rest as to where the contest will take place: If a Western man challenges, the match will be shot at Yardville; if an Eastern man challenges, he will have to go to John Watson's to decide the ownership of the trophy.

Who is "Mr. Robinson, an American?" A dispatch from Monte Carlo, dated Jan 5, says: "An exciting pigeon shooting match was held here to-day between Mr. Robinson, an American, and Mr. Beresford, an Englishman. The match, which was for £160 a side, 100 birds, was won by Mr. Robinson, who killed 95 birds. Mr. Beresford killed 91;" 95 and 91 at Monte Carlo, with the Monaco boundary and Monte Carlo bluerocks for flyers, is quite steep! Who is "Mr. Robinson, an American?" Does he hail from San Francisco?

On New Year's Day a "hog shoot" was held at Rockledge, Pa. The prize in the main event, which was at 15 targets, was a 500lb. hog; chances at 50c. each, anybody being allowed to enter in the event as often as he chose. Among the contestants were Landis and Will K. Park. Landis took three chances and scored 14 each time; Will Park took one chance and ran 14 out of 15. As 14 was high, and as no one else could reach that total, the hog was divided between Park and Landis, Park getting one third. It would be interesting to know just what part of the hog Will chose.

A recent issue of the Chicago *Daily Record* is responsible for the following: "Nearly half a million head of game have been killed by the Earl de Grey during the last twenty years, his average being 25,000 head a year. He was only fifteen years old when this record commenced, and to give an idea of the rapidity with which he shoots it may be stated that in December, 1881, he shot at fifty pheasants in three minutes and killed forty-nine of them. In this immense total, which places the earl at the head of the sporting shots of the old world, are included eleven tigers, several rhinoceros and elephants, a number of lions, bison, Russian and Rocky Mountain bears and wolves."

Secretary Strader, of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., writes as follows: "At the annual meeting of the Endeavor Gun Club, held Jan. 8 at the club room, 642 Newark avenue, Jersey City, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Z. P. Fletcher, M.D.; Vice-President, F. Post; Secretary, A. R. Strader; Captain, E. Collins; Treasurer, Carl von Lengerke. Directors: E. Hollister, C. W. McPeek, G. H. Piercy. Tournament Committee: E. Collins, G. H. Piercy, E. Banks, E. Taylor, C. von Lengerke.

To do away with a good deal of trouble in regard to championships at live birds we respectfully suggest to Charlie Grimm and Jim Elliott the following: Shoot a series of three 100-bird races for the Cast Iron badge and the Kansas City *Star's* cup, each man to name one ground and toss for choice of the other; the winner to take both cups, and the Cast Iron badge to be at once riveted onto the cup, thus making one emblem. This would reduce the list of championship trophies by one at any rate. The suggestion is made in all seriousness.

Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda) is feeling very good over a Christmas present she has received. This is what we know about that present: "You have often heard me talk about having a new gun for ever so long. It has at last arrived and is a little beauty, an L. C. Smith, and one of the finest made. Best of all, it was presented to me by the King Powder Co. and the Peters Cartridge Co. I must be appreciated somewhere." Mrs. Lindsley is appreciated in many places, particularly in New Jersey.

I. R. Sheldon, the little seven-year-old wonder of the Pawtuxet, R. I., Gun Club, handles his miniature gun very well. He shoots a .44cal. double gun, using brass shells loaded with 16grs. of Du Pont and ½oz. of No. 9 shot. He stands 5yds. from the trap, and on New Year's Day he broke 20 out of 45; on the next day he broke 15 out of 20 under the same conditions.

We dropped into 8 Murray street on Monday afternoon about 1:30 P. M. If anybody thinks there was no "match talk," look at the following list of those we found there, outside of employees of Von Lengerke & Detmold: R. O. Heikes, Ben O Bush, Ed Taylor, Neaf Apgar, Geo. S. McAlpin, Frank Butler, H. P. Fessenden, J. 147 Winston and J. L. Brewer. The last two caused all the noise.

Business interests will prevent the attendance at the Texas Midwinter tournament of Noel E. Money or Captain A. W. Money. Captain Money will probably not return from Europe for a few weeks yet, hence Noel will be kept "chained to business." This week, however, he is away in Maine, running some of his foxhounds in the trials promoted under the auspices of the Brunswick, Me., Fur Club.

The American E. C. Powder Company has issued a new pamphlet containing full information in regard to the shotgun and rifle powders manufactured by the company. Among the extraneous matter contained in this pamphlet is a complete description of the workings of the Rose system of dividing purses at tournaments.

We received the following letter from Mr. H. D. Kirkover, Jr., of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club, too late for insertion in our issue of Jan. 9: "The dates of our shoot have been changed to Jan. 18-20. Wish you would mention same in the next issue of your valuable paper."

One of the special features of the great tournament promoted by Rolla Heikes in his dream, which slipped our memory when preparing same for the press, was a special event, *open only to those who had never claimed to be champions.* Needless to say, the event didn't fill.

The Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Gun Club is a comparatively young organization. But young as it is, it lacks only three of having a muster roll of 100 members. The weekly club shoots are held every Thursday afternoon, the average attendance being 15.

Rolla Heikes is in the city for a few days, and will be present at Neaf Apgar's testimonial shoot at Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday next, Jan. 16. In all probability Heikes will make an attempt to break his record for 100 targets over the Boiling Springs traps on the above date.

On Saturday, Jan. 23, an invitation handicap sweepstake at 20 live birds per man, $5 entrance, including birds, will be held at Rutherford, N. J., on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. Entries must be made on or before Jan. 21 to G. E. Greiff, 8 Murray street, city.

Mr. Thomas Bell won the Oritani Field cup at the regular monthly shoot of the club, held on Saturday, Jan. 2. The shoot is at 50 targets; Bell scored 43, Conklin 36, Belden and Ricardo 35 each.

Opening day at Elkwood Park will be Jan. 21. A full programme has been arranged.

JAN. 12. EDWARD BANKS.

Western Traps.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 9.—Last week Mr. Emil Werk, of Cincinnati, was visiting friends in Chicago and ventured to suggest that it would be a good thing if some of the Chicago boys would come down and shoot a little race with the Cincinnati team. As a result of the talk a little team race was concluded which was pulled off at Cincinnati last Tuesday, the conditions being Chicago against Cincinnati, 4-men teams, 25 birds a corner. The visiting Chicagoans were Messrs. C. D. Gammon, W. W. McFarland, R. Dicks and J. H. Robbins. They were accompanied by Mr. Lew Wadsworth, who served as referee in the race. The Cincinnati team was composed of Messrs Emil Werk, Wm. Schuler, Milt F. Lindsley and Mr. Mackey. The Chicago men looked upon this race as a walkover for themselves, but it came near being a walk home instead; for the Cincinnati contingent came pretty near breaking the crowd. The Chicago boys are now proclaiming their ignorance of any such visit, and declaring that they have never been out of town at all. The facts leaked out, however. The scores are as follows:

Chicago: Gammon 21, McFarland 24, Dicks 18, Robbins 11; total, 74.
Cincinnati: Werk 19, Schuler 22, Lindsley 17, Mackey 23; total, 81.

There will be a second team race, 2-men teams, between Messrs. Werk and Schuler, of Cincinnati, and McFarland and Dicks, of Chicago. This will be shot at Chicago, March 15. The Chicago men express themselves delighted with the treatment they had at Cincinnati.

THE MIDWINTER SHOOT.

The annual Guessaz-George-Steves circus will open its tents to a large and admiring multitude Jan. 25, at the old Mission town of Santone, by the Saltpeter or St. Peter River. The enterprising gentlemen who are at the head of this regular yearly Texas agricultural exhibit assure me privately that the performance this time will eclipse all previous efforts, and ask that the public be advised thereof. All visiting shooters are requested to bring their own blankets, and those not accustomed to sleeping on cactus should have their blankets made puncture-proof before starting South. The Indians are no longer dangerous in the neighborhood of Santone, but the streets are not safe at night, so they are usually taken in at sundown. The weekly train from the North will be met by a large trio, who will head a party of rangers, thus making the journey to the hotel perfectly safe, so that no timid gentleman need have fears about making this trip. Santone is a great health resort, and its graveyard would be vacant except for the Northern visitors who are buried there as a result of last year's tournament. Everybody likes the place. Oscar Guessaz is in strict training for the event, and Geo. Jorge has in store several new tricks. Albert Steves is just in receipt of his new commission as coroner, so no one need be afraid to let a relative go to this shoot. Mr. Steves is under promise to report at once any cases of death of Northern shooters, and it is well known that he is a man of his word. The best of funeral arrangements have been made by the railroad, so that all bodies will be returned to their homes as soon as the details of the shoot have had proper attention. Large and appropriate mottoes, such as, "Willie, we have missed you," have been secured to decorate the funeral trains on their way North, and no pains will be spared to prove to all visitors and friends of visitors that the Big 3 do nothing by halves. There is sure to be a good crowd—at first—and every precaution has been taken to keep the mortality at as low a point as possible. I hope there will be a large and enthusiastic attendance, and I am sure that all who come back from Texas will be sure they have been to a shooting match. The dangers of a trip to Texas have been shamefully exaggerated. It is really a quiet place, and devoid of any unusual excitement, and, as may be seen by the above, all care has been taken to reduce even these small risks to a minimum. Go to the Midwinter by all means, but whatever you do, don't let Oscar Guessaz hug you, don't let Geo. Jorge tell you stories, and don't let Albert Steves coax you into a bowling match. Lock your door at night, put out the fire when you go to bed, and don't show your roll to anybody, because there are men there who would shoot you for it in a minute, or for any part of it, and let you name the conditions. A few simple precautions of this sort on your own part, added to those which have been taken by the progenitors and projectors of this shoot, will make the matter practically safe and highly enjoyable. (For details as to wooden limbs see our advertising columns.) E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

ON LONG ISLAND.

CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB, OF BROOKLYN

Jan. 9. The following scores were made to-day on the grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club at Bay Ridge: Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 5 were at known traps and angles; No. 3 at expert rules:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
G C White	19	14	17	15	21	E H Lott	10	7	w	11	12
B Fish	18	16		..	19	H C Werleman	10	..	3	4	..
D G Geddes	18	..	15	22	22						

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Jan. 6. The Coney Island Rod and Gun Club held its regular monthly live-bird shoot to-day at Dexter Park, L. I. John Schlieman won the club shoot with 7 straight. Scores:

No. 1, club shoot, 7 live birds, all standing at the 28yd. mark: George E. Loeble 7, Walter Gilman 6, James H. Dykeman 3, Louis C. Hopkins 3.

No. 2, team sweepstakes at 5 birds each: Loeble 5, Dykeman 4, total 9; Hopkins 4, Mills 4, total 8.

No. 3, 5 live birds each: Loeble 5, Dykeman 5, Hopkins 3.

No. 4, team sweepstakes at 5 birds each: Loeble 5, Lippock 2, total 7; Hopkins 2, Dykeman 2, total 4.

No. 5, same: Loeble 5, Lippock 0, total 5; Hopkins 2, Dykeman 4, total 6.

CRESCENT ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Jan. 7.—The Crescent Rod and Gun Club held its January shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon. G. E. Loeble, who won the Beaufort badge in the last season's contests, was presented with it this afternoon. He started the new year well by making the only straight score in the club shoot. Scores:

No. 1, club shoot, 7 live birds: John Schlieman (28) 7, ex-Judge James B. Voorhies (29) 6, William Hughes (30) 4, Hugh McLaughlin (28) 4, Dr. F. C. Raynor (28) 4.

No. 2, 4 birds, 28yds. rise: Voorhies 3, McLaughlin 3, Dr. Raynor 3, Schlieman 2, Hughes 1.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Hell Gate Gun Club was held at the club rooms, 108d street and First avenue, Jan. 7. Several changes were made in the by-laws and rules. Meeting day was changed to the first Tuesday of each month, and it was decided that new members must in future be proposed at the meeting prior to the date of their election. The handicap committee's new rules on scoring and handicaps were adopted. The following officers were re-elected: President, John H. Voss; Vice-President, Fred. Trostel; Treasurer, Conrad Webber; Financial Secretary, Philip Woelfel; Corresponding Secretary, Eugene Doeinck. The report of the treasurer showed a balance of about $100 on hand.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Jan. 9.—The New Utrecht Gun Club held its first club shoot at live birds for 1897 this afternoon at Dexter Park. The attendance of members was very small. As the handicap committee has not yet given out the handicaps for '97, those present shot their scores on their old marks:

Club shoot, 10 live birds, club handicap rises:

J Gaughen (28)......1222212*2—10 E G Frost (27).......2010022011— 6
J A Bennett (28)....1110202211— 9 *Dr Moore...........1002012202— 6

* Guest, shot at 28yds.

Opening Day at Elkwood Park.

MESSRS. DALY & CHANFRAU, managers of the new shooting grounds at Elkwood Park, send us the following notice of the programme for the opening day:

The inaugural shoot for the Patten cup (presented by W. R. Patten, Esq.) will take place on Thursday, Jan. 21, at 12 o'clock noon; 25 live birds, $25 entrance, handicaps from 25 to 31yds., ties on 5 birds; 50 per cent. and cup to the winner, 30 per cent. to second, and 20 per cent. to third; high guns. Open only to members of the Carteret, Westminster, Larchmont, Riverton, Tuxedo, Philadelphia, Country Club, Morristown and Ocean County Hunt and Country Club. To be shot on the new grounds; 3 sets of traps, those favoring the birds to be selected on the day of shoot.

No. 2, 10 live birds, $10 entrance, amateurs at 30yds., professionals 32yds. (Brewer barred).

No. 3, 15 live birds, $15 entrance, birds included, open to all, at 30yds.

Plenty of birds for sweeps, which can be shot while the other contests are in progress.

The station for Elkwood Park is Branchport, on the New York & Long Branch R. R.

Grand American Handicap.

ELKWOOD PARK SELECTED.

THE classification and tournament committee of the Interstate Association had an important task set it when the matter of the choice of grounds for the Grand American Handicap of 1897 was placed in its hands. Manager Shaner was appointed a committee of one by the above committee to visit certain grounds and report on their desirability or otherwise. Mr. Shaner, as already stated in FOREST AND STREAM, visited the three race tracks near Elizabeth, N. J.—Waverly, Linden and Dwyer's—and also the new grounds at Elkwood Park, N. J.

In his report, handed in to the committee on Tuesday, December 22, manager Shaner stated that the only places suitable for the purpose of holding the above shoot were Dwyer's track and the Elkwood Park grounds. The committee decided to visit the two grounds named and inspect them, and set Tuesday, Dec. 29, as the date for the visit of inspection. Later, when it was found that this date was unfavorable for certain of the committee to attend, another date was fixed—Thursday, Jan. 7.

The classification and tournament committee is composed of the following: Irby Bennett, Chairman; Noel E. Money, Justus von Lengerke, Paul North and J. L. Lequin, secretary of the Association.

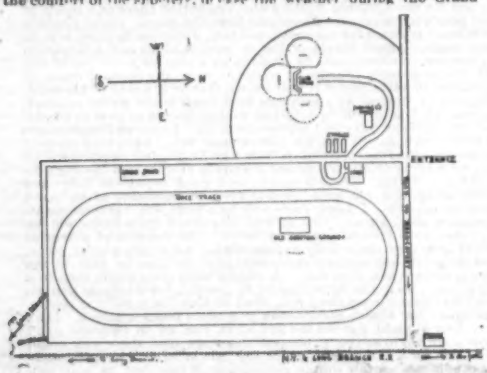
DWYER'S TRACK.

On Jan. 7, as agreed upon above, the committee, with the exception of Paul North, left New York by the 10:10 A. M. train over the P. R. R., and first visited Dwyer's track. The committee was accompanied by manager Shaner. Messrs. Zwirlein and Astfalk met the committee on its arrival.

Elizabeth can be reached in forty minutes from New York. One minute's walk from the depot is the track of the electric cars, that run to within a short five minutes' walk of the race track. Ordinarily cars run every ten minutes, and it takes about ten minutes from the depot to the end of the line near the track. Given the closest connections possible, and it would take an hour to get to the entrance to the track. From the entrance to the main buildings, in front of which the middle set of traps would have to be located, is about another three minutes' walk; perhaps not so much.

The inclosure itself is as perfect a natural shooting ground as one could wish to see anywhere. For a target tournament such a location could not be surpassed. Eight or ten sets of targets could be placed in a straight line without either inconveniencing the other. Shooters would face about E.S.E., and every target would have a sky background. As soon as Noel Money saw it, he said: "I wish we'd seen this ground before we gave our tournament last year."

Taking it altogether the committee was most favorably impressed with the advantages offered by locating the handicap on these grounds, and so openly expressed itself. It was, of course, understood that much would have to be done in the way of preparing for the comfort of the shooters, in case the weather during the Grand



ELKWOOD PARK AND ITS NEW SHOOTING GROUNDS.

American week was unfavorable. Shooters know—none better—that temporary arrangements, however good, are at the best unsatisfactory if the weather is bad. It was its experience in this matter in the past that made the Interstate Association so careful this year in the selection of its grounds for the Grand American Handicap.

ELKWOOD PARK.

The committee left Elizabeth on the 12:46 P. M. train for Branchport, a station on the New York & Long Branch R. R. Both the P. R. R. and the C. R. R. of N. J. run trains over this road, tickets being good either way on trains of both roads. The great drawback to Elkwood Park has always been, to our way of thinking, its distance from New York. By rail it is fifty-five miles; trains take one there in one and one-half hours from the New York side of the ferry. As last year, trains will be stopped during the shoot at the crossing where the highway from Branchport crosses the railroad track at the upper end of the park. The crossing is plainly shown in the accompanying illustration. If you walk to the grounds you can do it in ten minutes easily. If you ride, five minutes will cover the distance.

(NOTE.—This year the Elkwood Park management guarantees to carry *all shooters free* from the train to the club house.)

To return to the visit of the committee: The day was the loveliest imaginable for the time of year. Of course both Dwyer's track and Elkwood Park showed at their prettiest. The new club house stood up prominently on the top of the rise where the new grounds are located. It at once attracted all eyes. An inspection that was something more than thorough was made of this club house, trap pits, etc. And there was much to see and admire. If there are any more perfectly arranged shooting grounds or any that are more perfectly equipped, we couldn't name them in a month of Sundays. If Chimmie Fadden was a shooter, and if he was to visit Elkwood Park's new grounds, he'd use his favorite expression to give vent to his feelings on the point: "They're outer sight." And Chimmie would be perfectly accurate.

In our issue of Oct. 31, 1896, we gave a very full description of the grounds as we saw them then. As we saw them on Jan. 7, 1897, it is not putting it much too strongly to say that our breath was taken away. On Oct. 20 all was in embryo; no club house stood there; not even its foundations had been begun; pegs marked its limits, that was all. On Jan. 7 the club house was practically complete. Steam was passing through the radiators, making it warm throughout; painters were putting their last touches to it, the coloring chosen for the inside decoration being a very pretty shade of red. Outside it is white, with "yellow trimmings." Carpenters were busy laying the board walk around the building, while a strong rail and wire fence bounded the board walk, absolutely preventing spectators from crowding or annoying shooters at the score.

The puller's house, sunk slightly in the ground so as not to obstruct the view from the house, was inspected; also the house for the referee and the scorer. Alongside the latter's house was the dog handler's house and cold storage pit, as it were, for the dead birds. The retrieving is all done by dogs, and neither dog, handler nor dead birds being visible to the spectators or shooter until the dog is released to retrieve a bird. Some practice work was had to show how fast the birds could be trapped when shooters were ready at the score for their turns. As stated in our issue of Oct. 31, all trapping is done from below ground. The committee went underground and saw the trapper at work—only one man is wanted at each set of traps, and as he put it to us, he has a "picnic."

A miss-and-out was started to give a practical illustration of the workings of traps, etc. The miss-and-out had 7 entries: Money, Von Lengerke, Solstman, Bennett, Daly, Japhis Van Dyke and Edwards. (It is not necessary to state who won the pot; perhaps some of the others might not like it mentioned.) Nine times out of ten the trap that had been sprung was loaded and ready for business before the dog had the dead bird in its mouth; and the dog was not a slow one by any means.

The traps are those known as the Mott disappearing traps. They are unquestionably harder to shoot over than the King traps, from the fact that they disappear instead of falling over with a clatter. But the act of disappearing causes quite a racket, and in addition a bell that acts as a "starter" attracts a shooter's attention to the trap almost as well as the clatter of an opening King trap.

THE COMMITTEE'S DECISION.

After inspecting everything, lockers for shooters, and all other accommodations, the committee decided that if Messrs. Daly and Chanfrau, the managers of the grounds, would sign the contract to be mailed to them the following day, there was no further question before it as to where the Grand American Handicap of 1897 should be shot. In making such decision, we think the committee only acted as they were instructed to do: to find the best and most desirable location for holding the Grand American Handicap.

LAST YEAR'S DISCOMFORT.

All those, and they were many, who suffered the discomforts that attended the shoot at Elkwood Park last year, can rest assured that this year the Interstate Association has taken every precaution to guard their interests. It is too premature to make any announcement in this issue as to just what the management of Elkwood Park will do to absolutely secure the comfort of the shooters who will be its guests. Manager Shaner is now at work on the programme, and it will soon be in our hands and in the hands of the shooters of this country. The reading matter in that programme will contain abundance of interesting data as to how things will be worked this year.

Personally we can say that, under the circumstances, we should have adjudged the committee unworthy of the confidence reposed in it had it decided any other way after once seeing the grounds at Elkwood Park. On this point we are satisfied that shooters themselves will agree with us when they see the grounds.

As stated above, one of the greatest drawbacks to Elkwood Park is its distance from New York. The claim is a good one and had a great deal of weight with the committee when it came to the actual choice of grounds. But there was a decided set-off to this disadvantage. It can easily be figured out that with the increased facilities for shooting off events rapidly offered by the "clover leaf" sets of traps, together with the underground system of trapping, etc., it is perfectly possible to finish the Grand American Handicap in *one day* with a list of *100 shooters*. Last year it took about 1,500 birds to finish the race; with three sets of traps that means just about 250 birds for each set of traps, with over six hours to do it in; 100 birds an hour is ordinary match work with ordinary appliances. At Elkwood Park it will be easily possible to beat that rate, even in a big sweepstake like the Grand American Handicap.

Each shooter will start at No. 1 set of traps and shoot a bird on each set of traps, and then retire until his turn comes to shoot his next 3 birds. Thus anybody who is fortunate enough to stay in until the 25th round has been shot will have fired at 9 birds on No. 1 set of traps and at 8 on each of the other two sets. With shooters at the score with any degree of promptness, it can readily be seen that the Grand American Handicap can be run off in one day if the entries do not amount to more than they did in 1896.

A COUNTER ATTRACTION.

On Saturday, Jan. 9, we had a talk with Mr. Charles Zwirlein. In the course of conversation he stated positively that a counter attraction, with good and solid monetary attractions in the shape of added money, would be held at Dwyer's track on the same day as the Grand American Handicap. We sincerely hope that Mr. Zwirlein and Mr. Astfalk will do nothing of the kind, as we feel that such a policy would be not only hurtful to the sport itself, but would also be almost suicidal, as in all probability both events would be something like direct failures through the effects of such clashing of interests.

EDWARD BANKS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Jan. 2.—The detailed score made in the Boiling Springs Gun Club's regular monthly shoot, held to-day, was as follows, W. H. Huck leading the band with 48 out of 50:

F Van Dyke (0)	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	47
P Adams (3)	0111010101011010111111111101010101101111111110	36
	100	— 1
		—
		47
R Marville (15)	1111010101111011111010111111101001101011111111001	37
	10100000111001 1	— 7
		—
		44
A A Hegeman (7)	1110111101101111111001111110111011000110110001011111	34
	1101110	— 5
		—
		39
W H Huck (0)	1111111111111111011111111111101111111111111111111111	48
G E Grieff (0)	1111110011111110011110111100111101101111111011111	40
K Frank (0)	1111110011101101111011101110011011111101110011	36
F S Edwards (0)	1111111111101111111001111011111111000101111101	41
J A Paul (0)	1110111111111101101011101111111101010111101011111	40
T Barron (5)	1111111110101011111010111111111001110111111111111	42
	11111	— 5
		—
		47
B James (8)	1111110111111101101110111110111010101111010011011	38
	10110	— 3
		—
		41
C R Wise (0)	1111110101011111111111111111011110111111111101111110	43
E Jeannerette (6)	0111111001101100101110111100111011111111010101101	35
	000100	— 1
		—
		36
Brown (15)	1010101000110001000101000001000000010100110010000	14
	0000101000110001	— 4
		—
		18
W M Harding (4)	0101111111010110101110001000110111010100011111011	31
	1110	— 3
		—
		34

WORK DEFEATS DAVIS.

Jan. 5.—George Work and J. H. Davis, the latter a member of the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia, shot a race to-day on the grounds of that club at Riverton, N. J. The conditions were 100 birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. The birds were a fast lot, the strong southerly wind helping them away from the traps at a great rate. Work shot in poor form, his score of 83 not being up to his standard by any means. He seems just now to be shooting generally away below his average for the past few years. The fact that he only scored one double-figure run, 10, shows that there was something wrong with the way in which he pointed his gun. Davis made a lower score than Work, losing the race in the last 25 birds; he had two runs of double figures, both 10s. Davis started in the lead with 22 to 20 at the end of the first 25; he increased his lead to 4 birds at the end of the 50th round, the scores standing then Davis 43 to Work's 39. Although Work only scored 21 in the next 25, he gained 3 birds on his opponent, who could do no better than score 18. This left Davis 1 bird in the lead at the end of the third 25. Work's score of 22 in his last string was far too much for Davis, who made his lowest total for a string of 25 in this match, 17. This left Work the winner of the match by 4 birds, the scores standing as shown below:

George Work	2121212220•0•2222222202202—20	
	2101020•222•2•0220222222—19	
	202222•02•2212222•0222222—21	
	2212•2•12220212202222211—22—82	
Junius H Davis	2112221111002211102211122—22	
	2221e12d11v011 022211110—21	
	1121002122e20.00220211104—18	
	0022220e12222202201e0—17—78	

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Jan 1.—The New Year's Day shoot of the Forester Gun Club was not largely attended. Too many shoots were on hand for this day in the vicinity of Newark, and that fact no doubt had much to do with the number of shooters present at our grounds to-day. A long list of events, 10 in all, were shot off. Nos. 1, 2, 5, 7, 9, 12, 15 and 18 were at known traps and angles; Nos. 4 and 10 at unknown angles; Nos. 3, 6, 8, 10, 13, 16 and 20 at reversed order; Nos. 11, 14 and 17 at expert rules. Scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
C Smith	8	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	8	9	10	9	8	8	..	7	..	..
D Fleming	9	6	9	7	7	7	9	8	9	9	8	10	9	8	6	8	7	7	7	7
Winans	..	6	5	8	3	5	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Jewell	..	..	9	6	8	7	9	9	..	..	9	5	7	7	..	..	6	..	..	..
J James	..	..	..	8	7	6	9	8	7	6	7	9	8	9	6	8	8	9	5	8	9
C Hedden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	6	7	8	..	..	..	..
Cummings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	5	9	..	4	..	..	..

Jan. 9.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Forester Gun Club, of Newark:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Dr Cummings	6	5	7	7	8	9	8	10	3	7	8	6	4	7
F Sinnock	7	8	5	7	8	7	8	10	9	10	..	..	..	..
Jewell	7	..	9	8	8	5	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Winans	..	8	5	2	..	8	6	5	6	8	..	5	..	..
J James	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	7	5	6	8	10	7	9	6	8

Nos. 1, 8, 5, 7, 10, 11, 13 and 14 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 6 and 9 at expert rules; Nos. 4, 8 and 12 at reversed order.

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

BOILING SPRINGS VERSUS ENDEAVOR.

Jan 9.—One of the closest and most interesting team races ever shot in this vicinity was decided this afternoon on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club at Rutherford. The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, put a ten-men team in the field against a team of the home club and suffered defeat by just two breaks, the scores standing 195 to 193 in favor of the home team. This match settled the series between the two clubs, as the Boiling Springs Club defeated the Endeavor Gun Club on its own grounds at Marion in the first match. Scores in the team race to-day did not rule high, but the work of everybody was generally even.

The gathering to-day was quite a representative one for a New Jersey team race. Among those present were: Justus and Carl von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, together with Gus Greiff and Theodore Baron, from the same store; Ed. Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., and Marshall Herrington, of W. A. fame; Neaf Apgar, the new Austin graduate; Tom Keller and Eddie Collins, both of them talking and shooting King's Smokeless; Platt Adams, Colin Wise, W. M. Harding, C. F. Lemone, Charlie Hebbard (of the W. Fred. Quimby Co.); George Piercy and his son Louis, A. R. Strader, H. P. Fessenden, etc. From out of town were Elmer E. Shaner, almost minus a voice, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Ben. O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich. Mr. Shaner kindly consented to act as referee in the team race, despite the weakness of his vocal chords referred to above. He had a "good eye" with him, and that made up for all deficiencies in lung power. (As a matter of fact Elmer had a very bad cold indeed.)

The weather could not have been more delightful, and had the old order of things prevailed the scores would have been much higher. Four new springs on the bluerock traps sent the targets much further than has been customary on these grounds. The background is a perfect one, all sky, and it was only necessary to gauge the speed of the targets correctly and get well ahead of the quarterers. Some of us found difficulty in doing this. Tom Keller and Ed Taylor were both suffering from rheumatism (not gout), so some allowances must be made for their totals. (This statement is made gratuitously and was not solicited.) Justus von Lengerke tried a new gun that he found on trial did not suit him, the pistol grip not fitting correctly his crippled right hand.

The scores made in the team race are given below in detail, the conditions being 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

Boiling Springs.

W H Huck	1111111011111101111111111—23
Neaf Apgar	1101011111111111111111101—24
P Adams	0111111001111001111111101—21
T Baron	1110111111101101110111111—21
G E Greiff	1110110111111001111011111—20
C C Hebbard	1101111111011011110111011—20
T H Kellar	1111110110101111111100101—19
C R Wise	1101111001111011011110011—18
Dr De Wolfe	1011111010101111100111100—17
J A Paul	0110101000111010101101111—14—175

Endeavor.

E Collins	1111111111111111101111101—23
G H Piercy	1011011111111111111111110—23
F S Edwards	0010110111111111111111111—21
M Herrington	1111111100100111111011111—20
Ed Taylor	0111110111110111011111111—20
J von Lengerke	1111101111010110110110111—19
A R Strader	1010011111111101011110111—19
J von Lengerke	1001110111111001101011111—18
L Piercy	1000111110010101111111010—16
H P Fessenden	0011110011101111011010010—15—193

A record of all the events shot during the afternoon is given below, every event being at unknown angles. No. 6 was the team race and No. 11 was one of the "after dark" shoots, the referee and scorer having to go down to the trap house to judge breaks and misses, it being almost too dark to see the targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	10	15	15	25	15	20	10	25	25
Edwards	13	14	10	14	11	21	15	19	8	23	20
Apgar	15	13	9	12	11	22	13	17	9	..	..
Taylor	10	11	7	..	14	20	13	..	..	..	..
Bush	11	10	6	8	10	..	14	17	8	20	..
Keller	12	12	7	11	12	19	11	17	8	..	..
Fessenden	6	..	5	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
Herrington	12	9	8	12	..	20	11	..	8	19	..
Adams	10	11	10	11	10	21	12	16	10	..	..
Hebbard	11	13	8	12	8	20	..	..	..	..	..
Collins	..	12	..	..	..	23	..	..	..	..	..
G Piercy	..	..	9	11	14	22	12	17	10	21	20
Greiff	..	..	8	..	..	20	14	..	..	..	..
L Piercy	..	..	4	12	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
James	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J V L	..	..	10	11	9	18	..	..	..	..	..
Baron	..	..	9	15	14	21	13	18	6	19	..
Huck	..	..	6	13	12	23	15	16	8	20	..
De Wolfe	..	..	5	10	11	17	8	15	10	..	..
Paul	..	..	8	..	..	14	12	..	6	..	..
Wise	..	..	9	11	17	9	14	6	12	22	
Frank	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	8	11	6	..
Billings	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	10	..	6	..
Count	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	6	8	6	..
C V L	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	17	..	..
Strader	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	8	8	14
Harding	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	4	14
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	9	12

W. S. EDEY VERSUS H. EDEY.

Jan. 9.—As a result of the New Year's Day shoot at the Westminster Kennel Club, a 100 bird race was shot to-day on the grounds of the Carteret Gun Club, at Bayonne. On New Year's Day Harry Edey scored 78 out of 94 from the 27yds. mark and won the Kennel Club's cup; W. S. Edey, his brother, stood at 30yds. and retired in the 6th round. To-day's race was shot under similar conditions as to rise, W. S. Edey conceding his brother 3yds.; the conditions called also for a 31yds. boundary. Had the usual boundary of 30yds. been adopted, W. S. Edey's score would have been 87 to his brother's 81. Carteret is becoming famous for the fast birds now trapped on these grounds, and to-day's lot were no exception to the rule. The light was good, but there was no wind to help the birds. Considering everything, however, the scores made were decidedly creditable. Below are the totals:

W S Edey (19)	2•2222•1•2021122•2•0101—19	
	e1122221112122222221120—24	
	1101220222222•0•0000720—18	
	220•2•2•0•0222202220210•222—20—81	
H Edey (27)	2•2021221220•1•00•2•0221—19	
	1•0•2•20•1•2•0101111121•—18	
	0122220100220102011220—19	
	022212•1001111211211121—21—78	

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT OAKWOOD INN.

Jan. 1.—New Year's Day did not bring out many shooters at the Oakwood Inn traps, near Elizabeth. Aaron Woodruff and Nate Astfalk made a good race of it for first honors, Nate finally beating Woodruff out by 5 misses to 6. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Woodruff (31)	21220—5	02220—3	01122—4	210—3	20123—4	11111—5
Mulvaney (28)	22221—5	02012—3	11002—3	021—3	22100—4	11210—4
Astfalk (30)	21221—5	12102—4	12221—5	121—3	02122—4	01121—4

No. 7: A. Woodruff and Mulvaney 5, Astfalk 4, N. Woodruff 3.
No. 8: A. Woodruff 5, Astfalk 4, Noah Woodruff 2, Mulvaney 1.

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—The members of the Cobweb Gun Club did not turn out in much force to-day, but several guests arrived on the grounds quite unexpectedly, making the afternoon a pleasant one for all. McDonnell won the Class A medal; A. Elliott the Class B medal; Dittmar the medal in Class C, and Thompson the Class Z medal. Scores:

	Club shoot.	Tie.		Club shoot.	Tie.
G E Greiff (A)	21111—5	100	W Purdy (B)	1e110—3	w
McDonnell (A)	12112—5	101	T Hughes (B)	21001—3	2220
N Apgar (A)	100 w		Dittmar (C)	02200—3	....
E Miller (A)	11211—5	200	H Miller (C)	20100—2	....
F A Kerker (A)	11212—5		G Thompson (Z)	00201—1	....
A Elliott (B)	21010—3	1111			

Two miss-and-outs were shot as below:

	No. 1	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
147	12222—5	220e —3	Hayward	120 —2	21122121—8
Cramer	21220—4	21112220—7	N Apgar	....	12112112—8
G E Greiff	12121—5	11022121—8			

GEO. W. THOMPSON, Jr., Sec'y.

New York State Shoot.

AUBURN, N. Y., Jan. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please mention in Fixtures that Auburn Gun Club claims the second week in June for the tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association; $2,000 cash guaranteed, besides a large list of guns and other good merchandise. We intend to give the biggest and best lot of open sweeps, no handicap and nobody barred, that has ever been given in the East. We hope to have a large attendance of the tournament shooters from the West and South and the Eastern States, and have claimed above dates to be in line with the Cleveland shoot and Pennsylvania State tournament.

C. W. TUTTLE, Sec'y.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Trap at Buffalo.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, of this city, was a complete success. There was a very large attendance of out-of-town shooters, while the home club showed up remarkably well, both in point of numbers and in scores. Ten teams entered in the team race: Five teams from the Audubon Gun Club, two from the Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club, and one each from the following clubs: Cazenovia, Lockport and Bison Gun clubs. The cup went, as might have been expected, to Rochester. The first team of that city's club put up a score that was extremely hard to beat—44 out of 45. With such men on the team as Sim Glover, L. V. Byer and Eddie Myers, one naturally looked for a big score; but 44 out of 50 is something extremely warm. The Audubon No. 1 team shot a good race; Hammond broke 15 straight, E. O. Burkhardt only dropped one target, while F. D. Kelsey managed to lose 3, something he does not do very often when on a team.

Almost all day both sets of traps were kept constantly busy, over 6,000 targets being thrown; 49 shooters took part in the sweeps and in the team race. Scores were as below, the team race resulting as follows:

Rochester No. 1: Sim Glover 14, L. V. Byer 15, E. C. Myers 15—44.
Audubon No. 1: E. C. Burkhardt 14, F. D. Kelsey 12, E. Hammond 15—41.
Audubon No. 2: C. S. Burkhardt 12, H. D. Kirkover 13, L. Norris 12—37.
Rochester No. 2: Weller 13, Quirk 11, Wride 12—36.
Lockport Gun Club: C. Ward 12, J. Covert 10, I. J. Atwater 12—34.
Cazenovia Gun Club: R. Stacey 12, N. Alderman 13, L. Swope 12—37.
Audubon No. 3: G. Hines, Jr., 13, A. Heinold 14, L. Bennett 11—38.
Audubon No. 4: A. Forrester 15, E. Andrews 14, Ald. Zoeller 9—38.
Bison Gun Club: Wielin 7, Wheeler 13, Ditton 11—31.
Audubon No. 5: H. Hanks 14, G. A. McArthur 11, L. Fries 12—37.

Sweeps were shot as below, event No. 7 on the programme being the team race given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*
E Hammond	9	13	14	10	13	20	10	15	18	9	14	..	..
H Kirkover	9	14	14	10	12	17	8	13	18	8	12	14	8
E C Myer	8	11	13	9	15	19	9	15	20	9	14	13	9
Sim Glover	10	14	15	9	14	19	10	11	20	10	15	14	10
Weller	7	15	12	10	13	18	8	13	19	8	11	13	..
C Burkhardt	9	15	14	8	12	18	8	15	17	10	13	12	9
E McCarney	7	13	13	8	8	16	9	11	..	7	..	14	..
Werlin	7	12	13	5	10	18	..	9	12	9	..	13	..
Norris	4	11	11	7	14	17	7	14	18	7	13	12	..
Byer	10	14	12	9	13	17	10	13	18	9	12	10	..
F Kelsey	9	14	14	8	14	19	9	13	18	9	15	15	8
Moore	6	7	13	4	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Covert	10	11	13	8	12	17	6	12	..	8	12	9	8
Wride	8	11	14	9	13	17	8	14	20	..	..	..	..
Brandenburg	9	10	15	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woods	10	9	10	6	13	16	9	16	..	8	..	..	..
Atwater	6	10	13	4	11	15	7	..	14	10	..	..	8
C Ward	8	15	13	9	15	17	8	13	17	10	13	10	7
E Andrews	7	6	11	8	12	14	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
E Burkhardt	9	12	14	9	13	18	10	14	16	9	15	15	7
Quirk	10	12	..	7	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ald Zoeller	..	12	13	7	9	14	6	10	14	..	..	..	..
E W Smith	8	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J J Reid	..	..	8	..	10	..	7	11	..	9	11	..	..
McArthur	..	..	12	8	10	17	..	10	10	..	..	..	..
Wheeler	..	..	10	..	12	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Burt	..	..	9	..	9	..	..	..	..	7	11	..	..
L W Bennett	..	..	11	8	12	17	10	12	17	10	9	13	..
J Lodge	..	..	10	7	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Reynolds	..	..	12	8	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Forrester	..	..	14	9	11	16	7	13	18	8	..	..	..
A Heinold	..	..	..	6	12	16	8	9	17	7	11	13	8
U E Story	..	..	..	6	11	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
B Talsma	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R Stacy	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	13	8	10	8	6
Alderman	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	19	10	10	13	..
Swope	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	16	7	12	11	..
Waltz	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	13	15	5	9	12	..
J Beck	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	15	7	8	12	..
Hanks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	16	8	11	..	..
Poch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	8	..	..	..
Sandy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	7	10	12	7
Ditton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	7	..	11	..
Hines	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	10	..	..	..
L Fries	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	8	..	..	..
Rider	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	9	..	..
J W Estes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Sippel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
P G Myers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..

Jan. 2.—The attendance at to-day's shoot, the regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, was not as large as the fine weather warranted. Part of the falling off in the attendance may be directly attributed to the long day's work at the traps yesterday. There were, however, plenty of shooters to make it interesting, and some good scores were recorded.

In the club badge shoot Johnson and C S. Burkhardt tied on 24 each out of 25 in class A, but as Burkhardt was penalized 2 targets the emblem went to Johnson. In class B Snyder was the winner, J E. Dodge winning in class C. The main feature of the day outside of the above event was a team race between teams captained respectively by Sim Glover and C. S. Burkhardt. The race resulted in a victory for Capt. Burkhardt's men, the score standing 72 to 68. Scores in all the sweeps were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*10*
E C Burkhardt	10	13	22	14	11	10	17	9
Glover	10	13	25	19	14	14	19	10
C S Burkhardt	9	12	24	18	13	13	17	9
Kirkover	8	15	23	19	14	14	18	9
Norris	6	15	22	19	12	13	18	9
Hanks	9	12	22	18	13	15	16	8
Zoeller	7	13	15	18	9	..	..	..
Sandy	6	10	16	12	8	10	10	6
Geisdorfer	6	12	20	13	13	..	..	..
Snyder	6	9	22	..	11	..	..	..
Hines	9	10	19	17	12	12	17	10
McArthur	9	13	17	14	12	11	16	8
Bird	7	7	11	13	6	9	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*10*
Jacobs	9	..	20	..	..	..	..	..
F G Meyer	..	14	18	13	11	11	..	..
Forrester	..	12	24	17	13	13	19	10
N F T	..	7	15	15	9	10	11	6
Reinecke	..	9	20	..	..	9	..	..
Hill	..	3	..	..	1	..	..	..
Coombs	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Talsma	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..
Fries	..	..	21	..	11	..	..	..
Skiro	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..
J J Reid	..	..	13	..	13	13	12	9
Lodge	..	..	18	..	13	..	..	..
Johnson	..	..	24	..	14	10	..	..
E W Smith	..	..	24	..	..	..	..	..

Event No. 8, badge shoot. Team shoot, 10 birds per man, losing team to pay for birds:

C Burkhardt (capt)	9	S Glover (capt)	7
H Kirkover	9	H Hanks	9
L Norris	10	E C Burkhardt	6
L Johnson	9	A Forrester	10
N F T	4	E W Smith	2
Ed Reinecke	8	J Estes	8
G McArthur	5	B Talsma	8
G Hines, Jr	6	P Myers	7
J Lodge	8	F Sandy	4
A Coombs	4—72	J Ried	7—68

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 25.—The members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club shot at some good birds to-day, the majority of those trapped being strong flyers. The white birds were hard to see over the snow-covered ground. Interest in the sport only ceased when all the birds had been trapped.

Event No. 1 was at 10 live birds, $3, high guns to win; Class A at 32yds., Class B at 30yds., and Class C at 27yds. Lamphere and Lewis divided first and second, Metcalfe took third, and Sibley fourth. No. 2 was at 5 birds, $1.50 entrance, same conditions as to rise, but gun below the belt until the bird was on the wing. Knowles won first money, Paterson second, and Metcalfe third, it being high guns to win. No. 3 was shot under precisely similar conditions to No. 2. The four straights shot off for place, the shoot-off resulting in Metcalfe taking first money, Wescott second, and Sibley third. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
G C Lamphere (32)	2211121203—9	12100—3	21110—4
F S Lewis (31)	2111112202—9	01011—3	10112—4
W Metcalfe (30)	1201212220—8	21011—4	11122—5
G M Sibley (30)	2102220211—8	.....	22221—5
H A Boedker (30)	1201212220—8	02000—1	20112—4
G H Knowles (32)	1011011102—7	12121—5	01120—3
A C Paterson (33)	1022212002—7	11212—5	01001—2
C B Wescott (34)	0122010211—7	01120—3	12121—5
G Marshall (30)	0012512220—7	02001—2	11221—5
A P Harper (30)	0210110212—7	21011—4	21011—4
A W Carlisle (30)	0221020021—6	.....	.....
K Marks (27)	0000121020—4	.....	.....
J P Fisher (30)	....	00000—0	.....
C L Dougherty (27)	....	10001—2	.....

PATTI.

Limited Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 31.—Mr. George Wood, formerly of Pittsburg, but now living in Colorado, has been visiting relatives in this city for several weeks. He has shot from time to time on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club. His good work in practice led some of his friends to back him against the veteran Geo. C. Beck, at one time holder of the *American Field* cup. The match was at 50 pigeons, for $50 a side, and was shot this afternoon.

Mr. Beck shot with much of his old-time vigor, and was an easy winner; 27 of his birds were killed with the first barrel, there being no excuse for using the second, even for safety. His second barrel, when used, was placed quickly and with excellent judgment. His first loss was the 5th bird, a rapid driver, which was centered with both barrels, but managed to get a few feet outside the flags. He also lost his 15th, 21st and 45th, two of them right-quartering drivers and one an incomer to the left.

Mr. Wood shot unevenly, his best run being 10. He was weak on the fast birds, although he killed some of that sort in a way to merit applause. He is capable of much better work than the score indicates.

The birds were a mixed lot, as usual with us—too many with an incoming tendency, but with a sprinkling of very hard drivers, all the harder because unexpected. Beck shot an L. C. Smith gun, with Schultze powder and No. 7 shot in both barrels. Wood shot a Crown Greener, with Schultze powder, shot unknown. Each had 1 dead out of bounds. The scores follow:

Wood	2201022000021012221128220—17
	1222120220012220212202221—21—38
Beck	1112022112112201111202121—22
	1211211111121221212012212—24—46

Other scores for the same day, for price of birds only, were: Parry 24; Marott, 16 out of 25, Marott standing at 30yds., and allowing his opponent 5yds.; Holliday 19; Hearsey, 15 out of 25; Tripp 21, Parry 18, both shooting from 28yds. mark; Cooper 18; Lilly, 13 out of 25.

Jan. 1.—It was my pleasure to be one of a party from the Limited Gun Club which made a social call one day last spring on the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. The day was raw and bleak enough, but was made bright by the genuine warmth of the greeting extended to us, and it became real hot before the team shoot, a mere incident of the visit, was over.

With 10 men to a team, each shooting at 50 targets, they beat us 77 points, but we didn't mind that. We had already been defeated by teams from the Soft Mark Club of Chicago, and the gun club of Wabash, Ind., and felt proud to add the famous Buckeyes to the list—just to give it tone, you know. At any rate we returned home even gayer than when we started, and have since cherished the memory of that trip as the brightest and best thing in our trapshooting experience. Truly, "it is not all of shooting to shoot."

To-day the Buckeyes were our guests, and while they for a while tasted the bitter dregs of defeat, we hope they may recall the day as one not unmixed with pleasure.

The weather was most disagreeable and unfavorable for shooting, as a steady rain fell throughout the day and the clouds hung so low that the light was extremely bad. All was cheerful enough within the club room, where a plain lunch was served at noon. At 5:30 P. M. an elegant repast was served at the Grand Hotel, but unfortunately this enjoyable feature of the day was cut short by the necessity of the visitors leaving for home at 7:10 P. M.

Our guests were welcomed in appropriate words by Hon. W. D. Bynum. Dr. Adams responded and uncovered a beautiful and costly vase of elegant design, which he presented on behalf of the Buckeye Gun Club to the home club. Dr. Britton accepted it and the party broke up in a hurry to catch the train.

As to the team shoot, the visitors did not present all of their best men. Mr. Heikes would have been a tower of strength to them, but the illness of his wife kept him at home. Scott McDonald was shooting a strange gun, some villian having stolen the old Lefever, with which he was a hard man to beat. And Ed. Rike shooting a Winchester; what do you think of that? It but illustrates the loyalty of Heikes's friends to him. C. W. Raymond (pretty near "old Reliable") just pounded out 48 and seemed a bit astonished that so many got away.

Of the home team Tutewiler and Parry, two of our best and most uniform shooters, "fell down," as did also Dr. Britton, who for many years has been our main dependence.

There were all kinds of guns, but with those exceptions every man on the ground used Winchester factory loads and E. C. Powder.

The scores of the sweeps follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Raymond	14	13	14	14	Cooper	11	15	10	12
Craig	14	11	11	13	McDonald	11	14	10	11
Makley	14	..	12	..	Griffith	11	14	14	13
Wildhack	14	14	..	..	Wood	11	11	13	15
Robinson	14	15	14	13	Coon	11	14	13	14
Parry	13	13	11	13	Curphey	9	10	..	..
Partington	13	14	14	13	Keifaber	8	11	..	..
Buck	13	11	10	13	Tripp	..	10	12	14
Rike	12	14	14	14	Lockwood	..	..	..	11
Beck	12	15	13	13					

Team race, 50 empire targets per man, unknown angles:

Limited Gun Club.		Buckeye Gun Club.	
Cooper	46	Raymond	48
Beck	45	Rike	44
Tripp	45	Craig	43
Robinson	45	Wroe	40
Griffith	43	Wilson	37
Grube	44	Makley	36
Britton	41	McDonald	36
Lockwood	41	Glaser	35
Townsend	40	Keifaber	31
Wildhack	40	Curphey	29
Parry	39	Achey	28
Tutewiler	38—407	Adams	27—421

Technically Mr. Cooper's score was 46, he losing two targets through pulling the wrong trigger, but the visitors generously allowed him to shoot at two more, both of which he broke.

ROYAL ROBINSON.

Towanda Gun Club.

TOWANDA, Pa., Jan. 1.—The Towanda Gun Club was favored with fine weather for its New Year's tournament held to-day on the club's grounds. The birds were a fast lot. All the shooters seemed to have a good time, and to enjoy the sport. The live-bird scores were as below:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
F Welles	21122—5	20041—3	0	1	20	21	.	.	.
Montanye	10121—4	20101—3	0	0	0	12	0	1	2
McCabe	10021—3	01012—3	1	0	21	0	0	0	0
Hamaker	20041—3	00200—2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0
Shores	10012—3	.....	.	.	..	..	0	.	.
N Welles	.....	01122—4	0	0	0	20	.	.	.
Shiner	.....	.....	1	0	12	0	.	.	2
Ditrich	.....	.....	.	.	..	..	1	0	.
Mehan	.....	.....	.	.	..	..	.	1	0

Target events were shot as follows:

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Montanye	9	9	11	9	6	6	8	7	9	8	8
Shores	8	..	9	..	..	..	6	..	7	6	..
F Welles	6	6	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hamaker	..	6	9	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shiner	..	5	..	..	7	..	4	..	..	..	..
McCabe	..	..	..	8	7	7	6	..	9	7	8
Mehan	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Gregg	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	4	..	..	..
Lyon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
King	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..
Webb	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4
McGovern	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Tracy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4

W. F. DITTRICH, Sec'y.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., Jan. 2.—The scores given below were made on the grounds of the Pawtuxet Gun Club yesterday and to-day. They are not by any means remarkable, with the exception of the shooting of I. R. Sheldon, who is a boy of only seven years of age. The targets were thrown for him from a strong empire trap. Master Israel is the son of W. H. Sheldon, of this place, and was seven years old last July. He used in shooting at the targets a .44cal. double gun with brass shells containing 16grs. of Du Pont and ½oz. of No. 9 shot. He stood 5yds. from the trap. This is only his second trial at the trap, but he has killed birds on the wing.

Jan. 1.

I R Sheldon	00101011001000000001110101111000000001110101 1—20
Con Thunell	1100000011000011010111101111110001001111101111010—26
W H Sheldon	1111111110111111111101110—22

Jan. 2.

I R Sheldon	101111111010101111110—15
Con Thunell	110001110110011100111111—17

PAWTUXET.

Kelly and Smith vs. Mott and Gammon.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 2.—An interesting team race was shot on Dec. 26 at the Gun Club grounds at the Diamond race track, northwest of Chicago, between Messrs. Ed. Kelly and J. J. Smith on the one side against Messrs. R. S. Mott and C. D. Gammon on the other, at 50 birds, $50 a corner. Abe Kleinman was referee, and the race was a good one at good birds. Additional interest was given the matter by a little argument between J. J. Smith, of Evanston, and Charlie Gammon, the former stating that he could beat the latter 5 birds in the 50. This he stood ready to do till toward the close of the race, when Charlie pulled up a bird and won this part of the race. There were many interested spectators of the shooting, and the thing was near enough to make the contestants feel the event was not decisive. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

5 5 1 3 4 1 5 1 1 5 3 4 4 5 3 4 1 1 4 2 1 2 4 1 5
[illegible]
Ed Kelly... 2 0 • 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 0 1 1 • 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 —18

4 4 5 1 3 3 4 2 5 4 5 5 2 5 5 3 3 2 4 3 5 3 1 2 2
[illegible]
• 0 2 2 2 0 2 1 • 0 2 0 0 2 0 2 1 2 1 • 2 0 2 • 1 —14 —32

3 3 2 2 5 1 5 3 4 4 2 4 1 1 4 1 4 2 3 5 2 5 5 1 5
[illegible]
J J Smith.. 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 • • 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 • 1 2 2—20

2 4 3 2 1 4 5 1 5 1 1 5 4 3 5 2 2 1 3 1 5 5 1 2 2
[illegible]
1 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 • 2 • 2 0 2—19—39—71

1 4 4 5 5 2 5 2 5 1 4 4 1 3 5 5 4 3 1 2 1 4 4 4 5
[illegible]
R S Mott... 0 0 1 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 2 • 2 2 0 0 2 2 • • 0—15

4 5 1 4 5 5 1 1 5 2 4 3 3 5 3 3 4 4 1 4 3 5 4 1 1
[illegible]
2 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 • 2 1 • 2 1 2 0 0 2—18—33

4 3 3 5 4 2 5 1 4 5 4 1 4 4 1 1 4 2 4 3 4 1 1 5 2
[illegible]
C Gammon. • 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 2 1 • 2 0 2 2 2 2—18

5 3 2 2 4 4 2 3 5 1 1 1 4 1 3 2 5 4 2 4 5 3 2 5 5
[illegible]
2 • 0 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 0—17—35—68

Team Race at Council Bluffs.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., Jan. 2.—Below is the score made to-day in a 3-men team race between members of the Council Bluffs Gun Club at Frank Parmelee's Park. The Conditions were 50 birds per man, losing team to pay for the birds. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co

5 1 1 3 4 2 3 1 4 2 3 1 2 2 5 3 3 1 2 3 2 5 3 5 5
[illegible]
Beresheim 2 2 2 • 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1—23

5 5 1 3 3 3 2 3 1 1 3 1 1 5 3 1 3 3 1 1 3 5 1 1 1
[illegible]
1 2 1 • 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2—24—47

4 2 3 1 3 1 1 3 3 4 2 2 1 1 3 5 2 5 4 5 2 5 1 1 5
[illegible]
W Hardin. 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 • 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—24

4 3 1 3 1 2 5 3 3 3 2 1 2 3 4 5 1 5 1 1 3 2 1 5 3
[illegible]
1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 • 1 1 1 1 2 • 1 1 2 2 • 1 0 1—21—45

2 1 3 4 2 3 2 1 4 5 3 5 2 2 5 2 3 3 5 2 1 5 5 1 2 1
[illegible]
Kingsbury 1 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 • 2 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 0—21

5 1 2 1 2 5 1 3 2 2 2 5 2 1 1 3 1 2 3 5 4 5 1 2 3
[illegible]
1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 • 1 0 0 1 1 2 1 1 1 1—21—42—134

4 4 1 2 2 1 1 4 1 3 5 3 5 5 1 2 1 3 2 2 1 2 5 3 2
[illegible]
West...... 3 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 • 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2—23

2 2 2 3 2 3 5 1 3 5 5 2 5 3 5 2 2 1 5 1 1 1 3 5 5
[illegible]
2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 • 2 • 1 1 1 2 2 2—23—46

3 3 1 1 3 3 5 2 4 2 1 2 3 1 1 2 5 2 5 3 1 3 3 2 1
[illegible]
Randlett.. 2 0 2 1 • 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 • 0 2 1 0 2 1 1 2 2 1 1—20

2 1 2 5 1 2 2 1 5 5 3 1 2 5 2 5 5 1 1 5 5 2 2 5 2
[illegible]
2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 0 • 2 1—21—41

4 2 3 4 4 1 3 4 5 2 4 3 1 4 5 1 1 2 1 3 3 3 5 1 3
[illegible]
H Hardin. 1 2 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 • 2 2 2 0 2—21

3 5 2 4 1 2 1 1 2 3 5 5 2 3 5 1 3 2 2 3 5 5 3 5 3
[illegible]
2 2 2 • 1 2 2 0 2 1 • 0 • 0 2 • 1 1 1 0 1 2 2 2 2—17—38—125

SMITH.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 1.—Below are the scores made at the regular weekly shoot of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club held this afternoon:

W Perkins	11010111111111111101101111—21
W Corliss	01111011010111100111111110—19
J M Spencer	00111001011101110101111111—18
W D Briggs	10011111110000101011111110—17
F Eastmead	10101000101111011011010010—14
F Huffman	00111110110100011110010—14
M Condit	00011111101110100001000001—12
F Rickert	0010010110100100001001111—11
F Horsefall	0100101001011100100000010— 9
W P Heath	0000001100010100110000010— 7
H King	0100011100100000100100000— 7
B Van Vliet	0000100101000010000001110— 7
P Briggs	0000011000000000010100011— 6
M Spencer	0000000000100000100110000— 4

Jan. 7.—Below are the scores made at to-day's club shoot:

J M Spencer	1111111111011111101101111—22
W Corliss	1111101111101111111120110—21
W J Perkins	1110101011101001011111111—18
A Traver	0111101110000101110101111—16
F Eastmead	1001111111111100100001101—16
H Valentine	1001101010001111101101110—15
H Vonderlinden	1101011001101010111101011—15
E Williams	1111001100100111101010101—14
M Condit	1011011010101101100100100—13
H Sisson	0010011010011000011100110—11
W Manney	0010001010100100101101110—11
M Spencer	1001001110001000110101000—10
W D Briggs	1000101011010010001100000— 9
F Horsefall	0100000010100100101011000— 7
F Rikert	0000000000100001011000010— 5
G Van Wagnen	0000000010000000100000110— 4
I Varian	0000011100000000001001001— 4
P Willson	0000000000000000000001000— 1

Match at Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 6.—Below is the score made in a match between Wm. Renick and Sidney Corbett, shot to-day on the grounds of the Pastime Gun Club, of this city. The conditions were: 50 live birds, $50 a side, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary; A. S. A. rules to govern in all other respects. The match resulted in a tie, both men scoring 39 out of 50. The weather was cold and raw; a strong northwest wind was blowing, causing many birds to fall dead over the boundary that would otherwise have been scored to the shooters. Renick shot a Winchester repeating shotgun; Corbett, an L. C. Smith; both men used 3½drs. of King's Smokeless. Scores:

W Renick	2022211201222222020 222—21
	2222020200202222020111120—18—39
S Corbett	1022202222120100011022—18
	2022212220202222222129—21—

(Note.—Renick's 20th bird was protested by Corbett on the ground that the referee made a wrong decision. If the referee in a match says that a certain bird is to be *scored* dead, that settles it; because—A. S. A. "Rule 1: A referee shall be appointed by the contestants or management, whose decision shall be final." As the case has been reported to us by two different parties, we cannot see that the referee made any error. It would be interesting to know upon what *grounds* the decision was protested.)

Trap Around Philadelphia.

SILVER LAKE GUN CLUB.

Jan. 9.—The Silver Lake Gun Club held its regular shoot of the winter series on the club's grounds at Greenwich Piers to-day. The special event was the fourth contest for the three silver cups to be contested for in thirteen shoots, each contestant to take part in ten regular club meetings. A sliding handicap and point system is used. The three highest scores at each contest get 3, 2 and 1 point. A 3-point man loses one target at the next meet. The 2 and 1-point men remain as they were, and all contestants who did not score any points are allowed one more broken target to add to their score.

The standing to date is: Gregory 7 points, Murphy 6, Apker 6, Mink 6, French 5, Ford 5, Woodstager 4, O'Brien 4, Price 4, Stoffer 2, Numbers 2, Reed 2, Lane 1.

The conditions were 20 targets, unknown angles, handicap of misses as breaks:

		Handicap.	Points.
Trench	11011111111111111111111100—22	4	25—3
Nordstager	10110011101111111111111011—20	5	25—2
Mink	01011011101111111111111111—21	4	25—3
Ford	11101111101111110011101111—20	5	25—3
Stopfer	11100110110101011011101100—15	5	20—..
Price	11011111011110111111110001—16	5	23—1
Gregory	01011110111101111010000111—17	6	23—1
Apgar	11111111100111110111110101—20	5	25—1
O'Brien	01011111101010111101110117—17	7	24—2
Reed	00111110100111101000011010—16	5	21—..
Jones	01000010000000000000001000—4	10	14—..
Lane	11111101000111011000010—15	4	19—..
Harris	10010010011100101000000000—9	11	20—..
Numbers	01011011001011101110011010—15	5	20—..

KEYSTONE SHOOTING LEAGUE.

Jan. 4.—The Keystone Shooting League, whose grounds and club house are at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., held its annual club shoot and election of officers to-day, winding up with a banquet, at which about forty members and guests sat down.

The league, which is one of the largest and most prosperous gun clubs in the country, made a new departure to-day, electing in addition to the regular officers a board of governors consisting of three members, to whom are to be referred all matters pertaining to the management of shoots, tournaments and the election of new members. The league also reduced the admission fee for new members from $25 to $10, and twenty new members were admitted.

At the banquet Harry Thurman acted as chairman and toastmaster, calling on many of the members, who responded in short speeches. Common Councilman James Wolstencroft gave a history of the league from the time it started as the North End Gun Club in 1889, until it was chartered under its present name in 1892, and took up its present location. The inclosed grounds embrace over two acres, but the club has recently leased the balance of the tract, which takes in over fifty acres. The officers elected were: President, Wade Wilson; Vice-President, Albert W. Worrell; Secretary, George E Pack; Treasurer, E. R Johnson; Field Captain, William H. Pack; Assistant Field Captain, H. L David (Landis); Scorer, Nathaniel Swope; Board of Governors: J Longnecker, William M. Pack and Henry Febriger.

Among those present at the banquet were:

Harry Thurman, W. H. Wolstencroft, G. S. Norris, Wade Wilson, Henry Febeacker, H. T. Danvid, Will K. Park, Thomas Keilar, James Wolstencroft, Joseph Thurman, Howard Ridge, E. D. Johnson, D. Longnecker, J. Ross, Harry Stevenson, R. S. Elwell, H. S. Callaway, A. Stevenson, William Donnelly, W. H. Pack, J. K. Starr, J. Rothacker, C. H. Fitzgerald, N. Moore, O. K. Stevenson, J. B. Ridge, A. Warrell, Harry Allen, H. B. Wilson, Jr., N. Swope, I. W. Budd, Dr. Allen and P. N. Day.

For the league's annual shoot the members were divided into teams of twelve men each. The conditions were 10 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, under A. S. A. rules, the losers to pay for the banquet to follow. After an exciting match the team captained by W. H. Pack won, defeating Captain Thurman's team by the small margin of 1 bird. Summary:

Pack's Team.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

W H Pack	1 2 0 2 1 • 2 2 2 0—7	Fitzgerald	2 2 2 2 1 0 • 2 • 0—6
W Wolstencroft	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—10	Moore	• 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2—7
W Pack	1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—9	Stevenson	2 0 2 1 2 • 0 1 2 0—6
Febiger	0 2 2 2 0 0 1 0 2 2—6	J Donnaly	1 1 1 2 0 1 1 2 1 2—8
Rothacker	2 1 0 0 1 2 2 2 2 2—8	J B Ridge	0 0 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 0—6
Emerej	1 2 0 • 1 2 2 1 1 0—7	J Wolstencroft	1 0 1 1 2 2 0 1 0 1—7
			87

Thurman's Team.

H Thurman	1 0 2 • 2 2 2 2 1 2—8	Wilson	2 2 • 2 2 2 2 1 • 2—8
Landis	2 0 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2—8	Ross	• 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—9
E D Johnson	1 1 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 0—7	H Stevenson	0 0 1 2 • 2 0 0 0 0—3
H Ridge	2 0 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 2—7	Elwell	0 0 • 1 1 1 0 1 1 0—5
J Thurman	2 1 1 0 2 2 2 1 0 1—8	Callaway	2 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 0 2—8
Longnecker	1 1 1 2 2 0 0 1 1—8	A Stevenson	2 0 2 1 2 • 0 2 2 2—7
			86

FLORISTS' GUN CLUB.

Jan. 5.—The twentieth shoot for the Donaldson diamond medal was held to-day by the members of the Florists' Gun Club, on the club's grounds at Wissinoming. The weather at the start of the shoot was quite pleasant, but when squad No. 2 went to the score the wind blew up strong and cold, making the flight of the targets very erratic. Although A. B. Cartledge made the highest score of the day for the actual number of targets shot at, T. Cartledge, by virtue of his handicap, beat him out for the medal and scored a win for that trophy. Six more contests have yet to be shot before the actual ownership of the medal is assured. The score of wins to date stands thus:

George Craig 4, Charles D. Ball 3, Edward Reid 2, Thomas Cartledge 2, John Burton 2, George Anderson 2, A. B. Cartledge 2, Will K. Park 1, W. K. Harris 1, J. W. Colflesh 1.

Medal shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at:

Thomas Cartledge (10)	11111110111111110101001100011111111—27
A B Cartledge (4)	11111011111011111111111011011—25
Ed Reid (4)	11110111111101101101101011011—23
G O Bell (4)	11001010100111111111101111110—21
John Burton (0)	0110110111110111111111101—20
H Bucknell (0)	1111101111110111011111000—19
C D Ball (3)	0110111011111111001100111—16
J W Colflesh	1111110110010101011111011—18
W K Park (0)	0110101111111001111101101—18
T Keller (0)	1011111111110110010010111—18
W Smith (3)	1101101111111001110110110—18
G Anderson (0)	0011010111111011110010101—16
T C Brown (3)	0111010101010110001111011—15
G Craig (4)	1110101011000101111010001—14
W P Craig (10)	0110100100101000010010 01—9
W K Harris (6)	01100010101000011000000101—9
H Payne (0)	1111010000001000000110000—8
J D Carlisle (4)	01010100100001000011000000—7
V Dorp (0)	1010101000010000001001000—7
J Ford (0)	00000000000010000110000000—6

Thos. Cartledge, A. B. Cartledge, Ed Reid and G. O. Bell were the only men who shot out their handicap allowances, none of the others having any chance to win.

Another race at 25 targets, unknown angles, was also shot, with the following result:

G. Craig 9, Ed Reid 13, W. P. Craig 6, J. D. Carlisle 9, G. O. Bell 14, T. C. Brown 8, C. D. Ball 22, J. W. Colflesh 19, Thos. Cartledge 9, W. K. Harris 16, J. Ford 6, H. Bucknell 21, A. B. Cartledge 18, W. K. Park 17, T. Keller 15, W. Smith 21, J. Burton 16, G. Anderson 22, Payne 12, V. Dorp 7.

New Haven Gun Club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 1.—An all-day shoot was given to-day by the New Haven Gun Club on its ground in this city. There were about twenty-five shooters present, including a number of out-of-town men, among the latter being Messrs. Harvey and Cutler, of Windsor Locks, and Mr. Blamey, of Holyoke, Mass. There were ten events on the programme, but a number of extras were also shot. Several men, whose names do not appear in the scores, shot for targets only.

First average for the entire day, including extras, was won by Mr. F. L. Harvey, of Windsor Locks, with 83¹⁄₄ per cent.; second, by H. O. Whitney, 81¹⁄₂; third, by F. J. Potter, 80⁵⁄₇. On programme events only H. O. Whitney was first with 87 per cent.; F. J. Potter second, 86⁶⁄₇; F. L. Harvey third, 84.

Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Extras.				
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	20	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	10
Cowee	6	7	8	7	11	7	14	7	6	10	4	..	..	..	..
Potter	8	7	9	9	15	9	19	11	7	14	5	8	9	9	8
Bristol	7	7	6	4	12	4	17	10	10	12	8	10	5	..	..
Clark	9	7	8	6	10	8	18	11	8	9	8	6	6	8	..
Stevens	9	7	6	6	12	5	17	12	8	13	8	7	..	..	..
Cutler	8	8	7	8	11	4	15	13	7	13	8	7	7	8	8
Coogan	9	7	8	2	5	5	7	9	6	6	6	5	4	5	9
Blamey	7	5	8	9	11	4	15	7	7	14	5	10	9	7	7
Harvey	8	9	10	10	10	6	16	14	9	15	9	9	9	9	8
Whitney	..	9	8	7	13	9	17	15	10	13	..	7	9	6	..
Currie	..	6	7	8	13	7	16	12	9	12	..	7	..	..	..
Claridge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	9	8	10	9
Clock	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hubinger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..	..	..	..
Savage	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	9	..	..	..
Langdon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	5	..	..	..

The club held its annual meeting on Saturday, Dec. 26, at Bassett & Reeves's store. The secretary's report was read and accepted, after which officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, M. H. Clark; Secretary-Treasurer, W. H. Hazel. Directors, C. B. Bristol, F. J. Potter, G. L. Clock. The club starts the new year with a substantial balance in the treasury and bright prospects for the future.

The regular club shoots will be held the second Wednesday of each month. A schedule has been arranged as follows:

No. 1, handicap race, 30 singles, 15 at known angles and 15 at unknown; three merchandise prizes each month.

No. 2, team race at 20 singles for cash prizes.

W. H. HAZEL, Sec'y.

Mount Ellis Gun and Rifle Club.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The members of the Mount Ellis Gun and Rifle Club held a shoot to-day at clay targets. Among the events shot off were two team races. The first race was between 5-men teams captained respectively by Messrs. Bradley Scott and Sneed. Mr. Sneed's team won easily by 88 to 68. Score in this event was as follows:

Scott's Team.

J Bradley Scott	00100011101010111110100011—14
James Todd	111100101011010101101001—15
Geo W Miller	00100011101111001011110100—14
David C Miller	11001101001000000110101000—10
Geo Mould	01110100011011101101111010—15—68

Sneed's Team.

F M Sneed	11011111111101101011011110—19
Alex T Moran	11111011111111101101011110—21
David Bell	10101001001101001101111100—13
A Lincoln J Miller	1011111010111011011011100100—16
Elmer E Roosa	01001101110101110100100111—14—83

A 4-men team race followed, the teams being captained respectively by Messrs. Bell and Todd. After a close race Mr. Bell's team won by 65 to 61.

Bell's Team.

D Bell	11000110111111111010110001—16
A T Moran	10110111010110110101101001—16
J B Scott	10011111111101110011110011111—20
E E Roosa	11010110110010110.0100100—13—65

Todd's Team.

J Todd	11001010101100101011111111—16
F M Sneed	00101111111101011010000011—15
A L Miller	11011011111011001000000111—15
G W Miller	111101111001001100010101110—15—61

Jan. 5.—The annual meeting of the club was held this evening, the following list of officers being elected for 1897: President, Elmer E. Roosa; Vice-President, Lewis F. Suydam; Secretary, Frederick M. Sneed; Treasurer, A. Lincoln J. Miller; Captain, Alex. T. Moran; Trustees Samuel L. Stewart, David C. Miller, Alex. T. Moran, F. M. Sneed and Geo. W. Miller.

The club was organized in March, 1895, and was incorporated in February, 1896. Its membership, which is limited, has increased rapidly. The grounds, which are located just outside the city limits and therefore easy of access, are splendidly arranged and equipped. The club has undoubtedly one of the best 200yds. rifle ranges in the State, and since organization some of the members have developed into excellent marksmen. At the traps the club has thus far confined itself to the clay targets, and as nearly all the members were new at trap work the average scores have not been high. But if the members have, during the short time the club has been organized, failed to make record-breaking scores, there is one thing in which they are not lacking, namely, enthusiasm in the sport.

Greensburg Gun Club.

GREENSBURG, Ind., Jan. 1.—The Greensburg Gun Club some weeks before the first day of the new year decided to celebrate to-day with an all-day shoot, live birds in the morning, clay birds in the afternoon; but their hopes almost vanished when with the morning came a very hard rain which lasted until nearly noon, so that only one live-bird match was shot. This was between Winchester and Zoller, and was won very easily by Mr. Winchester.

The principal event of the day, and as it turned out the only event in the afternoon, was the shoot for the Laflin & Rand W-A powder trophy. This was arranged to take place at 1:30, but on account of the rain it was after 2 when the first squad of the 13 contestants took their places at the score. The afternoon was very dark, and a mist of rain fell continuously, increasing into showers at times. Had the weather been at all agreeable for shooting the scores would have been much better. The W-A trophy is a very handsome silver can about 5in. in diameter and 5½in. high, filled with W-A Smokeless powder. The club appreciates the kind remembrance on the part of Messrs. Laflin & Rand, and at a meeting of the club held this evening extended to the company a vote of thanks. The trophy was won by D. A. Myers, the president of the club, who broke 47 out of 50, that being the number of bluerocks allowed each contestant. The club had the following inscription engraved on the trophy before it was presented to the winner: "Won, Jan. 1, '97, by D. A. Myers, score 47 out of 50." Following is the score:

Mincer	01100011001000011011111111010111111011001110001—31
Tilson	01111110110111111011111101110011111111101010101111—39
Zoller	00111010111111111010100111110011101010111111111110—38
Thomson	111101110111111110110011101111101111010100011101011—36
Link	1111001011101110111101111101100100111101111101011—35
Gallagher	11001011100010001101010110001000101010001010110000—21
Alexander	1010001111111111001100111101111111101101111111101—37
Corbett	1111110111110101111111110101110111110101101100111—41
Buckley	1000111111110111111111011111111111111101101111111—43
Myers	11111111111111111111111111110111111111111011011111—47
Winchester	011011011110011100110111001010011111111101101010—38
Woodfill	1111001111101101101010110111110110001011010101100—33

WEB.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

EAST PITTSBURG GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 1.—The East Pittsburg Gun Club held an all-day shoot to-day. The weather was cloudy in the morning, but cleared up in the afternoon. The attendance was very good, and some capital shooting was done by those present. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Peters	7	9	8	11	8	10	8	12	8	10	10	11
Mack	9	13	7	12	5	13	7	13	9	12	8	15
Motz	9	13	8	13	10	13	9	15	8	10	..	..
Buck	..	11	8	11	4	14	8	11	8	10	6	10
Shaw	8	..	9	12	6	10	7	10	8	10	..	..
Rambo	9	11	7	10	7	7	..	8	7	..	5	9
Krop	4	12	8	7	10	8	..	8	7	..	..	..
McIntosh	7	7	8	13	8	11	8	8	8	..	..	..
Hamilton	..	..	..	9	6	11	6	14	9	13	6	9
Tim	..	..	..	..	5	..	6	10	5	8	..	..
Hofmeister	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	10	5	10	3	..
Horn	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	..	..	5	..	..
Williams	8	11	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gurbates	..	..	4	..	7	..	7	..	4	..	..	..
Wymer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	5	10
Sharrard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	13
Bund	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6

SAM P. SWENSON, Sec'y.

An American at Monte Carlo.

THERE has been a great deal of talk during the last few days as to who the "Mr. Robinson, an American," was who had defeated Mr. Beresford, an Englishman, in a 100-bird race at Monte Carlo on Jan. 5. The New York *Herald* gives the following cable dispatch republished from its European edition of Jan. 6:

"MONTE CARLO, Jan. 5, 1897.—A return match, 100 pigeons, at 30yds. for 2,100f. a side, between the California shot, Robinson, and the well-known English marksman, Orchardson, took place this afternoon at Mount Boron, and ended in favor of the Pacific coast champion.

"It must not for a moment be thought that there was any collusion between the shooters. On the contrary, unfortunately there was bad blood between the rivals from the commencement, for no sooner did Robinson arrive on the ground than he asked to see the birds, and remained in the pigeon room alone with the employees fully ten minutes. Coming out, he proposed to M. Bertrand, the directeur of the Tir, to ask Orchardson to allow two strangers, in the shape of two street boys who never trapped pigeons in their lives, to take the place of the ordinary trappers. To this the Englishman, a splendid specimen of the British sportsman, replied, although evidently nettled:

"'Anything you like, so long as we begin the match. Have two ladies to trap if it pleases you,' and after a pause he added: 'Say, would you like two boys to retrieve instead of dogs?'

"Here the incident closed. The two did not exchange a word until they shook hands when all was over.

"The light was dull and gray, with not a breath of air to help the birds. This was considered by the betting division to be worth fully £150 in wagers over the result in favor of the American."

The race resulted thus: Robinson 92, Orchardson 89. The birds are said to have been only a very moderate lot, something we are not accustomed to hear said about European bluerocks. The poor quality of the birds evidently attracted attention, as the *Herald's* correspondent winds up thus:

"After the contest several friendly sweepstakes were decided. The majority of the birds flew well. This M. Bertrand attributed to the difference in trapping. Be this as it may, in the match what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander.

"After all was over everyone was pleased to see the two opponents at the buffet together. I do not think, however, that the deciding match will be shot on this side of the Channel, but probably at Hurlingham or at the gun club, where English bluerocks alone are used, and the Belgian biset is unknown.

"In a previous match, shot at Cap d'Ail, Orchardson killed 85 to Robinson's 82."

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 7.—J. Rehm shoot at 20 birds for practice this afternoon. Score:

J Rehm ..... 22220222022222222220—17

Jan. 8.—J. Dart tried his hand to-day at 60 live birds for practice. He scored 34, as below:

J Dart ..... 01200022210201200201000012000—14
2110202121020100220001210011212—20—34

Jan. 9.—The Kenwood Gun Club shot at Watson's Park to-day with the following result in its club shoot:

H H Frothingham	2222201000—6	Com Thorne	2112221112—10
Pettit	2202220110—7	Dering	2001012210—6
Donnelley	1201220122—7		

Practice scores were made as below:

J H Amberg	22312111212	—11
McFarland	21111222122	—11
H Lee	12200122200	—8
Pettit	111022000222	—9
F M Fish	1200200021111100200102121	—15
H E Wiley	0100101010212002100002210	—12
Goodrich	1011111110	—8
Lord	111121201022210	—12
Geo Roll	0222010122210222122221011212	—25
J Rehm	2212121221021221112102010202221121221212	—34
Dr Liddy	22112110121102122202112122010222	—27
Donnelley	2010000221	—5
Dering	12212	—5

RAVELRIGG.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

TEAM RACE AT DAVIS ISLAND.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 7.—The new set of traps on the Herron Hill Gun Club's grounds, at Davis Island, were used for the first time to-day. This set is a great improvement over the old ones. The team shoot to-day was between C. A. May and Fargo against W. S. King and Strong. The former team won by 5 birds, as shown in the following score:

C A May	222220222222000212222221222021222222222220201—44
Fargo	2110212122222112121201222222002222101221221122—45—89
W S King	222121222222222211202002121111111222202121212012—45
Strong	0102210212102212022022021102220012212211101211111—39—84

ALEX. KING VS. M'PHERSON.

Jan. 8.—Alex. King and Sandy McPherson shot a 100-bird race on the Herron Hill Gun Club's grounds at Davis Island. King won by 6 birds with a score of 91 to 85. Both men shot from the 30yd. mark:

A H King ..... 212220022222212122021222—23
22221222222200212222204—22
2220432222222221222222—24
2222222202222222220212—22—91

McPherson ..... 2220222222022220222022—21
0222222020222222222220222—21
2220200222222122222202 222—21
20222222122122222022022—22—85

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Changes in the Lehigh Valley R. R.

MR. CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent of the Lehigh Valley R. R., announces that Mr. E. B. Byington, after many years of faithful service, retires from the office of General Western Passenger Agent of the company, and is assigned to other duties. Mr. A. A. Heard is appointed Western Passenger Agent, in charge of passenger traffic originating at Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge and all points West, with headquarters at Buffalo.—*Adv.*

Oilers for 1897.

MESSRS. CUSHMAN & DENISON are the pioneers in the manufacture of pocket oilers, and to-day supply almost the entire bicycle trade. For fourteen years they have carefully looked after the improvement of their product. Their "Perfect" oiler is everything the name implies, while the "Star" is a good second, and one with which almost any sportsman or wheelman would be satisfied were it not for the "Perfect."—*Adv.*

The Luxury of Travel.

THE man who has never been West over the picturesque New York Central has a sensation in store for him that he cannot afford to forego. Nature has done almost as much for him in what he sees as mechanical skill has done in placing him in a magnificent hotel on wheels, and whirling him toward his destination on the very wings of the wind.—*Hardware.* *Adv.*

Card Case.

EDWARD SMITH & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, makers of the celebrated "E. S." spar coating and other varnishes, are sending to their friends a neat souvenir morocco card case.—*Adv.*

Property for Sale.

AN excellent opportunity to secure a prolific trout stream in Michigan for club purposes is offered in our "Property for Sale" column this week.—*Adv.*

WHEN YOU GO SOUTH to the great Texas midwinter shooting carnival at San Antonio, or to the Arkansaw Traveler's annual winter tournament at Hot Springs, Ark., remember the Missouri Pacific R. R. When you go South for a bit of the best shooting in America, to the Texas Gulf Coast or the Indian Nations, remember the Missouri Pacific R. R. Elegant through trains out of St. Louis, with all the luxuries of modern travel. Special tournament rates. Address H. C. Townsend, G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.—*Adv.*

THE free attendant service maintained by the New York Central at Grand Central Station, New York, is another example of the care and courtesy by which patrons of this great railroad are surrounded.—*Adv.*

ON the New York Central you travel in perfect security, protected every foot of the way by Block Signals.—*Adv.*